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THE

OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S

MISCELLANY.



THE
OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S
MISCELLANY:

OR, A
COLLECTION OF READABLE REPRINTS
OF
LITERARY RARITIES.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, LITERATURE, MANNERS,
AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

DURING THE
Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

EDITED BY CHARLES HINDLEY, Esq.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
1871.



ARRANGEMENT AND CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME I.

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A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN THE
COMMON SECRETARY
AND
JEALOUSY.



A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN FIL

COMMON SECRETARY & JEALOUSY

TOU CHING

THE UNSTABLENESS OF HARLOTS.

WITH A

FACSIMILE LETTER

FROM

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.,

On the Subject of his Introduction to his Reprint
of the Work.

WITH A MODERNIZED VERSION OF THE TEXT.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.

A
DIALOGUE BETWEEN

the
Commune Secretary

and
Jalowspe

Touchynge the Unstablenesse of Harlottes.



Imprinted at London in Crede Lane
by John Kyng.



Riverside
Maidenhead
17 May 1871

Sir
If you use my "Intro-
duction" you will of course
acknowledge it: if you do,
you are quite welcome to
apply it to the purpose you
mention


Yours very obed^t
J. Payne Collier
W^o Chas Hindley

THE above is a facsimile of the letter which
we received from that ardent labourer in the
field of early literature, JOHN PAYNE COLLIER,

Esq., in reply to our request to be allowed to use *in extenso* his very excellent and exhaustive Introduction to the rare little tract herewith presented to the reader, and of which Mr. Collier had in 1844 reprinted twenty-five copies in **black letter** upon very substantial paper, which he issued to the twenty-five subscribers to his little reprinting club, neatly bound in the Roxburghe style.

Here publicly acknowledging our best thanks to Mr. J. Payne Collier, not only for his extreme courtesy in granting the favour sought, but also for his prompt reply, we lay before our reader his

INTRODUCTION.

HE ensuing brief and humorous production is not altogether unknown to bibliographers, although only two copies of it appear to have been preserved: one of these, if we are not mistaken, was in the library of the late Mr. Heber, and the other is in the hands of a gentleman, who had liberally allowed it to be reprinted exactly in the shape it bears in the original. We have followed the text, even in the most minute matters of punctuation, preserving also errors of the press

(easily discovered and corrected,) upon the title-page and in the body of the tract. Our object has been, as nearly as modern types will allow, to present a fac-simile of the curious relic.

The printer of it was John Kynge, who published eight known works with dates, extending from 1550 to 1561, and six works without dates, besides others mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, which have not come down to our time: many, if not most of these, were of a comic kind, calculated to be popular, and it is not surprising that, in passing from hand to hand among careless readers, not a few have been entirely lost, or have only reached us from the presses of later typographers.

The following tract is precisely of this description; and as it is extremely characteristic of the age when it appeared, and is in several respects illustrative of our older literature, by the use of words and proverbial expressions not now employed, it has been thought that some service, however trifling, would be rendered to archæology by placing it beyond the reach of future destruction. Among the now uncommon words we may mention "diffuse," in the sense of *unintelligible*, or *confused*, as found in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives," "Henry V.," and "King Lear;" while the phrase, "light of the sere," may perhaps aid in explaining a well-remembered passage in "Hamlet:" the double

sense of the word "occupy" is also explained near the end of the Dialogue, which thus has a peculiar value for philologists, independently of its great rarity. The proverbial phrases, some of them common to other writers, do not seem to require particular notice.

To whom the authorship may be assigned is merely matter of conjecture; but it is very clear, from the style and character of the production, that it was not a translation. Edward Gosynhyll, as he himself spells his name, was the writer of at least two humorous productions from the press of John Kynge, although bibliographers have hitherto only mentioned one of them as his, viz., "The prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean," which came out without date, and was reprinted by Myddylton under the same circumstances: this work has been duly assigned, by Ritson and others, to Gosynhyll, but nobody seems to have been aware that he was also the author of "The Scole house of women," printed by Kynge in 1560, and included by Mr. Utterson in his two elegant volumes, "Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry," 8vo., London, 1817. This fact is ascertained very unequivocally by Gosynhyll himself for he admits it in his "Prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean:" the author is thus addressed by a number of ladies in a vision:—

"A wake, they sayde, slepe nat so fast,

Consyder our grefe, and how we be blamed,

And all by a boke that lately is past,
 Whyche, by reporte, *by thee was fyrst framed,*
The Scole of Women, none auctour named :
 In prynte it is passed, lewdely compyled,
 All women wherby be sore revyled."

Here, therefore, Gosynhyll avows that he wrote "The Scole house of women," which had been published anonymously in 1560 : and we are thus sure also that "The prayse of all women" followed it, as a sort of amends to the female sex. The subsequent stanza, which concludes this latter production contains Gosynhyll's name at length.

"Yf question be moued who is thine authour,
 Be nat adorad to vtter his name :
 Say, Edward Gosynhyll toke the labour
 For womanhede thee for to frame ;
 Call hym thyne authour, do nat shame.
 Thankes lokes he none for, yet wold he be glad
 A staffe to stand by that all women had."

Thus, having given "all women" their bane in his "Scole house," Gosynhyll afforded them their antidote in his "Prayse of all women." From the nature of the production, and the style of composition, as well as from the circumstance that it came from the press of Gosynhyll's printer, it may not appear unlikely that he was also the author of the ensuing Dialogue.

J. P. C.

A dialogue bytwene the commune secretary and Ialowspe,

Touchynge the vnstableness^t of Harlottes.

Ialowspe.

What a worlde is thys, I true it be acurst
Fayne wolde I mary, yf that I durst
But I trowe, syth the tyme that god was borne
So many honest men helde of the horne.

Secretary.

What is the mater, be ye in any dout
Pacyspe your mode, let it all come out
Discharge your stomake, auoyde it forth
Sorowes in store be nothyng worth.

Ialowspe.

Trowth it is, I trust ye wyl not be greued
Though a smal questyon to you be meued
In a mater, to me doubtfull and diffuse
Which I suppose ye haue had in experience and vse.

Secretary.

That perauenture, but I wyl not promyse you pre=
To assople your questyon very wysely [cysely
Now be it, that ye saye, I am of experyence
So ye wyl beclose, ye shall heare my sentence.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE COMMON SECRETARY AND JEALOUSY,

TOUCHING THE UNSTABLENESS OF HARLOTS.

Jealousy.

What a world is this! I trow it be accurst.
Fain would I marry, if that I durst;
But I trow, since the time that God was born
So many honest men held of the horn.

Secretary.

What is the matter? Be ye in any doubt,
Pacify your mood, let it all come out;
Discharge your stomach, avoid it forth,
Sorrows in store be nothing worth.

Jealousy.

Truth it is, I trust ye will not be grieved,
Though a small question to you be meved,
In a matter, to me doubtful and diffuse,
Which I suppose ye have had in experience and use

Secretary.

That, peradventure, but I will not promise you pre-
To assoil your question very wisely; [cisely
Howbeit, that ye say I am of experience,
So ye will disclose, ye shall hear my sentence.

Jalowspe.

Than thus she that hath a rollynge eye
And doth conuey it well and wysely
And therto hath a wauerynge thought
Trowe you that this trull wyll not be bought.

Secretary.

Yes but take hede by the pryce ye haue no losse
A mad marchaunt that wyll gyue v marke for a gose
Beware a rollynge eye w^t waueryng thought, marke y^e
And for suche stuffe, passe not a dantyprat.

Jalowspe.

She that is very wanton and wyse
Thynkynge her selfe meruapulous wyse
And wyll come to hym that doth her call
Wyll she not wrastell for a fall.

Secretary.

Yes surely, for a fall as flatte as a cake
And careth not how many falles she dothe take
There is no fall can make her lame
For she wyll be sure of the best game.

Jalowspe.

She that dothe make it all straunge and quaynt
And loketh as she were a very saynt
If a man in the darke dothe her assay
Meth she any power to holde out, nay nay.

Jealousy.

Then thus : she that hath a rolling eye,
 And doth convey it well and wisely,
 And thereto hath a wavering thought,
 Trow you that this trull will not be bought?

Secretary.

Yes, but take heed that by the price ye have no loss ;
 A mad merchant that will give 5 marks for a goose.
 Beware a rolling eye with wavering thought ; Mark
 And for such stuff pass not a dantiprat. [that,]

Jealousy.

She that is very wanton and nice,
 Thinking herself marvellous wise,
 And will come to him that doth her call,
 Will she not wrestle for a fall ?

Secretary.

Yes, surely, for a fall as flat as a cake,
 And careth not how many falls she doth take.
 There is no fall can make her lame,
 For she will be sure of the best game.

Jealousy.

She that doth make it all strange and quaint,
 And looketh as she were a very saint,
 If a man in the dark doth her assay,
 Hath she any power to hold out ? Nay, nay.

Secretary.

Holde out, yes, or it is ppyte she was borne
 A horse, a whelbarowe, and a rammes horne
 If the other thynge come, ye whote what I meane
 For all her holy lokes, she wpll conuey it cleane.

Jalowspe.

She that dothe loue moche dallynge
 Wyth dyuerse men, for fayre spekyng
 And thynketh not on her owne shame
 Wpll not thys wylde fowle be made tame

Secretary.

Yes wyth good handelyng as I ayme
 Euen by and by ye shall her reclayne
 And make her tame as euer was tyrtoll
 To suffre kyssynge and tyklynge vnder the kyrtoll.

Jalowspe.

She that is somewhat lycht of credence
 And to make her fresshe, large of expence
 How saye you, and her money do fayle
 Wpll she not laye to pledge her taylor.

Secretary.

Yes, and yf she be of that appetyte
 She wpll bothe pledge and sell out ryght
 Meade pece, taylor pece, and all foure quarters
 To one or other, rather than fayle to carters.

Secretary.

Hold out, yes, or it is pity she was born ;
 A horse, a wheelbarrow, and a ram's horn ;
 If the other thing come, ye wot what I mean,
 For all her holy looks, she will convey it clean.

Jealousy.

She that doth love much dallying
 With divers men, for fair speaking
 And thinketh not on her own shame,
 Will not this wild fowl be made tame ?

Secretary.

Yes, with good handling, as I aim,
 Even by and by ye shall her reclaim,
 And make her tame as ever was turtle,
 To suffer kissing and tickling under the kirtle.

Jealousy.

She that is somewhat light of credence,
 And to make her fresh, large of expense,
 How say you, and her money do fail,
 Will she not lay to pledge her tail ?

Secretary.

Yes, and if she be of that appetite,
 She will both pledge and sell outright,
 Head piece, tail piece, and all four quarters,
 To one or other, rather than fail to carters.

Jalowspe.

She that loueth to syt and muse
 And craftely can her selfe excuse
 What she is taken with a faulte
 Will she not be wonne wyth a small assaute.

Secretary.

What nedes assaute, I dare saye she wyl consent
 That ye shall entre by a reasonable poyntment
 And than take hede, for in keeping of this warde & holde
 Is more daunger than in getyng a thousande folde.

Jalowspe.

She that is of mynde somewhat rechelesse
 Gyng her selfe all to ydelnesse
 And loueth to lye longe in her bedde
 Who wayteth a tyme, shall he not be spedde.

Secretary.

Tyme? nay nay, wayte yf she be in good mode
 For out of the chyrche, all tymes be good
 But passe not thereon, though she saye naye
 For so she wyl, whan she hath best lust to playe.

Jalowspe.

She that can no conseeple kepe
 And lyghtly wyl sobbe and wepe
 Laugh agayne, and wote not why
 Will she not be soone tyced to foly.

Jealousy.

She that loveth to sit and muse,
 And craftily can herself excuse,
 When she is taken with a fault,
 Will she not be won with a small assault ?

Secretary.

What needs assault ? I dare say she will consent
 That ye shall enter by a reasonable appointment ;
 And then take heed, for in keeping of this ward and
 Is more danger than in getting, a thousand fold. [hold

Jealousy.

She that is of mind somewhat reckless,
 Giving herself all to idleness,
 And loveth to lie long in her bed,
 Who waiteth a time, shall he not be sped ?

Secretary.

Time ? Nay, nay ; wait if she be in good mood,
 For out of the church all times be good ;
 But pass not thereon, though she say nay,
 For so she will when she hath best lust to play.

Jealousy.

She that can no counsel keep,
 And lightly will sob and weep,
 Laugh again, and wot not why,
 Will she not be soon enticed to folly ?

Secretary.

The teares betoken a gracious couroge
 And laughynge dothe all malpce aswage
 When she is in that takynge, marke well marke
 Let slpy, spare not for one course in her parke.

Jalowspe.

She that is fayre, lusty and ponge
 And can comon in termes wyth fyled tonge
 And wyll abyde whysperynge in the eare
 Thynke ye her tayle is not lyght of the seare

Secretary.

By all these semely touches, me thynketh surely
 Her owne tayle she sholde occupy
 Somtyme for nede, her honesty saued.
 She wyll wasshe often, or she be ones shaued.

Jalowspe.

She that paynteth her in starynge apparell
 Use hote wyues, and daly fare well
 And loueth to slepe at after none tyme
 Who lyst to stryke, trowe ye she wyll not stryde.

Secretary.

I can not saye, yf she wyll stryde
 But yf reason be offred, nothyng shall fall besyde
 For of trouth, as frost engendreth hape
 Ease and rank fedpage, doth cause a lycorous tayle.

Imprynted at London in Crede Lane
 by John Kyng.

Secretary.

The tears betoken a gracious courage,
 And laughing doth all malice assuage ;
 When she is in that taking, mark well, mark,
 Let slip, spare not for one course in her park.

Jealousy.

She that is fair, lusty and young,
 And can commune in terms with defiled tongue,
 And will abide whispering in the ear,
 Think ye her tail is not light of the sear ?

Secretary.

By all these seemly touches, methinketh surely
 Her own tail she should occupy
 Some time for need ; her honesty saved,
 She will wash often, ere she be once shaved.

Jealousy.

She that painteth her in staring apparel,
 Use hot wines, and daily fare well,
 And loveth to sleep at afternoon tide,
 Who list to strike, trow ye she will not stride ?

Secretary.

I cannot say, if she will stride,
 But if reason be offered, nothing shall fall beside,
 For of truth, as frost engendereth hail,
 Ease, and rank feeding, doth cause a lecherous tail.

Notes and Observations

ON

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE COMMON SECRETARY AND JEALOUSY.

By _____

of _____

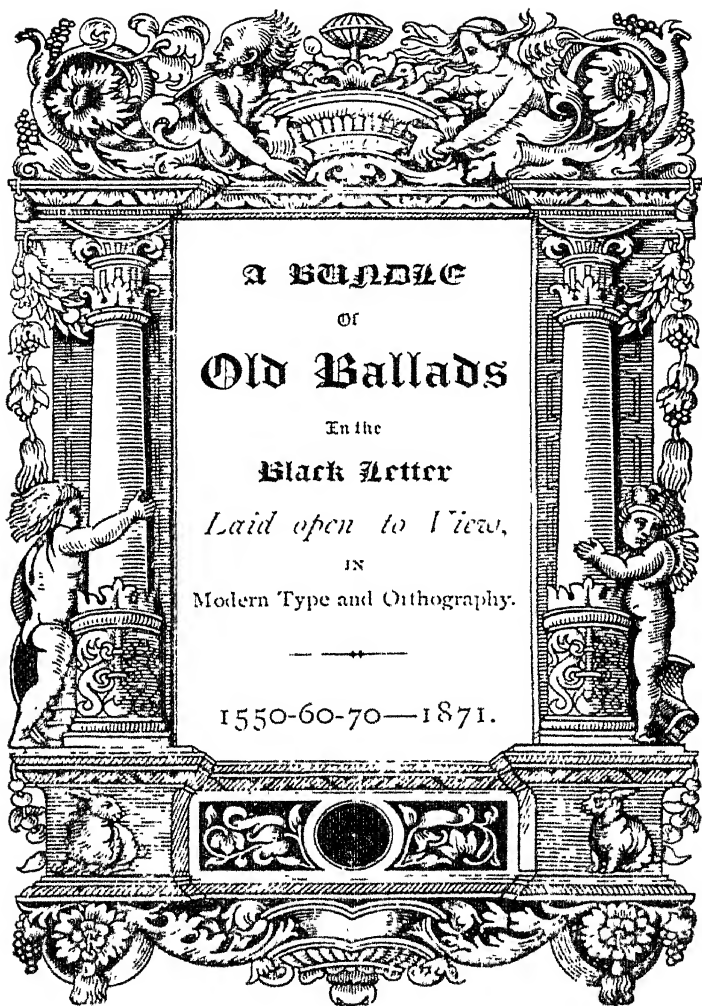
in the County of _____

18 _____



A BUNDLE
OF
OLD BALLADS.





LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.

An Epitaph upon the Deth of Kpng Edward.

Imprinted at London in Holburne nere to the Cundite, at the
Signe of the Sarsin's head, by John Charlewood
and John Tysdale.

Adewe pleasure!
Gone is our treasure,
Morning mai be our mirth:
For Edward our King,
That rose and spring,
Is vaded and lyeth in earth.

Therefore, morne we may
Both night and day,
And in hart we may be ful sad;
Sence Brute came in,
Or at any time sence,
The like treasure we never had.

But Death with his darte,
Hath pearced the harte
Of that Prince most excellent:
The childe new borne
May lament and morne,
And for the death of him repent.

AN EPITAPH
UPON THE
DEATH OF KING EDWARD.

Imprinted at London in Holborn, near to the Conduit, at the sign of the
Saracen's Head, by John Charlewood and John Tysdale.

ADIEU pleasure !
Gone is our treasure,
Mourning may be our mirth :
For Edward our King,
That rose and spring,
Is faded and lieth in earth.

Therefore, mourn we may
Both night and day,
And in heart we may be full sad ;
Since Brute came in,
Or at any time since,
The like treasure we never had.

But Death with his dart,
Hath pierced the heart
Of that Prince most excellent :
The child new born
May lament and mourn,
And for the death of him repent.

Gone is our joy,
Our sport and our play,
Our comfort is turned to care :
To England's great cost,
This jewell we have lost,
That with al Christendom might compare.

Of so noble a birth,
The godliest on earth,
Our true king and cyre by right :
Edwarde by name,
Borne of Queen Jane,
And sonne to King Henry the Eyght.

At the age of sixtene yeres,
As by the cronicles aperes,
In the seventh yere of his raigne,
God toke him away,
Our comfort and joy,
To Englande's great dolour and payne ;

In his tender age
So grave and so sage,
So well learned and wittie :
And now, that sweet flower
With builded his bower
In the earth—the more is the pitie.

Gone is our joy,
Our sport and our play,
Our comfort is turned to care :
To England's great cost,
This jewel we have lost,
That with all Christendom might compare.

Of so noble a birth,
The godliest on earth,
Our true king and heir by right:
Edward by name,
Born of Queen Jane,
And son to King Henry the Eight.

At the age of sixteen years,
As by the chronicles appears,
In the seventh year of his reign,
God took him away,
Our comfort and joy,
To England's great dolor and pain ;

In his tender age
So grave and so sage,
So well learned and witty :
And now, that sweet flower
Hath builded his bower
In the earth—the more is the pity.

A Bundle of Old Ballads,

The whose losse and lacke
 Is to Englande a wracke,
 All faythfull hartes may morne ;
 To se that swete childe,
 So meke and so milde,
 So soone subdued to wormes.

Out of Grenewiche he is gone,
 And lieth under a stone,
 That loveth both house and parke :
 Thou shalt see him no more,
 That set by thee such store,
 For death hath pierced his hart.

Gone is our king,
 That would runne at the ringe,
 And oftentimes ryde on Black heath :
 Ye noble men of chevalry,
 And ye men of artilerie,
 May all lament his death.

That swete childe is deade,
 And lapped in leade,
 And in Westminster lyeth full colde :
 All hartes may rewe,
 That ever they him knew,
 Or that swete childe did beholde.

The whose loss and lack
Is to England a wreck,
All faithfull hearts may mourn ;
To see that sweet child,
So meek and so mild,
So soon subdued to worms.

Out of Greenwich he is gone,
And lieth under a stone,
That loveth both house and park :
Thou shalt see him no more,
That set by thee such store,
For death hath pierced his heart.

Gone is our king
That would run at the ring,
And oftentimes ride on Blackheath :
Ye noble men of chivalry,
And ye men of artillery,
May all lament his death.

That sweet child is dead,
And lapped in lead,
And in Westminster lieth full cold :
All hearts may rue,
That ever they him knew,
Or that sweet child did behold.

A Bundle of Old Ballads,

Farewell, diamonde deare !
 Farewell, christall cleare !
 Farewell, the flower of chevalry !
 The Lord hath taken him,
 And for his people's sunne ;
 A just plague for our iniquitie.

But now, ye noble peeres,
 Marke well your peeres,
 For you do not know your day :
 And this you may be bolde,
 Both yonge and olde,
 You shall die, and hence away.

And, for our royall kinge,
 The noblest livinge,
 No longer with us may tarie :
 But his soule we do commend
 Unto the Lordes hande,
 Who preserve our noble Queene Mary,

Longe with us to endure,
 With myrth, joy, and pleasure,
 To rule her realme aright ;
 All her enemies to withstande
 By sea and by lande,
 Lord preserve her both day and night

God save the Kinge and Queene !

Farewell, diamond dear !
Farewell, crystal clear !
Farewell, the flower of chivalry !
The Lord hath taken him,
And for his people's sin :
A just plague for our iniquity.

But now, ye noble peers,
Mark well your years,
For you do not know your day :
And this you may be bold,
Both young and old,
You shall die, and hence away.

And, for our royal king,
The noblest living,
No longer with us may tarry :
But his soul we do commend
Unto the Lord's hand,
Who preserve our noble Queen Mary,

Long with us to endure,
With mirth, joy, and pleasure,
To rule her realm aright ;
And her enemies to withstand
By sea and by land,
Lord preserve her both day and night !

God save the King and Queen !

A New Ballade of the Marigolde.

Imprinted at London in Aldersgate Strete by Richard Lant.

The God above, for man's delight,
Wath heere ordayne every thing,
Some, moone and starres, shynynge so bright,
With all kinde fruites that here doth spring,
And flowres that are so flourishynge;
Amonges all which that I beholde,
As to my minde best contentynge,
I doo commende the Marigolde.

In beere first springeth the violet,
The primrose then also doth spred,
The coulispe sweete, abroad doth get,
The daisye gaye, sheweth forth her hed,
The medowes greene, so garnished,
Most goodly (truly) to beholde;
For which God is to be praised;—
Yet I commende the Marigolde.

A NEW BALLAD
OF THE
MARIGOLD.

Imprinted at London in Aldersgate Street by Richard Lant.

THE God above, for man's delight,
Hath here ordained every thing,
Sun, moon and stars, shining so bright,
With all kind fruits that here doth spring,
And flowers that are so flourishing ;
Amongst all which that I behold,
As to my mind best contenting,
I do commend the Marigold.

In ver [spring] first springeth the violet,
The primrose then also doth spread,
The cowslip sweet, abroad doth get,
The daisy gay, showeth forth her head,
The meadows green, so garnished,
Most goodly (truly) to behold ;
For which God is to be praised ;—
Yet I commend the Marigold.

The rose that chearfully doth shewe,
 At midsomer her course hath shew;
 The lilpe white after doth growe,
 The columbine then see may yee;
 The joliflowre, in fresh degree;
 With sundrie mo then can be tolde,
 Though they never so pleasaunt bee,
 Yet I commende the Marigolde.

Though these, which here are mentioned,
 Bee delectable to the eye,
 By whom sweete smells are ministred,
 The sense of man to satisfie;
 Yet each, as serveth his fantasie;
 Wherefore to say I will be bolde,
 And to advoide all flatterie,
 I doo commende the Marigolde.

All these but for a time doth serve,
 Soone come, soone gone, so doth they fare:
 At fervent heates and stormes thei sterbe
 Fading away, their staulkes left bare.
 Of that I praise, thus say I dare,
 Shee sheweth glad cheare in heate and colde,
 Moche profitng to hertes in care,
 Such is this floure—the Marigolde.

The rose that cheerfully doth show,
At midsummer her course hath she ;
The lily white after doth grow,
The columbine then see may ye ;
The gilliflower, in fresh degree ;
With sundry more than can be told,
Though they never so pleasant be,
Yet I commend the Marigold.

Though these, which here are mentioned,
Be delectable to the eye,
By whom sweet smells are ministered,
The sense of man to satisfy ;
Yet each, as serveth his fantasy ;
Wherefore to say I will be bold,
And to avoid all flattery,
I do commend the Marigold.

All these but for a time doth serve,
Soon come, soon gone, so doth they fare :
At fervent heats and storms they starve,
Fading away, their stalks left bare.
Of that I praise, thus say I dare,
She showeth glad cheer in heat and cold,
Much profiting to hearts in care,
Such is this flower—the Marigold.

This Marigolde floure, marke it well,
 With sonne dooth open and also shut
 Which (in a meanyng) to us doth tell
 To Christ, God's Sonne, our willes to put,
 And by his woorde to set our futte,
 Stiffly to stande, as champions bolde,
 From the truthe to stagger nor stutte;
 For which I praise the Marigolde.

To Marie our queene, that floure so sweete,
 This Marigolde I doo apply:
 For that the name doth serbe so meete,
 And propertie in each partie.
 For her enduryng paciently
 The stormes of such as list to scolde
 At her doopnges, without cause why,
 Loth to see spring this Marigolde.

Shee may be called Marigolde well,
 Of Marie (chiefe) Christes mother deere;
 That as in heauen shee doth excell,
 And golde in earth to have no peere,
 So certainly, shee shineth cleere,
 In grace and honour double folde,
 The like was never earst scene heere—
 Suche is this floure,* the Marigolde.

This Marigold flower, mark it well,
With sun doth open and also shut
Which (in a meaning) to us doth tell
To Christ, God's Son, our wills to put,
And by his word to set our foot,
Stiffly to stand, as champions bold,
From the truth to stagger nor stut ;
For which I praise the Marigold.

To MARY our queen, that flower so sweet.
This Marigold I do apply :
For that the name doth serve so meet,
And property in each party.
For her enduring patiently
The storms of such as list to scold
At her doings, without cause why,
Loath to see spring this Marigold.

She may be called Marigold well,
Of *Mary* (chief) Christ's mother dear ;
That as in heaven she doth excel,
And *gold* in earth to have no peer,
So certainly, she shineth clear,
In grace and honour double fold,
The like was never earst [before] seen here—
Such is this flower, the Marigold.

Her education well is knowne,
 From her first age how it hath wrought;
 In singler vertue shee hath growne,
 And serbyng God as she well ought;
 For which he had her in his thought,
 And shewed her graces many folde,
 In her estate to see her brought,
 Though some dyd spite this Marigolde.

If she in faith had erred a misse,
 Which God, most sure, doth understande;
 Wolde hee have doone, as proved is,
 Her ennies so to bring to hande?
 No: be ye sure, I make a bande;
 For serbyng him, he needes so wolde
 Make her to reigne ober Englande,—
 So loveth hee this Marigolde.

Her conversation, note who list,
 It is more heavenly then terraine;
 For which God doth her actes assist;
 All meekenesse doth in her remaine:
 All is her care how to ordayne
 To have God's glorie here extolde;
 Of poore and riche shee is most fayne:
 Christ save therefore this Marigolde!

Her education well is known,
From her first age how it hath wrought ;
In singular virtue she hath grown,
And serving God as she well ought :
For which he had her in his thought,
And showed her graces manifold,
In her estate to see her brought,
Though some did spite this Marigold.

If she in faith had erred amiss,
Which God, most sure, doth understand ;
Would he have done, as proved is,
Her enemies so to bring to hand ?
No : be ye sure, I make a band [bond] ;
For serving him, he needs so would
Make her to reign over England,—
So loveth he this Marigold.

Her conversation, note who list,
It is more heavenly than terrene [earthly] ;
For which God doth her acts assist ;
All meekness doth in her remain :
All is her care how to ordain
To have God's glory here extoll'd ;
Of poor and rich she is most fain :
Christ save therefore this Marigold !

Sith so it is, God lobeth her,
 And shee, his grace, as doth appeare :
 He may be holde, as to referre
 All doubtfulnessse to her most cleare ;
 That as her owne in like manere,
 She wilth your welthes, both yong and olde,
 Obey her then, as your Queene deare,
 And say—Christ save this Marigolde !

 Christ save her in her high estate,
 Therin in rest long to endure ;
 Christ so all wronges heere mitigate,
 That all may be to his pleasure,
 The high, the lowe, in due measure,
 As membres true, with her to holde,
 So, eache to be thothers treasure,
 In cherishyng the Marigolde.

 Be thou, (O God !) so good, as thus
 Thy perfect fayth to see take place :
 Thy peace thou plant here among us,
 That errour may go hide his face :
 So to concorde us in eache case,
 As in thy courte it is enrolde,
 Wee all, as one, to love her grace,
 That is our Queene, this Marigolde.

 God save the Queene !

Quod WILLIAM FORREST, Præcat.

Since so it is, God loveth her,
And she, his grace, as doth appear :
Ye may be bold, as to refer
All doubtfulness to her most clear ;
That as her own in like manner,
She willeth your wealths, both young and old,
Obey her then, as your Queen dear,
And say—Christ save this Marigold !

Christ save her in her high estate,
Therein in rest long to endure ;
Christ so all wrongs here mitigate,
That all may be to his pleasure,
The high, the low, in due measure,
As members true, with her to hold,
So, each to be the other's treasure,
In cherishing the Marigold.

Be thou, (O God !) so good as thus
Thy perfect faith to see take place :
Thy peace thou plant here among us,
That error may go hide his face :
So to concord us in each case,
As in thy court it is enroll'd,
We all, as one, to love her grace,
That is our Queen, this Marigold.

God save the Queen !

Quod WILLIAM FORREST, Priest.

A Balade

Specifieng partly the maner, partly the matter, in
the most excellent meetyng and lyke Mariage
betwene our Soberaigne Lord and our
Soberaigne Lady, the Kynges and
Queenes highnes.

Pende by John Heywood.

Imprinted at London by Wyllyam Kyddell.

The egle's byrde hath spred his wings,
And from far of hathe taken flyght,
In which meane way by no lebrings
On bough or braunch this birde wold light;
Till on the rose, both red and whight,
He lighteth now moste lobinglic,
And therto moste behobinglic.

The month ensuing next to June,
This birde this flowre for perche doth take,
Rejoyssinglic him selfe to prune,
He rouseth rypelic to awake
Upon this perche to those his make:
Concluding straght, for rype right rest,
In the lions bowre to bilde his nest.

A BALLAD

SPECIFYING PARTLY THE MANNER, PARTLY THE MATTER,
IN THE MOST EXCELLENT MEETING AND LIKE MARRIAGE
BETWEEN OUR SOVEREIGN LORD AND OUR
SOVEREIGN LADY, THE KING'S
AND QUEEN'S HIGHNESS.

Penned by John Heywood.

Imprinted at London by William Ryddell.

THE eagle's bird hath spread his wings,
And from afar off hath taken flight,
In which mean way by no leverings
On bough or branch this bird would light ;
Till on the rose, both red and white,
He lighteth now most lovingly,
And thereto most behoovingly.

The month ensuing next to June,
This bird this flower for perch doth take,
Rejoicingly himself to prune,
He rouseth ripely to awake
Upon this perch to those his make [mate]:
Concluding straight, for ripe right rest,
In the lion's bower to build his nest.

A birde, a beast, to make to choose,
 Namelie, the beaste most furious,
 It may seem straunge, and so it doose,
 And to this birde injurious;
 It seemthe a case right curious
 To make construction in suche sens,
 As may stande for this birds defens.

But marke, this lion so by name,
 Is properlie a lamb t'assyne,
 No lion wilde, a lion tame,
 No rampant lion masculyne,
 The lamblike lion feminyne,
 Whose milde meeke propertie aleurth
 This birde to light, and him asscurth.

The egles birde, the egles eyre,
 All other birds far surmounting,
 The crounid lion matcheth feyre,
 Crowne unto crowne this birde dothe bring;
 A queenlie queene, a kinglie king.
 Thus lyke to lyke here matched is—
 What matche may match more mete then this?

A bird, a beast, to make to choose,
Namely, the beast most furious,
It may seem strange, and so it does,
And to this bird injurious ;
It seemeth a case right curious
To make construction in such sense,
As may stand for this bird's defence.

But mark, this lion so by name,
Is properly a lamb to assign,
No lion wild, a lion tame,
No rampant lion masculine,
The lamb-like lion feminine,
Whose mild meek property allureth
This bird to light, and him assureth.

The eagle's bird, the eagle's eyre,
All other birds far surmounting,
The crowned lion matcheth fair,
Crown unto crown this bird doth bring ;
A queenly queen, a kingly king.
Thus like to like here matched is —
What match may match more meet than this ?

So meete a matche in parentage,
 So meete a matche in dignite,
 So meete a matche in patronage,
 So meete matche in benignite,
 So matcht from all malignite,
 As (thanks to God gyven for the same)
 Seelde hathe been scene; thus sayth the faine

This meete=met matche, at first meeting,
 In theyr aproche togyther neere,
 Loulie, lobelie, lybeli gretting,
 In eche to other did so appeere,
 That lookers on, al must graunt cleere,
 Theire usage of suche humayne reache,
 As all might lerne, but none could teache.

Thou, in conjoyning of these twayne,
 Suche sacred solempne solempnite,
 Suche fare in feaste to entertayne,
 Suche notable nobillite,
 Suche honour with such honeste,
 Such joy, all these to plat in plot,
 Plat them who can, for I can not.

So meet a match in parentage,
So meet a match in dignity,
So meet a match in patronage,
So meet match in benignity,
So matched from all malignity,
As (thanks to God given for the same) [report].
Seldom hath been seen ; thus saith the fame

This meet-met match, at first meeting,
In their approach together near,
Lowly, lovely, lively greeting,
In each to other did so appear,
That lookers on, all must grant clear,
Their usage of such humane reach,
As all might learn, but none could teach.

Thou, in conjoining of these twain,
Such sacred solemn solemnity,
Such fare in feast to entertain,
Such notable nobility
Such honour with such honesty,
Such joy, all these to plat in plot,
Plat them who can, for I cannot.

But here one deputie president,
 Nombre so greate in place so small,
 Nations so manie, so different,
 So sodenlie met ; so agreed all,
 Without offensybe worde let fall ;
 Sabe sight of twayne, for whome all met,
 No one sight there, lyke this to get.

This lamblyke lyon and lamblike burde,
 To show effect as cause affordes,
 For that they lamdlike be concurde,
 The lamb of lambs, the lord of lordes ;
 Let us lyke lambes, as most accordes,
 Most mekelie thanke in humble wyse,
 As humble hart may most debpse.

Whiche thanks full gyben most thankfullie,
 To prayer fall we on our kneese,
 That it may lyke that Lord on hie
 In helthe and welth to prosper theese,
 As faith for their moste high degreese :
 And that all we, their subjects, may
 Them and their lawes love and obay.

But here one dainty president,
 Number so great in place so small
Nations so many, so different,
 So suddenly met ; so agreed all,
 Without offensive word let fall ;
Save sight of twain, for whom all met,
No one sight there, like this to get.

This lamb-like lion and lamb-like bird,
 To show effect as cause affords,
For that they lamb-like be concurr'd,
 The lamb of lambs, the lord of lords ;
 Let us like lambs, as most accords,
Most meekly thank in humble wise,
As humble heart may most devise

Which thanks full given most thankfully,
 To prayer fall we on our knees,
That it may like that Lord on high
 In health and wealth to prosper these,
 As faith for their most high degrees :
And that all we, their subjects, may
Them and their laws love and obey,

And that betwene these twayne and one,
 The thre and one, one once to sende.
 In one to knit us euerichone,
 And to that one such mo at ende,
 As his will only shall extende,
 Graunte this, good God! adding thie grace,
 To make us meete to obtayne this case.

A Ballad.

What lyfe is best? The neddy is full of woe and awe,
 The welthy full of brawles and quarells of the lawe;
 To be a maryed man how much art thou beguiled,
 Seeking thy rest by carking still for household, wif,
 and child!

To till it is a tople to grace a greedy gaine,
 And such as gotten is with drudging and with paine.
 A shrewd wyfe bringes debate,—wive not and neuer
 thriue;

Children are charge,—childless, the greatest lack
 aliue;

Youth witlesse is and fraple, age sickly and forlorne;
 Then best it is to dye betime, or neuer to be borne.

And that between these twain and one,
The three and one, one once to send.
In one to knit us everyone,
And to that one such more at end,
As his will only shall extend.
Grant this, good God ! adding thy grace,
To make us meet to obtain this case.

A BALLAD.

WHAT life is best ? The needy is full of woe and
awe,
The wealthy full of brawls and quarrels of the law ;
To be a married man how much art thou beguiled,
Seeking thy rest by carking still for household, wife,
and child !
To till it is a toil to grace a greedy gain,
And such as gotten is with drudging and with pain.
A shrewd wife brings debate,—wive not and never
thrive ;
Children are charge,—childless, the greatest lack
alive ;
Youth witless is and frail, age sickly and forlorn ;
Then best it is to die betime, or never to be born.

A Supposed Lament,

By Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Theyr dedes, in effecte, my lyfe wolde have ;
 Theyr wordes do pretende my lybynge to crave ;
 Theyr dedes I drede not, theyr wordes beynge suche,
 I drede and regarde in maner as moche.

My lyfe is but vyle, I esteeme as light,
 Then shulde I in gooddes or lybynge delyght ;
 Whom matters and dedes nought moeth at all,
 Shulde wynde and vayne wordes his courage appall ?

Not man unto man, can threaten, I wote,
 More greibous than death, the horryble lote :
 And be it that death by sentence of man
 I suffre, and that well suffre I can.

What shulde I regarde this transporie state,
 Regarde and thynke on, both early and late,
 I muste a newe lyfe, that ever shall laste,
 Subjecte to no death, no spkenesse, no waste.

Than welcome be death, the entyre of lyfe,
 And dewe to the worlde, the stage of all stryfe ;
 Lyfe lost in this wyse, relevyth agayne,
 For ever in blysse, to lyve without payne.

A SUPPOSED LAMENT,

BY GARDINER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

THEIR deeds, in effect, my life would have ;
Their words do pretend my living to crave ;
Their deeds I dread not, their words being such,
I dread and regard in manner as much.

My life is but vile, I esteem as light,
Then should I in goods or living delight;
Whom matters and deeds nought moveth at all,
Should wind and vain words his courage appal ?

Not man unto man, can threaten, I wot,
More grievous than death, the horrible lot :
And be it that death by sentence of man
I suffer, and that well suffer I can.

What should I regard this transitory state,
Regard and think on, both early and late.
I must a new life, that ever shall last,
Subject to no death, no sickness, no waste.

Then welcome be death, the entry of life,
And adieu to the world, the stage of all strife ;
Life lost in this wise, relieveth again,
For ever in bliss, to live without pain.

From hence and herein, my comfort and stape
 Reposed I have, that cannot decaye ;
 God graunt me suche losse, that rayseth this gayne ;
 God graunt me that death, suche lyfe to retayne.

En meane tyme and space, saye properly this
 I may, and in place—*vana salus hominis.*

STEPHEN TURNER.

A Retort upon, or Replication to the same.

Your dedes in effect, that made your lyfe brave,
 Hath caused your wordes the truth to deprave ;
 Your dedes ye forget not, your wordes beyinge such,
 You drybe on and drede not, all men se to mosche.

Your lyfe hath ben lewde, wiche ye esteeme lyght,
 Of force to leaue gooddness, no thanke to gupght ;
 Thoughe matters and dedes nought move you at all,
 Let God and his threates your stowtenes appall.

From hence and herein, my comfort and stay
 Reposed I have, that cannot decay ;
 God grant me such loss, that raiseth this gain :
 God grant me that death, such life to retain.

In mean time and space, say properly this
 I may, and in place—*vana salus hominis*.

STEPHEN WYNTON.

A RETORT UPON, OR REPLICATION TO THE SAME.

YOUR deeds in effect, that made your life brave,
 Hath caused your words the truth to deprave ;
 Your deeds ye forget not, your words being such,
 You drive on and dread not, all men see too much.

Your life hath been lewd, which ye esteem light,
 Of force to leave goods, no thank to go quite ;
 Though matters and deeds nought move you at all,
 Let God and his threats your stoutness appal.

For man unto man can nought threate, ye wote,
More grebous then death, that horryble lote :
But yf ye habe death, that justyce gyde can,
Drede then your desertes, and blame ye not man.

Amende, and repente your stobourne estate,
That truthe hath neare tryed, but almoste to late ;
A patarne moste poppysshe, from fyrste to the laste,
As wylfull as wyttie, which wante worketh waste.

I doubtte the welcome of death to that lyfe,
Plased for pope's pageantes, in stage of moche stryfe :
Lyfe lost in this wyse, relebyth agayne,
As he that from blysse returneth to payne.

From hence and herein, your comforte and stape
Reposed you have, whiche nedes muste decaye ;
If God for this losse do graunt ye dewe gayne.
God shylde ye from death, suche lyfe to retayne.

In meane and space our prayer is this,
As we maye in place, God tourne to his.

M. S.



Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana.



THE
OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S
MISCELLANY.



For man unto man cannot threat, ye wot,
More grievous than death, that horrible lot :
But if ye have death, that justice give can,
Dread then your deserts, and blame ye not man.

Amend, and repent your stubborn estate,
That truth hath near tried, but almost too late ;
A pattern most popish, from first to the last,
As wilful as witty, which want worketh waste.

I doubt the welcome of death to that life,
Placed for Pope's pageants, in stage of much strife :
Life lost in this wise, reliveth again,
As he that from bliss returneth to pain.

From hence and herein, your comfort and stay
Reposed you have, which needs must decay ;
If God for this loss do grant ye due gain,
God shield ye from death, such life to retain.

In mean and space our prayer is this,
As we may in place, God turn to his.

A Greefe Balet,

Touching the traytorous Takynge of Scarborow
Castell.

Imprinted at London in Fleete-Strete by Tho. Powell.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Oh, valiant invaders, gallantly gaie,
Who, with your compeeres, conqueringe the route,
Castels or tow'rs, all standynge in your waie,
Ye take, controlling all estates most stoute,
Yet had it now bene goode to looke aboute :
Scarborow castel to have let alone,
And take Scarborow warnynge everichone.

By Scarborow castel, not Scarborow,
I onely meane—but further understande
Eche havene, eche hold, or other harborow
That our good Kyng and Queene do holde in hande :
As dewe obedience bindeth us in bande.
Their Scarborow castels to let alone
And take Scarborow warnynge everychone.

A BRIEF BALLAD

TOUCHING THE TRAITOROUS TAKING OF SCARBOROUGH
CASTLE.

Imprinted at London in Fleet Street by Tho. Powell.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

OH, valiant invaders, gallantly gay,
Who, with your compeers, conquering the route,
Castles or towers, all standing in your way,
Ye take, controlling all estates most stout,
Yet had it now been good to look about :
Scarborough castle to have let alone,
And take Scarborough warning everyone.

By Scarborough castle, not Scarborough,
I only mean—but further understand
Each haven, each hold, or other harborough
That our good King and Queen do hold in hand :
As due obedience bindeth us in band.
Their Scarborough castles to let alone
And take Scarborough warning everyone.

The scalers of which castells ebermore,

In hookes of olde, and in our eyes of new,
Habe alway lost themselves, and theirs therfore ;

All this ye did forget in time to beu.

Which myght have wrought both you and yours
teschew

Lettyng Scarborow castel now alone,

Takynng Scarborow warnyng everychone.

This Scarborow castell symple standyng

Yet could that castell slyly you beggyle,

He thought ye tooke the castell at your landyng.

The castell takynng you, in the self whyple :

Eche stone within the castell wall did smple,

That Scarborow castell ye let not alone,

And tooke Scarborow warnyng everychone.

Your puttyng now in ure your dybylishe dreame,

Hath made you see (and lyke enough to feele)

A few false traytours can not wyne a reame ;

Good subjectes be, and will be, trew as steele

To stand with you, the ende they lyke no deele.

Scarborow castels they can lette alone,

And take Scarborow warnyngs everychone.

The scalers of which castles evermore,
 In books of old, and in our eyes of new,
 Have always lost themselves, and theirs therefore ;
 All this ye did forget in time to view.
 Which might have wrought both you and yours
 t' eschew
 Letting Scarborough castle now alone,
 Taking Scarborough warning everyone.

This Scarborough castle simply standing
 Yet could that castle slyly you beguile,
 Ye thought ye took the castle at your landing.
 The castle taking you, in the self while :
 Each stone within the castle wall did smile,
 That Scarborough castle ye let not alone,
 And took Scarborough warning everyone.

Your putting now in use your devilish dream,
 Hath made you see (and like enough to feel)
 A few false traitors cannot win a ream [realm] ;
 Good subjects be, and will be, true as steel
 To stand with you, the end they like no deal.
 Scarborough castles they can let alone,
 And take Scarborough warnings everyone.

They know God's law—tobey their Kyng and
Queene ;

Not take from them, but kepe for them their owne
And gebe to them, when such traytours are scene

As ye are now, to brynge all overthrowne.

They woorke your overthrow, by God's power
growne,

God saith—let Scarborow castell alone,

Take Scarborow warnyng everychone.

To late for you, and in time for the rest

Of your most traytorous sect (if any bee)

You all are spectacles at full witnest,

As other weare to you—treason to flee,

Which in you past, yet may the rest of pee

The said Scarborow castells let alone,

And take Scarborow warnyngs everychone.

This terme, Scarborow warnyng, grew (some say)

By hasty hangyng, for rank robbry theare.

Who that was met, but suspect in that way,

Streight was he trust up, whatever he weare.

Wherupon, theebes thynkyng good to forbearc
Scarborow robbnyng they let that alone

And tooke Scarborow warnyng everychone.

They know God's law—to obey their King and
Queen ;

Not take from them, but keep for them their
own

And give to them, when such traitors are seen
As ye are now, to bring all overthrown.

They work your overthrow, by God's power
grown,

God saith—let Scarborough castle alone,
Take Scarborough warning everyone.

Too late for you, and in time for the rest
Of your most traitorous sect (if any be)

You all are spectacles at full witness'd,
As other were to you—treason to flee,

Which in you pass'd, yet may the rest of ye
The said Scarborough castles let alone,
And take Scarborough warnings everyone.

This term, Scarborough warning, grew (some say)
By hasty hanging, for rank robbery there.

Who that was met, but suspect in that way,
Straight was he truss'd up, whatever he were.

Whereupon, thieves thinking good to forbear
Scarborough robbing they let that alone
And took Scarborough warning everyone.

If robbynge in that way, bred hangynge so,

By theft to take way, towne, castell, and so,

What Scarborow hangynge crabeth this, lo !

Weare your selues herein judges capitall,

I thinke your judgements on these woords must
fall,

Scarborow robbynge who let'th not alone,

Scarborow hangynge deserve everychone.

We wold to God that you, and al of you,

Had been considered, as wel as ye knew

The end of all traytorie, as you see it now,

Long to have libed, lobynge subjectes trew,

Alas ! your losse we not rejoyse, but rew,

That Scarborow castell ye leete not alone,

And took Scarborow warnynge everychone.

To crafts that ever thrybe, wyse men ever cleabe,

To crafts that seeld when thrybe, wyse men seeld
when flee.

The crafts that neber thrybe a foole can learne to leabe.

This thriftles crafty crafte then clere leabe we,

One God, one kynge, one quene, serbe franke and
free,

Their Scarborow castell let it alone.

Take we Scarborow warning everichone.

If robbing in that way, bred hanging so,
 By theft to take way, town, castle, and so,
 What Scarborough hanging craveth this, lo!
 Were yourselves herein judges capital,
 I think your judgments on these words must fall,
 Scarborough robbing who letteth not alone,
 Scarborough hanging deserve everyone.

We would to God that you, and all of you,
 Had been considered, as well as ye knew
 The end of all traitory, as you see it now,
 Long to have lived, loving subjects true,
 Alas! your loss we not rejoice, but rue,
 That Scarborough castle ye let not alone,
 And took Scarborough warning everyone.

To crafts that ever thrive, wise men ever cleave,
 To crafts that seeled when thrive, wise men
 seeled when flee.
 The crafts that never thrive a fool can learn to leave.
 This thriftless crafty craft then clear leave we,
 One God, one king, one queen, serve frank and
 free,
 Their Scarborough castle let it alone.
 Take we Scarborough warning everyone.

Our soveraigne Lord and soveraigne lady both,
 Lawde we our Lorde, for their prosperitee
 Beseeching him for it, as it now goth,
 And to this daie hath gone, that it may bee
 Continued so, in perpetuitee :
 We lettynge theyr Scarborough castells alone,
 Takynge Scarborough warnings everychone.

Finis.

Quod J. MEYWOOD.

Of Trust and Trial.

Who trusts before he tries may soone his trust repent,
 Who tries before he trusts doth so his care preuent ;
 Thus trust may not be cause of triall, then, we see,
 But triall must be cause of trust in ech degree.

B. G.

Our sovereign Lord and sovereign lady both,
Laud we our Lord, for their prosperity
Beseeching him for it, as it now goeth,
And to this day hath gone, that it may be
Continued so, in perpetuity :
We letting their Scarborough castles alone,
Taking Scarborough warnings everyone.

FINIS.

Quod J. HEYWOOD.

OF TRUST AND TRIAL.

Who trusts before he tries may soon his trust repent,
Who tries before he trusts doth so his care prevent ;
Thus trust may not be cause of trial, then, we see,
But trial must be cause of trust in each degree.

B. G.

Lines underneath a Portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

Noe here the pearle,
Whom God and man doth loue :
Noe here on earth
The onely starre of light :
Noe here the queene,
Whom no mishap can moue
To chaunge her mynde
From vertues chief delight!
Noe here the heart
That so hath honored God,
That, for her loue,
We feele not of his rod :
Pray for her health,
Such as good subiectes bee :
Oh Princely Dame,
There is none like to thee !

LINES

UNDERNEATH A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Lo here the pearl
 Whom God and man doth love :
Lo here on earth
 The only star of light :
Lo here the queen,
 Whom no mishap can move
To change her mind
 From virtue's chief delight !
Lo here the heart
 That so hath honoured God,
That, for her love,
 We feel not of his rod :
Pray for her health,
 Such as good subjects be :
Oh Princely Dame,
 There is none like to thee !

A Newe Secte of Friars, called Capichini.

These newe freshe come Friars, being sprong vp of
late,

Doe nowe within Andwarpe keepe their abidinge,
Seducinge muche people to their damned estate,

By their newe false founde doctrine the Gospel
deridinge ;

Sayinge and affirminge, which is no newe false
tidinge,

That all suche as doe the Popes doctrine dispise,
As damned soules to hell must be ridinge ;

For they doe condemne them with their newe found
lies.

These be the children of the worlde counted wise,

Whose wisdom is folly to God and his elect ;

But let Sathan worke all that he can deuise,

God it is alone which the Gospel doeth protect.

A NEW SECT OF FRIARS,
CALLED CAPUCHINS.

These new fresh-come friars, being sprung up of
late,

Do now within Antwerp keep their abiding,
Seducing much people to their damned estate,
By their new false-found doctrine the Gospel
deriding ;

Saying and affirming, which is no new false tiding,
That all such as do the Pope's doctrine despise,
As damned souls to hell must be riding ;
For they do condemn them with their new-found
lies.

These be the children of the world counted wise,
Whose wisdom is folly to God and his elect ;
But let Satan work all that he can devise,
God it is alone which the Gospel doth protect.

THE CUNNING NORTHERN BEGGAR.*

Who all the by-standers doth earnestly pray
To bestow a penny upon him to-day.

TO THE TUNE OF *Tom of Bedlam.*



I am a lusty beggar,
And live by others giving ;
I scorn to work,
But by the highway lurk,
And beg to get my living :

* The "Roxburghe Ballads" in the British Museum, Vol. i, No. 42-3.

I'll i'the wind and weather,
And wear all ragged garments ;
Yet, though I'm bare,
I'm free from care,—
A fig for high preferments !
*For still will I cry " Good your worship, good sir
Bestow one poor denièr, sir,
Which, when I have got,
At the Pipe and Pot,
I soon will it cashier, sir.*

I have my shifts about me,
(Like Proteus often changing,)
My shape when I will,
I alter still,
About the Country ranging :
As soon as I a coach see,
Or gallants by come riding,
I take my crutch,
And rouse from my couch,
Whereas I lay abiding.
And still do I cry, &c.

Now, like a wandering soldier,
(That has i'th wars been maimed
With the shot of a gun,)
To Gallants I run,
And beg, " Sir, help the lamed !

I am a poor old Soldier,
And better times once viewed,
Though bare now I go,
Yet many a foe
By me hath been subdued."
And therefore I cry, &c,

Although I ne'er was further
Than Kentish street in Southwark,
Nor ere did see
A battery
Made against any bulwark ;
But with my Trulls and Doxies,
Lay in some corner lurking,
And ne'er went abroad
But to beg on the road,
To keep myself from working.
And always to cry, &c.

Anon I'm like a sailor,
And wear old canvas clothing :
And then I say
" The Dunkirk's away
Took all, and left me nothing ;
Six ships set sail upon us,
'Gainst which we bravely ventur'd,
And long withstood,

Yet could do no good,
Our ship at length they enter'd.
*And therefore I cry " Good your worship, good sir,
Bestow one poor denier, sir ;
Which when I've got,
At the Pipe and Pot,
I soon will it cashier, Sir.*

The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Sometimes I, like a cripple,
Upon the ground lie crawling,

For money I beg,
As wanting a leg
To bear my corpse from falling.
Then seem I weak of body,
And long t' have been diseased,
I make complaint,
As ready to faint,
And of my griefs increased ;
*And faintly I cry, " Good your worship, good Sir,
Bestow one poor denièr, sir,
Which when I've got,
At the Pipe and Pot
I soon will it casheere, sir."*

My flesh I so can temper
That it shall seem to fester,
And look all o'er
Like a raw sore,
Whereon I stick a plaster.
With blood I daub my face then,
To feign the falling sickness,
That in every place
They pity my case,
As if it came through weakness
And then I do cry, &c.

Then, as if my sight I wanted,
A boy doth walk beside me,

Or else I do
Grope as I go,
Or have a dog to guide me :
And when I'm thus accounted,
To th' highway side I hie me,
And there I stand,
With cords in my hand,
And beg of all comes nigh me.
*And earnestly cry, " Good your worship, good sir,
Bestow one poor denier," &c.*

Next, to some country fellow
I presently am turned,
And cry " Alack !"
(With a child at my back,)
" My house and goods were burned."
Then me my Doxy follows,
Who for my wife's believed,
And along we two
Together go,
With such mischances grieved.
And still we do cry, " Good your worship," &c.

What, though I cannot labour,
Shall I therefore pine with hunger ?
No, rather, then I
Will starve where I lie !

I'll beg of the money-monger ;
 No other care shall trouble
 My mind, nor grief disease me ;
 Though sometimes the slash
 I get, or the lash,
 'Twill but a while displease me :
*And still I will cry, " Good your worship, good sir,
 Bestow one," &c.*

No tricks at all shall escape me,
 But I will by my maunding,
 Get some relief
 To ease my grief
 When by the highway standing :
 'Tis better be a Beggar,
 And ask of kind good fellows,
 And honestly have
 What we do crave,
 Than steal and go to the gallows.
*Therefore I'll cry, " Good your worship, good sir,
 Bestow one poor denier, sir,
 Which, when I've got,
 At the Pipe and Pot
 I soon will it cashier, sir."*

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

[For the counterpart of this Ballad the reader is referred to page 55 of our Reprint of Harman's "A Caveat"—A COUNTERFEIT CRANK. --The left hand side wood-cut to the Second Part of this Ballad will be found to be the same as that used for "A Quip for an Upstart Courtier." Ballad printers were in the habit of buying up old wood-cuts and using them to illustrate any description of "ballad" without the least reference to the subject.—See also foot-note at page 31 of "The Trimming of Thomas Nash."]

Notes and Observations

ON

A BUNDLE OF OLD BALLADS.

By Wm. L. G. Ballou, p. 28. with text
Of the same

in the County of _____

18 _____

Notes and Observations.

A CREW
 of the Depthful Mystorie
 of the Honourable
 Prince Madam
 panthus.



TO THE READER.



HIS Work is a fac-simile of a very scarce Romance, in the possession of the Editor, and is supposed to be unique, as no second copy is known to exist. It is not to be found in the Libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, or in the British Museum, nor is it mentioned in any of the valuable publications of Dibdin. It formerly belonged to an old woman near Shrewsbury. No printer's name is mentioned, but the type is very much like that used by *Wynkyn de Worde*. The Romance is without date, but from two paper-marks, of which an engraving is here given, some light may be thrown upon the antiquity of this singular and scarce work.

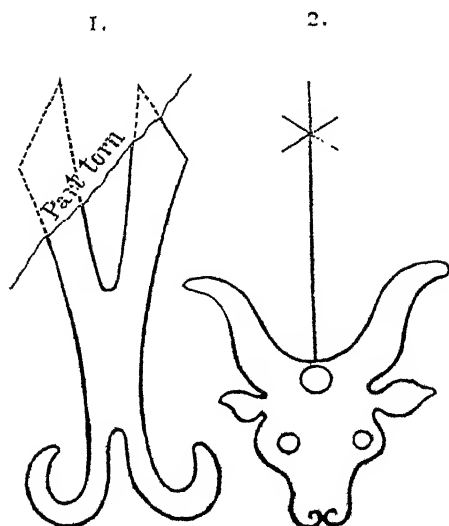
London : Re-printed by R. and A. Taylor, Shoe Lane, 1820.

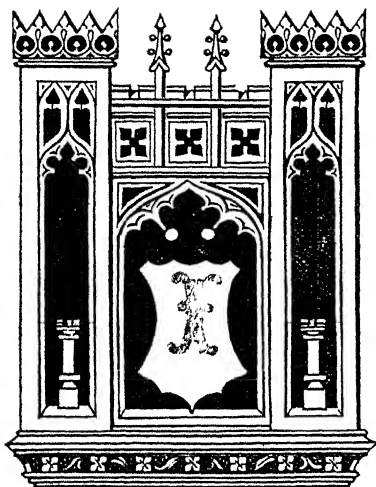
75 Copies on Plain Paper,
3 Copies on Coloured Paper,
2 Copies on Vellum.

Not printed for Sale.

PAPER MARKS.

Fig. 1. From a fly-leaf. *N. B.* The dotted lines show the part torn off.





An ancient

dayes ther libed an
hardie et a stronge
manne that hight the
valourous Prynce
Radapanthus, sonne
of the most mightie
soberaigne Kynke
Abrodonte and his
faire Queene Colli-
nella.

Now on a tyme whanne the sable nighte gan
fade et the glorious sun to salew the golden dape and
gladden the herte of manne, uprose the puissant
prince Radapanthus, et habing donned hys shynning
armoure, and grasped his godely sworde Fitzma-
brande, he mounted his fiery stede Gruffosnorto, and
followed by his gentil squire Pintadonte, they sallped
forth in quest of adventure. They vanced on their
journey, when towards y noon of dape they entered
into a thpycke and darksome forest, where their steps

were hindered by the thornes and brambles and muchel annoyauce from todes and serpentes. The Prynce with hys sworde hewed his way through the bushes, when peradventure striking a stone the darknesse of the Forrest disappeared, et they founde themselves in a passing large playne, but still surrounded by the forest on every side, and in the myddest thereof was a transparent lake, pepleped Belplaisant, in whych was a goodly and a faire gondelay, yppainted ful clene, with purple sayles, and at the helm sate a beautiful and a comely damesel, bedygght in azure and golde and a transparent veil over her head bespangled wyth sylber stars. The prynce was salued in modest guise by the damesel, et with hys squire wer moste gladsomely received into y^r bote: they glided along the lake till they came to a passing faire riber bordered on each syde with many goodlye trees, very pleasaunt to behold, as the Oke, the Elme, the Plane, the Wolme, the Chesscyn, the Beche, the Popelere, the Wasel, the Maple, the Thorne et the Boxe, while the banks were gayly ornated wyth flowers and flourittes yfretted in divers colours, and dispredded ober alle the plaine. Having proceeded in the bote, that glode along the wyndyng streame for a while, the Prynce Radapanthus and his squire disembarked. So soon as y^r Prynce pulled off a rose and gave it to the damsel, then all att once she wyth her bote suddenly vanished, the sky was quickly

overtaste, an aweful noize was herd, et eftsoon a stronge vapour of cloude et smoke was seen to rise out of the ground; and in the myddst therof arose a fygghfull and moste uncouth Gyant. He had a swarthy visage, a yellow beard, and a most sternfull visnomie; he was completely armed and mounted upon a fierie dragon. Now the gyant gan most gruffly to growl with grete discourteousness at the Prince Radapanthus, and lifting up a grete iron mace banced towards him. But the valourous Prince, mounted on his horse Gruffosnorto, couched his lance, and with greate hardihood drabe it into the dragon's maws, and being unhable to regaine the same, drew hys sword and smote off the left legg of the Gyaunt. The Gyant roared wyth dolourous payne, when the dragon raised hys taylor, et struck y^e Prince on the helmet, but Radapanthus with his trenchant blade strake off the dragons taylor, et habing regained his launce, the dragon sank down wyth passing grete paine, y^e horse snuffed the wynd and ramped most furiously on the neck of y^e dragon, when the valorous pryncce lifted up his godely sworde Firmabrande, et cleaved the Gyant thorough the myddel, from the head to the saddle. The Gyant fell downe on each side of the dragon with a tremendous crash, while the blood was despreden all over the field.



Overcome with fatigue and covered with bitter bales the Prynce fell into a swoond, whan all attonce the vapour and darknesse of the air vanished, and y^e bloode which cobered the field suddenly disappeared, et a gleam of light arose from out of the grounde. Then the damesel of the lake agayne stode before hym with a cup of enchanted liquor, et having besprinkled ober the face of the Prynce Radapanthus, et uttered some strange et uncouth wordes, she mounted a golden chaire bedpyght with diamonds and topaz and drawn by wynged serpents: so she rose in the air et eftsoon disappeared.



Aving recovered from his swounde by the enchanted liquor, the prynce arose, mounted his horse Gruffosnorto, folowed by his feithfull squire Pintadonte, et pursued his adventure, et having vanced to the ende of the forest, his ears were greeted wyth a distant sound of musyck, which encreased still more as he drew nigh, whanne he gan to spie come ryding forth on a mylk whyte stede in rich array a beauteous ladye pelepid the renowned princess Philamante, with body gentill et middel small: she was cloathed in a mantle of grene felbett et a kirtle of blew ywrought with byrdes of sundrie colores; she was attended by ten comely et

buxome dameselles, dauncyng and playing on diuers sortes of pleasaunt musick et followed by a dwarf with a passing great helmett on hys hed, longe spurres on his heels, and a great cloke over hys shoulders, the which trayled along the grounde. The dwarf, hight Sir Puny, was followed by a squire, carryng hys sworde, and leading a large black horse wyth golden brydel et saddel studded with pearls and musical bells of many sundrie shapes, et a shield bearing a golden appel on an azure field.

D sooner had the dwarf Sir Puny perceived the prynce Radapanthus than he vanced et salewed him most courteously, and showed hym to the moste peerless princess Philamante: the prynce was gretely astounded with the handsomeness of the princess, salewed her most buxomely, which was returned by a moste graceful and soote smile, et condescending to receive hym as her feithful knyght, in which the prince was passing glad, et so they proceeded in companye, et towards the night arrived at the court of the Emperour Primoso, the father of the princess Philamante, when he was kindly welcomed, and presented to the Emperess Bellafronte.



And now the golden

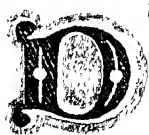
gate of Heauen gan to open,
whan gentle Phebus came
joyfully forth and caste hys
glitterynge beames up to y^e
skie, and shote forth the
gladsome dape. Uprose the

valourous Prynce Radapanthus, and uprose
themperour and all his corte; and, lastly, uprose y^e
peerless Pryncesse Philamante yclad in a samite robe
yfretted in golde and sylber sheene.

The royal emperour Primoso, as Frenche
Clerkes say, was four foote hygh: he was royally
crowned with a quintuple crown, et a lofty
spire an ell longe, studded with diamond bells et
surmounted by a golden phane. His majestie was
cloathed in a red and yellow robe, besprinkled with
shinyng stars, and held in hys ryghte hand a sceptre,
surmounted by a crySTALL ymage of Justice, yblinded
et holding a sword and ballance, which scepter was
neber out of the emperours syght. The emperesse
Bellafronte, who was seven foot high, was most
gloriously crowned wyth an embattled crowne, sur-
mounted by pynacles in topaz, et was cloathed in

ermine and purpel palle, et in a kirtle besprinkled alle aboute wyth sylber starres, et plettered with golden letters wel bemottoed; her shoone were ornated in curious devices belike unto the Windows of Poules Church. The royall Emperour handed the Emperess into the royal halle of the royal pallace, followed by the princess Philamante, and the renowned prynce Radapanthus, attended by all the Lordes and Ladies of the corte, bedight in their best array and clad in y^e newest guise. A grande feste was prepared in the grete halle whych was covered with tapestry: here were depictured Adam and his wyf Eve, wyth a serpente: Tobyte and hys dogge; the Kyng of Aye hanging on a tree; madame Susanna and the two olde menne; Potipher and her frende Joseph, in a cote wel depaynted in divers coloures, and Duke Josue wyth a golden sunne standyng stille; the three kinges of Colen ryding on their praucing stedes; the Prodigal son without the pygges. The Windows of the hall were ornated wyth royall glas, contayning the achievements of the renowned prynce Potomodo, grete graundefather unto the emperor Primoso: the upper parte of the halle was furnimented with auncient armour. The celynge was moste cunnynghie ycorben with antyck ymagerye and debytes contayning the cotes and genealogies of y^e emperour. At the upper end of the halle on the hie dese, under a canopy of state, curiously ycorben and pinacled, sat the Emperour, the Em-

peress, the Prynceess et the balliaunt Prynce; than y^e Dukes, Erles, Barouns, Knyghtes, Squires, and all the Ladies and Dameselles of the Corte.



URING the time of the feste, while the minstrells were pleyng in swete concordance and plesaunt armony manie most joyfull songs, and whyle the squire Carber was holding uppe the huge knyfe and forchette to cutt the mete, a messenger ranne suddenlie into the hall in grete terror and dismaye, declaring that an huge and horribel Gyant peleyed Murlotobumpus, was vancing to claim the hand of the peerless Princess Philamante. The whole court were throwen into great confusion et dismay, y^e minstrells surceased their plesaunt soundes, the pryncess much adawed fell into grete disquietness. From the marvellous puissaunte strengthe of y^e gyant, the knyghtes of y^e court were adawed; none dared to combat with him but only the valourous prince, who rose from the borde, sauns-faile, dyght on his glitterand armour, seized hys sword, and having mounted his goodly horse Gruffosnorto, proceeded in quest of Murlotobumpus: he met him in the courte of the Palace, armed wpyth a clubbe et mounted on a red roan stede. The gyant, who cared not for no manne nor yet for no woman neither, baunced with a sternful visnomie, and wpyth mightie strength he lifted up his ponderous

clubb, et heaped blows on the shield of Radapanthus, whych produced dredfull soundes, et shooke the wyndowes of the pallace. The prynce staggered by the force of the blow, but ctssoones recovered: he spurred his stede, ran furiously at the gyant, and with hys godelyc trenchant blade chopt him in two below the waist; the bodye with the head and armes fell with a loude et thunderand sounde belike unto a lofty Oak on the playn: the horse fled wyth the lower part of the gyant conteyning the legs et part of the body which remained fixed on the saddel.



Assoon the news of y^e death of the gyant arrived at the hall of the Emperour, it was joyfullie hailed with grete joy by the joyfull people: theemperour, theemperess, and the moste peerless pryncess of all pryncesses, et the corte, greeted the valourous prince Radapanthus, et welcomed him wyth manie sweet soundes of pleasaunt music.



In a few dayes after thys strange and perilous batlle a right faire Damesell and a goode, wyth suffused eyes, arrived at y^e court of the emperour Primoso, to demaund aide for the Ladie Mirrafonte, against a gyaunt who had wrongfully detained her and alle her knightes and ladies in her Castle as food to satisfy his

hungrie maue, when he deuoured ebery dape for his dinner two of her knyghts, et eberie nighte a faire damsel or a fatt fryar for his soppere: the Ladie Mirrafonte is reserued for the last; et if she is not reskewed wythin thre dapes, she must be doomed to death sauns faile, to satisfy the ravenous hunger of the hungerest of all hungry gyants, who has taken possession and secured the gate of y^e castle, by placing thereat a large stone, which no man but hymself can move.

The damesel habying tolde thys woeful tale to the emperour and the court, thre knightes arose to proffer their aide: Sir Sterrigogle, knyght of the Comet: Sir Filliguts, knight of the Cups, and y^e vaillant prynce Radapanthus. Lots being drawn for the order of combat wyth the gyant, the first fell on Syr Sterrigogle, who bore on hys shielde Azure, a goldene comet betweene seven starres Argent. Sir Filliguts bore Argent, a bend Sable three silver cups. The Prynce Radapanthus bore on his shielde, Azure, within a bordore Or, a portrait of the peerless princess Philamante.



Radapanthus et the
valourouse knights with their
squires and the damesell habynge
taken leaue of the Emperour and
all hys corte, went forth in quest
of the castle of the ladye Mirra-

fonte. They journeyed on their way for many a myle,
untill they reached a barren plaine, and at a distance
they began to spie a wall, which arose out of the
grounde, and as they proceeded forward, they suddenly
found themselves surrounded by it, et the plain, which
was brent by the heat of y^e sunne, was all attonce
cobered by thornes and bramblers that were risen out
of the grounde: they spied a flat stone with an in-
scription in unknown characters, and habynge with
grete labour lifted it up, they found many steps rudelye
carbed out of the solid rock, leadynge downe to a sub-
terranean passage. The knights with the squires and
the damesel descended, until they came to a beauteous
and splendyd cave, plighted up with golden lamps, and
in the middest thereof ranne a brilliant and transparent
ryber, that made a murmuring and soote sound. In

sundry places of the crystall streame where it ranne smooth, were seen golden and sylber fysh swymmyng et frysking all about, and in diuers parts of y^e rocks were seen issuing out great and small cascades, and wyth sundrie faire and goodlie fountaynes, which gushed out of the earthe, and glided in beauteous streames ober the pebbles of ruby and topaz, intermyngled wyth curious shels. All about the cave were scene manie passing faire byrdes, gaply bedecked in diuers colores, singynge swete harmonypous music, and whyche twittered wyth their golden and silver wynges ober ebery part of the cave, but disturbed not the lamps, which hong around the same.

A Prapt and enchanted wyth the lobelyness of the cave, et beyng wearied wyth the length of their journey, the valiant knights and the damesel rested themselves awhile. Eftsoon they arose, and pursuing their adventure through a darksome passage, they came into a spacious court, and saw a golden door guarded by two porters yclad in Lyncolne grene. The damesel habynge pronounced manie strange wordes, threw some water at the doore, when suddenlic it flew open, et the porters vanished away. The three knights and their squires followed by the damesel, tyll they came to a splendid halle, covered with auncient tapestry and

cloathys of baudekyn, wel broidered with golde et sylber, conteyning the feithful hystory of Sir Argente et Sir Poberte. The celyng was wel corbed, and the panels ppainted with azure colores, and ornated with sylber stars bespreden all aboute.

¶ At the further ende of the halle they founde six horses of solid golde, wyth saddels and brydels bedecked wyth perles and rubys, and a faire palfrey of sylber with golden wyngs.

¶ The knightes and their squires having seated the damesel on the silber horse, tooke the golden horses and mounted them, whanne straitways a rumbling noise was heard, et the halle suddenlie vanished; the carbed celyng being changed into black clouds, and the bespangled stars having become the firmamente in the skie, a few whereof were just seen among the cloudes, and a deep and sombrous darkness covered the heavens wyth tremendous storms of thunder and lyghtenynge.

Proceedyng on their journey the prynce et his companions came into a forest, whanne they wer annoyed by the fearful roaring of beastes, as of Lyons, Beres, Libbards, and Griffons, yet pursewed they their adventure till the dawne of daye.

¶ And now hath dame Aurora rising out of the bed of her olde manne Tptans, chased the mornynge

starre, and ushered forth the golden dāye: et now Dan Phebus mounting his glitterand car, hath driven on his praunching stedes, when the valorous prince Radapanthus, the tres balliaunt Sir Sterrigogle, et the redoubted knight Syr Filliguts, followed by their feithful squires and the damesel, purswed their way, whanne they gan to spy a furious and rapid ryber, and ober it a splendyd bridge wel ybattled et adorned with crystall pynacles, and at ech ende of the bridge were turrets of alblaster enlaid wyth golde ypoudered with saffire, and surmounted by silver flaggs.

¶ So soon as the knights and the damesel were passed ober the bridge, the squires with their horses sunk into the earth and disappeared. The prince and hys three companions natheless purswed their adventure, et they soone perceived the Castle of the Ladie Mirrafonte, and advancynge nearer they gan to spie the head of the Gpant, and the top of his club ober the battlements of the outer walls, watching for them. On the top of the castle was scene the forlorne ladie Mirrafonte, who from the sorrowfulness of her grete sorrow, was passing sorrowful, and she waved a flag to hasten forwarde her expected champions.

The Champions aduanced to the gate of the Castle, whan out crept the horribel Gyaunt, wyth a grete mouth, tremendous whiskers on hys lip, and a berd of porcupines quills; his nose was like y^e horn of a rhynocerus, out of the whyche arose three huge eyen, like burning glasses; his teeth were like the iron spikes of a Portcullis: the skull of his emptie hed was made of iron, and his eares were like the eares of an Oliphant.

The gyant was compleatly armed in copper gilt, his legs were covered with iron mayle, and his fete with skins of mice; in stead of handes, moreouer he had claws like the claws of Lopsters, and he helde a huge club wyth a sharpe edge, in such guise that it serued alike for knocking down or cutting up.

No sooner was the gyaunt prepared for the combat gainst the right noble champions, thanne the silver horse flew off wyth the damesel, and perched on the top of an hie mountayne.



If the dredfull combat of thys dredful daye,
Sing O Goddesses Clio; and thou Bellona,
sister unto the god Mars, come wyth thy
flaming torche, drive forth thy car with
all thy furie, and nowe make the boldest hertes shiber

with astoundement, and the stoutest courage wax tender in the bowells of the mightie, for dire was the conflict. First Sir Sterrigogle, a passing strong manne, habying couched his launce, ranne furiously at the gyant, but unhable to pierce the armour broke his speare: the gyaunte raised hys clubbe agaynst the knight, and smote off his hed, when the gode red blood spouted forth from out of hys necke ful hot, like a fountayne, and the bodye fell on the plaine. Thanne the moste redoubted knight Syr Fillyguts, knight of the Silber Cups, with body rounde, and middel large, advanced against the gyant, who agayne raised his huge club, and most unhendilie chopt off the head of the golden horse; the head flew into the air, and the bodie fell downe with a golden sounde, a sound like golde: then the legs of the knight being under the horse, the gyant trampled him wyth his feete. The Prince Radapanthus habying espyed the fate of his companions, vanced forwarde fans-faile, whan the gyant most furiously growled at the valiant prince, swearing by Mahounde and Terbagaunt, and sayd, Advance, caitiff, I am an hungred; I want my dinner: you shal be eaten stewed in onions; the Lady Mirrafonte shal be dressed for my soppere, et shall be eaten wyth apple sawce, so advance. Thou raskally gyant, sayd the Prynce, before thou thynk of the skynne first catch the hare: but behold most

discourteous et greedie brute, looke aboue you, the vultures and the kytes are waiting for your karkase. So saying he drew his sworde *Firmabrande*, struck a blowe at the gyant, but made no impression on hys armour. The gyant lifted up hys club, when the prynce Radapanthus eluded the blowe; the clubbe fell wyth a loude and dredful sounde on the plaine, et threw up the dust and the stones into the aire. The Prynce dismounted from hys golden steed, and with two puissaunt strokes cleaved off the legs of the gyant below y^e ankles, spite of the mouses skyns, which were charmed in vain: the Gyant who was fighting near the walls of the castle, fell against one of y^e gates, but brains habinge none, he broke his emptie skull, et knocked off one of the turrets and battlements.

N sooner was the furious gyant slain, than the whole aire was covered with a passing grete darknesse from y^e number of vultures and kytes, and other curious byrdes of praye, from far and neere, some wyth feete like dragons, some with wyngs of butterflies, and others with claws like mannes hands, and manie with large beaks like files, to cut away the gyants armour to get att the mete.

¶ The valourous Prynce daunced ynto the courte of the castle, whan he was moste courteously receiued by the most comely and debonaire lady, the Ladie Mirrafonte. Now hath the giant been deboured, and eaten up to the bones, when the byrdes dispersed into the aire: the silber horse flew over the walls, and descended into y^e court, the damesel alighted, and was kindlye salewed by her Ladie.

¶ Radapanthus having broken open the doors of the dungeons, released the wel fatted but uneaten knightes from their moste woefull of all woful situations, and having restored the castle into the handes of the Ladie Mirrafonte took hys leave. He went into a passing grete halle yclepid the hall of Scandal, wherein were seen on the walls the tongues of Ladies wel benapled thereon, and much eten by the wormes, manie of the tongues were the tongues of auncient spynsters. At th'end of the halle was a beauteous caskenet, ornated with the Saffyre, the Emeralde, and the Carboncle stone, wyth the goodlye worde *Silentium* in golden letters, and within the same were seen certain tongues, well preserved, each of them habying *Prudentia* written thereon.

¶ And now hath Dan Phebus following the heeles of Dame Aurora, ushered forth the cheerfull daye, whan the puissaunt Prynce Radapanthus, having taken the head of the gyaunt, pursewed his waye to

the Court of the Emperour Primoso, et having crossed thenchaunted bridge, he was astounded to see it indisible, et to find it wyth all the turrets and pynacles vanished awaie. The prynce entered the forest wearied wyth the weight of the iron hed, when he joyfullpe spied a glitterand car drawn by Griffons, et having mounted it, and placed the head by the side of him, purswed his way over the forrest, et arrived before the city of the Emperour. He was much astounded when he saw the three lost squires cunningly perched in alblaster ober y^e gate, and yplaced on curious tablements in niches overarched, and on the top of the gate the turrets and pynacles of the enchaunted brydge. The Prynce entered the gate, et arrived at the pallace, et having salewed the Emperour, the Emperess, and all the corte, retired to the embowred bower of the most joyfullest of all joyful pryncesses, the princess Philamante, who to see him was passing glad, and so she made a speech, such as never was heard before, and it finished in these wordes, Prynce Radapanthus, mine own herte swete, let us be gladsome that we are heere, and not in the gyaunts maws, merrie and not mangled, swelling with joy and not swallowed, mirthfull mobing and not eaten up alive. Many other plesaunt wordes passed betweene them; but what they seyde et what they did is not recorded in this storie.

¶ Heere endeth the Hystorie of the redoubtable
Prince Radapanthus.

Emprinted for A. R. and to be solde at his shoppe
at the Sygne of the Catte and Fiddel,
neere unto the lytle Northe
doore of Powles
Churche.

: . :



A READABLE REPRINT OF
A TRUE AND FAITHFUL HISTORY
OF THE
REDOUTABLE
PRINCE RADAPANTHUS.

THIS little *jeu d'esprit*, or "a trick on Bibliomanists," is a pretended reprint from a unique copy of *Wynkyn de Worde*, and written by John Adey Repton, son of Humphrey Repton, the author of *Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening*, 1794; *Designs for the Pavilion at Brighton*, with the assistance of his sons, John Adey Repton and G. S. Repton, London, 1808, &c., &c. The ornamental initial letters commencing the chapters of the foregoing version of "The Pretender" will be found to form the author's name in full, thus :





A

TRUE AND FAITHFUL HISTORY
OF THE REDOUBTABLE
PRINCE RADAPANTHUS.

IN ancient days there lived a hardy and a strong man that was called the valorous Prince Radapanthus, son of the most mighty sovereign King Abrodonte and his fair Queen Collinella.

Now on a time when the sable night began [to] fade and the glorious sun to salute the golden day and gladden the heart of man, uprose the puissant Prince Radapanthus, and having donned his shining armour, and grasped his goodly sword Firmabrande, he mounted his fiery steed Gruffosnorto, and followed by his gentle squire Pintadonte, they sallied forth in quest of adventure. They advanced on their journey, when towards the noon of day they entered into a thick and darksome forest, where their steps

were hindered by the thorns and brambles and much annoyed from toads and serpents. The Prince with his sword hewed his way through the bushes, when peradventure striking a stone the darkness of the forest disappeared, and they found themselves in a passing large plain, but still surrounded by the forest on every side, and in the midst thereof was a transparent lake, called Belplaisant, in which was a goodly and a fair gondola, painted full clean, with purple sails, and at the helm sat a beautiful and a comely damsel, bedecked in azure and gold and a transparent veil over her head bespangled with silver stars. The Prince was saluted in modest guise by the damsel, and with his squire were most gladsomely received into the boat: they glided along the lake till they came to a passing fair river bordered on each side with many goodly trees, very pleasant to behold, as the oak, the elm, the plane, the holm, the cheston, the beech, the poplar, the hazel, the maple, the thorn, and the box, while the banks were gaily ornated with flowers and flowerets fretted in divers colours, and spread over all the plain. Having proceeded in the boat, that glided along the winding stream for awhile, the Prince Radapanthus and his squire disembarked. So soon as the Prince pulled off a rose and gave it to the damsel, then all at once she with her boat suddenly vanished, the sky was quickly overcast, an

awful noise was heard, and immediately a strong vapour of cloud and smoke was seen to rise out of the ground : and in the midst thereof arose a frightful and most uncouth Giant. He had a swarthy visage, a yellow beard, and a most sternful countenance ; he was completely armed and mounted upon a fiery dragon. Now the Giant began most gruffly to growl with great discourteousness at the Prince Radapanthus, and lifting up a great iron mace advanced towards him. But the valorous Prince, mounted on his horse Gruffosnorto, couched his lance, and with great hardihood drove it into the dragon's maws, and being unable to regain the same, drew his sword and smote off the left leg of the Giant. The Giant roared with dolorous pain, when the dragon raised his tail, and struck the Prince on the helmet, but Radapanthus with his trenchant blade struck off the dragon's tail, and having regained his lance, the dragon sank down with passing great pain, the horse snuffed the wind and ramped most furiously on the neck of the dragon, when the valorous Prince lifted up his goodly sword Firmabrande, and cleaved the Giant through the middle, from the head to the saddle. The Giant fell down on each side of the dragon with a tremendous crash, while the blood was spread all over the field.

QVERCOME with fatigue and covered with bitter bales¹ the Prince fell into a swoon, when all at once the vapour and darkness of the air vanished, and the blood which covered the field suddenly disappeared, and a gleam of light arose from out of the ground. Then the damsel of the lake again stood before him with a cup of enchanted liquor, and having besprinkled over the face of the Prince Radapanthus, and uttered some strange and uncouth words, she mounted a golden chair bedecked with diamonds and topaz and drawn by winged serpents: so she rose in the air and immediately disappeared.

HAVING recovered from his swoon by the enchanted liquor, the Prince arose, mounted his horse Gruffosnorto, followed by his faithful squire Pintadonte, and pursued his adventure, and having advanced to the end of the forest, his ears were greeted with a distant sound of music, which increased still more as he drew nigh, when he began to espy come tidings forth on a milk white steed in rich array a beautiful lady called the renowned Princess Philamante, with body genteel and middle small: she was clothed in a mantle of green velvet and a kirtle of blue wrought with birds

¹BALE. - Grief, misery, sorrow.

of sundry colours : she was attended by ten comely and buxom damsels, dancing and playing on divers sorts of pleasant music and followed by a dwarf with a passing great helmet on his head, long spurs on his heels, and a great cloak over his shoulders, the which trailed along the ground. The dwarf, called Sir Puny, was followed by a squire, carrying his sword, and leading a large black horse with golden bridle and saddle studded with pearls and musical bells of many sundry shapes, and a shield bearing a golden apple on an azure field.



NO sooner had the dwarf Sir Puny perceived the Prince Radapanthus than he advanced and saluted him most courteously, and showed him to the most peerless Princess Philamante : the Prince was greatly astounded with the handsomeness of the Princess, saluted her most buxomly, which was returned by a most graceful and sweet smile, and condescending to receive him as her faithful knight, in which the Prince was passing glad, and so they proceeded in company, and towards the night arrived at the court of the Emperor Primoso, the father of the Princess Philamante, when he was kindly welcomed, and presented to the Empress Bellafronte.



ND now the golden gate of heaven began to open, when gentle Phœbus came joyfully forth and cast his glittering beams up to the sky, and shot forth the glad-some day. Uprose the valorous Prince Radapanthus, and uprose the Emperor and all his court; and, lastly, uprose the peerless Princess Philamante clad in a silk robe fretted in gold and silver sheen.¹

The royal Emperor Primoso, as French Clerks say, was four foot high: he was royally crowned with a quintuple crown, and a lofty spire an ell long, studded with diamond bells and surmounted by a golden vane. His majesty was clothed in a red and yellow robe, besprinkled with shining stars, and held in his right hand a sceptre, surmounted by a crystal image of Justice, blinded and holding a sword and balance, which sceptre was never out of the Emperor's sight.

The Empress Bellafronte, who was seven feet high, was most gloriously crowned with an embattled crown, surmounted by pinnacles in topaz, and was clothed in ermine and purple pall, and in a kirtle besprinkled all about with silver stars, and lettered

¹SHEEN.—Lustre, brightness.

with golden letters well bemottoed ; her shoes were ornated in curious devices like unto the windows of Paul's Church.

The royal Emperor handed the Empress into the royal hall of the royal palace, followed by the Princess Philamante, and the renowned Prince Radapanthus, attended by all the Lords and Ladies of the court, bedecked in their best array and clad in the newest guise. A grand feast was prepared in the great hall, which was covered in tapestry : here were depicted Adam and his wife Eve, with a serpent ; Tobit and his dog ; the King of Aye hanging on a tree ; Madam Susannah and the two old men ; Potiphar [’s wife] and her friend Joseph, in a coat well bepainted in divers colours, and Duke Joshua with a golden sun standing still ; the three Kings of Colen riding on their prancing steeds ; the Prodigal Son without the pigs. The windows of the hall were ornated with royal glass, containing the achievements of the renowned Prince Potomodo, great grandfather unto the Emperor Primoso : the upper part of the hall was ornamented with ancient armour. The ceiling was most cunningly carved with antique imagery and devices, containing the coats and genealogies of the Emperor. At the upper end of the hall on the high dais, under a canopy of state, curiously carved and pinnacled, sat the Emperor, the Empress, the Princess and the

valiant Prince; then the dukes, earls, barons, knights, squires, and all the ladies and damsels of the Court.

DURING the time of the feast, while the minstrels were playing in sweet concordance and pleasant harmony many most joyful songs, and while the Squire Carver was holding up the huge knife and fork to cut the meat, a messenger ran suddenly into the hall in great terror and dismay, declaring that a huge and horrible Giant called Hurlotobumpus, was advancing to claim the hand of the peerless Princess Philamante. The whole Court were thrown into great confusion and dismay, the minstrels ceased their pleasant sounds, the Princess much awed fell into great disquietedness.

From the marvellous mighty strength of the Giant, the knights of the Court were awed; none dared to combat with him but only the valorous Prince, who rose from the board, without fail, put on his glittering armour, seized his sword, and having mounted his goodly horse Gruffosnorto, proceeded in quest of Hurlotobumpus: he met him in the court of the Palace, armed with a club and mounted on a red roan steed. The Giant, who cared not for no man nor yet for no woman neither, advanced with a sternful visage, and with mighty

strength he lifted up his ponderous club, and heaped blows on the shield of Radapanthus, which produced dreadful sounds, and shook the windows of the Palace. The Prince staggered by the force of the blow, but immediately recovered: he spurred his steed, ran furiously at the Giant, and with his goodly trenchant blade chopped him in two below the waist; the body with the head and arms fell with a loud and thundering sound like unto a lofty oak on the plain; the horse fled with the lower part of the Giant containing the legs and part of the body which remained fixed on the saddle.



FTSOON¹ the news of the death of the Giant arrived at the hall of the Emperor, it was joyfully hailed with great joy by the joyful people: the Emperor, the Empress, and the most peerless Princess of all princesses, and the Court, greeted the valorous Prince Radapanthus, and welcomed him with many sweet sounds of pleasant music.



N[in] a few days after this strange and perilous battle a right fair damsel and a good, with suffused eyes, arrived at the court of the Emperor Primoso, to demand aid for the Lady Mirrafonte, against a giant who had wrong-

¹EFTSOON.—Immediately.

fully detained her and all her knights and ladies in her castle as food to satisfy his hungry maw, when he devoured every day for his dinner two of her knights, and every night a fair damsel or a fat friar for his supper : the Lady Mirrafonte is reserved for the last ; and if she is not rescued within three days, she must be doomed to death without fail, to satisfy the ravenous hunger of the hungriest of all hungry giants, who has taken possession and secured the gate of the castle, by placing thereat a large stone, which no man but himself can move.

The damsel having told this woeful tale to the Emperor and the court, three knights arose to proffer their aid : Sir Sterrigogle, Knight of the Comet ; Sir Filliguts, Knight of the Cups, and the valiant Prince Radapanthus. Lots being drawn for the order of combat with the giant, the first fell on Sir Sterrigogle, who bore on his shield azure, a golden comet between seven stars argent. Sir Filliguts bore argent, a bend sable three silver cups. The Prince Radapanthus bore on his shield, azure, within a border or, a portrait of the peerless Princess Philamante.

RADAPANTHUS and the valorous knights with their squires and the damsel having taken leave of the Emperor and all his court, went forth in quest of the castle of the Lady Mirrafonte.

They journeyed on their way for many a mile, until they reached a barren plain, and at a distance they began to spy a wall, which arose out of the ground, and as they proceeded forward, they suddenly found themselves surrounded by it, and the plain, which was burnt up by the heat of the sun, was all at once covered by thorns and brambles that were risen out of the ground: they spied a flat stone with an inscription in unknown characters, and having with great labour lifted it up, they found many steps rudely carved out of the solid rock, leading down to a subterraneous passage. The knights with the squires and the damsel descended, until they came to a beauteous and splendid cave, lighted up with golden lamps, and in the midst thereof ran a brilliant and transparent river, that made a murmuring and sweet sound. In sundry places of the crystal stream where it ran smooth, were seen golden and silver fish swimming and frisking all about, and in divers parts of the rocks

were seen issuing out great and small cascades, and with sundry fair and goodly fountains, which gushed out of the earth, and glided in beauteous streams over the pebbles of ruby and topaz, intermingled with curious shells. All about the cave were seen many passing fair birds, gaily bedecked in divers colours, singing sweet harmonious music, and which twittered with their golden and silver wings over every part of the cave, but disturbed not the lamps, which hung around the same.




NRAPTURED and enchanted with the loveliness of the cave, and being wearied with the length of their journey, the valiant knights and the damsel rested themselves awhile. Immediately they arose, and pursuing their adventure through a darksome passage, they came into a spacious court, and saw a golden door guarded by two porters clad in Lincoln green. The damsel having pronounced many strange words, threw some water at the door, when suddenly it flew open, and the porters vanished away. The three knights and their squires followed by the damsel, till they came to a splendid hall, covered with ancient tapestry and cloths of baudkin,¹ well broidered with gold and silver, containing the faithful history of Sir Argent and Sir Poverty.

¹BAUDKIN.—A rich and precious species of stuff.

The ceiling was well carved, and the panels painted with azure colours, and ornated with silver stars spread all about.

At the further end of the hall they found six horses of solid gold, with saddles and bridles bedecked with pearls and rubies, and a fair palfrey of silver with golden wings.


The knights and their squires having seated the damsel on the silver horse, took the golden horses and mounted them, when straightway a rumbling noise was heard, and the hall suddenly vanished; the carved ceiling being changed into black clouds, and the bespangled stars having become the firmament in the sky, a few whereof were just seen among the clouds, and a deep and sombre darkness covered the heavens with tremendous storms of thunder and lightning.

ROCEEDING on their journey the Prince and his companions came to a forest, when they were annoyed by the fearful roaring of beasts, as of lions, bears, leopards, and griffins, yet pursued they their adventure till the dawn of day.

And now hath dame Aurora rising out of the bed of ~~the~~ old man Titans, chased the morning star, and ushered forth the golden day; and now Dan Phœbus mounting his glittering car, has driven on

his prancing steeds, when the valorous Prince Radapanthus, the very valiant Sir Sterrigogle, and the redoubted knight Sir Filliguts, followed by their faithful squires and the damsel, pursued their way, when they began to spy a furious and rapid river, and over it a splendid bridge well embattled and adorned with crystal pinnacles, and at each end of the bridge were turrets of alabaster inlaid with gold powdered with sapphire, and surmounted by silver flags.


So soon as the knights and the damsel were passed over the bridge, the squires with their horses sunk into the earth and disappeared. The Prince and his three companions nevertheless pursued their adventure, and they soon perceived the castle of the Lady Mirrafonte, and advancing nearer they began to spy the head of the giant and the top of his club over the battlements of the outer walls, watching for them. On the top of the castle was seen the forlorn Lady Mirrafonte, who from the sorrowfulness of her great sorrow, was passing sorrowful, and she waved a flag to hasten forward her expected champions.

HE champions advanced to the gate of the castle, when out crept the horrible giant, with a great mouth, tremendous whiskers on his lip, and a beard of porcupine's quills ; his

nose was like the horn of a rhinoceros, out of the which arose three huge eyes, like burning glasses ; his teeth were like the iron spikes of a portcullis : the skull of his empty head was made of iron, and his ears were like the ears of an elephant.

The giant was completely armed in copper gilt, his legs were covered with iron mail, and his feet with skins of mice ; instead of hands, moreover he had claws like the claws of lobsters, and he held a huge club with a sharp edge, in such guise that it served alike for knocking down or cutting up.

No sooner was the giant prepared for the combat against the right noble champions, than the silver horse flew off with the damsel, and perched on the top of an high mountain.

F the dreadful combat of this dreadful day, sing O goddess Clio ; and thou Bellona, sister unto the god Mars, come with thy flaming torch, drive forth thy car with all thy fury, and now make the boldest hearts shiver with astonishment, and the stoutest courage wax tender in the bowels of the mighty, for dire was the conflict. First Sir Sterrigogle, a passing strong man, having couched his lance, ran furiously at the giant, but unable to pierce the armour broke his spear : the giant raised the club against the knight, and smote off his head, when the good red blood

spouted forth from out of his neck full hot, like a fountain, and the body fell on the plain. Then the most redoubtable knight Sir Filliguts, Knight of the Silver Cups, with body round, and middle large, advanced against the giant, who again raised his huge club, and most unhendily¹ chopped off the head of the golden horse ; the head flew into the air, and the body fell down with a golden sound, a sound like gold : then the legs of the knight being under the horse, the giant trampled him with his feet. The Prince Radapanthus having espied the fate of his companions, advanced forward without fail, when the giant most furiously growled at the valiant Prince, swearing by Mahounde and Tervagaunt, and said, Advance, caitiff, I am an hungered ; I want my dinner : you shall be eaten stewed in onions : the Lady Mirrafonte shall be dressed for my supper, and shall be eaten with apple sauce, so advance. Thou rascally giant, said the Prince, before thou think of the skin first catch the hare ; and behold most discourteous and greedy brute, look above you, the vultures and the kites are waiting for your carcass. So saying he drew his sword Firmabrande, struck a blow at the giant, but made no impression on his armour. The giant lifted up his club, when the Prince Radapanthus eluded the blow ; the club fell with a loud and

¹UNHENDILY. — Urgently.

dreadful sound on the plain, and threw up the dust and the stones into the air. The Prince dismounted from his golden steed, and with two puissant strokes cleaved off the legs of the giant below the ankles, spite of the mouses' skins, which were charmed in vain : the giant who was fighting near the walls of the castle, fell against one of the gates, but brains having none, he broke his empty skull, and knocked off one of the turrets and battlements.



NO sooner was the furious giant slain, than the whole air was covered with a passing great darkness from the number of vultures and kites, and other curious birds of prey, from far and near, some with feet like dragons, some with wings of butterflies, and others with claws like men's hands, and many with large beaks like fles, to cut away the giant's armour to get at the meat.

The valourous Prince advanced into the court of the castle, when he was most courteously received by the most comely and gracious lady, the Lady Mirrafonte. Now hath the giant been devoured, and eaten up to the bones, when the birds dispersed into the air : the silver horse flew over the walls, and descended into the court, the damsel alighted, and was kindly saluted by her lady.

Radapanthus having broken open the doors of the dungeons, released the well fatted but uneaten knights from their most woeful of all woeful situations, and having restored the castle into the hands of the Lady Mirrafonte took his leave. He went into a passing great hall called the hall of Scandal, wherein were seen on the walls the tongues of Ladies well nailed thereon, and much eaten by the worms, many of the tongues were the tongues of ancient spinsters. At the end of the hall was a beauteous caskenet, ornated with the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle stone, with the goodly word "*Silentiuni*" in golden letters, and within the same were seen certain tongues, well preserved, each of them having "*Prudentia*" written thereon.

And now hath Dan Phœbus following the heels of Dame Aurora, ushered forth the cheerful day, when the puissant Prince Radapanthus, having taken the head of the Giant, pursued his way to the Court of the Emperor Primoso, and having crossed the enchanted bridge, he was astounded to see it invisible, and to find it with all the turrets and pinacles vanished away. The Prince entered the forest wearied with the weight of the iron head, when he joyfully spied a glittering car drawn by griffons, and having mounted it, and placed the head by the side of him, pursued his way over the forest, and arrived before the city of the Emperor. He was

much astounded when he saw the three lost squires cunningly carved in alabaster over the gate, and placed on curious tablements in niches over-arched, and on the top of the gate the turrets and pinnacles of the enchanted bridge. The Prince entered the gate, and arrived at the Palace, and having saluted the Emperor, the Empress, and all the Court, retired to the embowered bower of the most joyfulest of all joyful princesses, the Princess Philamante, who to see him was passing glad, and so she made a speech, such as never was heard before, and it finished in these words, Prince Radapanthus, mine own heart sweet, let us be gladsome that we are here, and not in the Giant's maws, merry and not mangled, swelling with joy and not swallowed, mirthful moving and not eaten up alive. Many other pleasant words passed between them ; but what they said and what they did is not recorded in this story.

Here endeth the History of the redoubtable Prince Radapanthus. Imprinted for [J.] A. R. and to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, near unto the little north door of Paul's Church.



Notes and Observations

ON

A TRUE HISTORY OF

PRINCE RADAPANTHUS.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____



A CAVEAT OR WARNING
FOR
COMMON CURSETORS,
VULGARLY CALLED VAGABONDS.



A
CAVEAT OR WARNING
FOR
COMMON CURSETORS,
VULGARLY CALLED
VAGABONDS.

SET FORTH BY
THOMAS HARMAN, ESQUIRE,
FOR THE
UTILITY AND PROFIT OF HIS NATURAL COUNTRY.

WHEREUNTO IS ADDED,
THE TALE OF THE SECOND TAKING OF THE COUNTERFEIT
CRANK, WITH THE TRUE REPORT OF HIS BEHAVIOUR,
AND ALSO HIS PUNISHMENT FOR HIS DISSEMBLING,
MOST MARVELLOUS TO THE HEARER
OR READER THEREOF.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.



INTRODUCTION.

HARMAN'S "A CAVEAT OR WARNING FOR COMMON CURSETORS, VULGARLY CALLED VAGABONDS," was first printed in 1566, and was reprinted three—or four—times within seven years after its first appearance, and continued to supply the greater and most valuable portion of their materials to most of the pamphleteers who wrote on the same subject for half a century after, some of whom pilfered not merely his facts and the substance of his statements, but his language itself, without the least acknowledgment. But Harman was himself indebted to "The Fraternitie of Vacabondes," to which he alludes in his Dedication to the Countess of Shrewsbury (*see* page III). There are some verses at the back of the title-page, with a wood-cut of a birch broom; and it is worth remark that William Griffith, who made the first entry at Stationers' Hall of Harman's "Caveat," also registered "a ballad intituled a description of the nature of a birchen broom." We have little doubt that the verses at the back of the title page of Harman's "Caveat" were part of this very description.

"Probably the oldest work of a similar kind to that of Harman is that said to have been edited by Luther, under the title of *Libel Vagatorum*, printed early in the 16th century. This also contains a remarkable list of words in common use by vagrants in Germany."

No edition of "A Caveat" is known to have been reprinted after 1573, till the modern impression—consisting only of 100 copies—was brought out in 1814, printed by Bensley and published by Triphook. In the meantime, a work was published in 1592, entitled "The Groundwork of Conney-catching; the manner of their Pedlers French, and the meanes to vnderstand the same, with the cunning slights of the Counterfeit Crank. Therein are handled the practises of the Visitor, the Fetches of the Shifter and Rufflar, the deceits of their Doxes, the devises of Priggers, the names of the base loytering Losels, and the meanes of every

Black-Art-mans shifts, with the reproofe of all their deuellish practises. Done by a Justice of Peace of great authoritie, who hath had the examining of diuers of them. Printed at London by Iohn Danter for William Bailey, and are to be sold at his shop at the vpper end of Gtious streete ouer against Leadenhall, 1592." This work although introduced by an address "To the gentle Readers health," declaring that "all these playing their coossenings in their kinde are here set downe, which neuer yet were disclosed in any booke of Conny-catching" Then after merely introducing a chapter on The Visiter and A Shifter, reprints the whole of Harman's book.

Thomas Decker, Deckar, Dekker, or Dekkar, as the name is differently spelt in his various publications—an "author by profession" who seems to have lived from hand to mouth, supplying his necessities by his pen in the production of plays, pamphlets and poems, and was often, if not always, in difficulties—also "cribbed" from Harman's "Caveat" in his "The Bellman of London, Binging to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdom, Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Households and all sortes of Seruants to Marke, and delightfull for all Men to Reade. *Lege, Perlege, Relege*.—Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter, 1608." Decker's name is not to be found to this tract, but, in what may be considered a second part of it, "Lanthorne and Candle-light," 1609, he recognises "The Bellman of London" as his production. Its popularity was extraordinary, for it was printed three times in the first year. The work is dedicated anonymously "to all those that either by office are sworne to punish, or in their owne love to vertue wish to have the disorders of the State anended." The greater part of the tract is borrowed *totidem verbis* from "A Caveat for Common Cursetors," but here and there curious additions are made applicable to the time."

"This fraud is noticed in another tract, by Samuel Rowlands, entitled "Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell; his Defence and Answer to the Bell-man of London, Discovering the long-concealed Originall and Regiment of Rogues, when they first began to take head, and how they have succeeded one the other successively vnto the sixe and twentieth Yeare of King Henry the eighth, gathered out of the Chronicle of Crackeropes, and (as they terme it) the Legend of Lossels. London 1610," who accuses the then unknown author of the "Bellman of London" of stealing from Harman's book. "At last up starts an old Cocodemicall Academicke with his frize bonnet, and gives them all to knowe that this invective was set forth, made and printed ahoue fortie yeeres agoe, and being then called a Caveat for Cursitors is now newly printed and termed the Belman of London, made at first by one Master

Harman, a Iustice of Peacc in Kent, in Queene Marie's daies,—he being then about ten yeeres of age." The exposure roused the ire of Decker in his "Lanthorne and Candle-light," but he made no sufficient reply.*

A work entitled "The English Rogue, described in the life of Merton Latroon, a witty extravagant! comprehending the most Eminent Cheats of both Sexes:"

*Man's life 's a Play, the world a Stage, whereon
Learn thou to Play, or else be play'd upon.*

London: 8vo, Four vols., generally bound in two, 1671-80, with portrait and cuts. Vols. i and ii were written by Richard Head, vols. iii and iv by Francis Kirkman. Contains a vocabulary, alphabetically arranged, of the canting words said to have been used by the gipsies—which are in the main taken from Harman.

A very much abridged edition of "The English Rogue" was printed, as a Chap-book, by T. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, 1723, price one shilling, but does not contain the canting vocabulary. The work again appeared in 1676, 12mo, 3 vols., as "The English Rogue; or, the Life of Jeremy Sharp. To which is added A Narrative of Mary Toft; of an extraordinary Delivery of Eighteen Rabbits, Preformed by Mr. John Howard, Surgeon at Guildford, in Surrey, in the Year MDCCLXXVI. Published by Mr. St. Andre, Surgeon, and Anatomist to his Majesty: Likewise An Extract Diary, of what was observed, during a close Attendance upon Mary Toft, by Sir Richard Manningham, Knt, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the College of Physicians; from November 28, to Wednesday December 7 following. This edition contains the vocabulary of cant words.

Of "Thomas Harman Esquire," who, "for the utility and profit of his natural country," drew up and published this treatise, but little beyond what can be gleaned from its pages is known, as that he was a country gentleman of Kent—poor gentleman, as he describes himself—who kept house for twenty years, and although not uninfected by the pedantry of his time, of which his preference of the new and learned word *Cursetors* or *Cursitors* to the vulgar *Vagabonds* is a small specimen, he was a person of much penetration and sound sense, and he had taken great pains to collect his facts—à la Henry Mayhew, the author of "London Labour and the London Poor"—as well as enjoyed very favourable opportunities of acquiring information not easily to come at in his day. There is a very capital article in Charles Knight's "London," vol. iv, chap. lxxxv, on "Old London Rogueries," and to which

* Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature."

we are indebted for some of our remarks, that throws much light on Cozenage and Cozeners of the period of which it treats.

After we had commenced reprinting this modernized version of Harman's "Caveat," we were made acquainted with the fact that the work had been published by the Early Text Society—Extra Series IX, under the united editorship of Mr. Edward Viles and F. J. Furnival—two gentlemen, from their great experience, well qualified for the task—who have used the editions of 1567, supplying some few deficiencies from the reprint of the edition of 1573, from which we here present our readers with a modernized—and consequently—"Readable Reprint:" we having, *en passant*, disentangled the many—very many—knots which the slovenly printers of the period had tied in the thread of our plain-spoken old English author's yarn!

As Harman's Caveat is a work so often quoted, and as it throws so much philosophical light on the manners and customs of the vagabond life during the Elizabethan era. And descriptions given, and the tales told in such a "round unvarnished" manner—for, "unto the pure all things are pure."—By a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time, who, "For the utility and profit of his natural country, thought it good, necessary, and his bounden duty to acquaint my singular good Lady Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury with the abominable, wicked and detestable behaviour of these rowsey, ragged rabblement of rascals that range about the coasts, so that there indecent doleful dealing and execrable exercises may appear to us all as it were in a glass;" and as

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

will, we trust, be deemed a sufficient excuse for laying before the reader this literary and philological curiosity,

"To hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature."

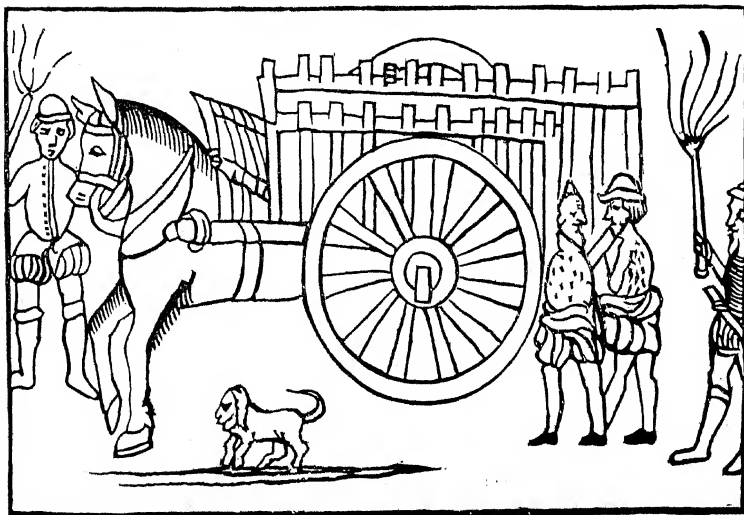


A Caueat or warening for

Common Cursetors, vvlgarely called

Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esquier, for the
vtilitie and profit of his naturall Country. Augmented and
inlarged by the first Author hereof. Whereunto is added
the tale of the second taking of the counterfet
Crank, with the true report of his behau-
or and also his punishment for his so
dissembling, most maruelous to
the hearer or reader thereof.
Newly Imprinted.

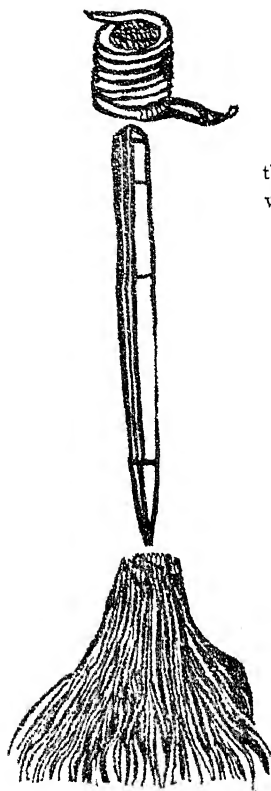
ANNO 1573.



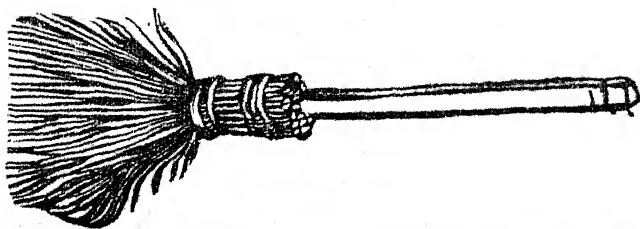
This Cart at his tayle doth draw all about,
Such pylfering pickers, that to it is tyed :
The whip with his whiskes, the bloud fetcheth out,
The Baudes for baudery, and Hores therein ryed.

Three things to be noted all in
A Staff, a Besom, a With¹ that

their kind,
will wind.



A besom of birch for babes very feet,
A long lasting libbet² for loubbes³ as meet :
A with so wind up that these will not keep,
Bind all up in one, and use it to sweep.



¹ WITH.—A twig of willow

² LIBBET.—A staff, stick, or club.

³ LOUBBES.—Lubbers.



To the Right Honourable, and my singular good
Lady Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury,
Thomas Harman wisheth all joy
and perfect felicity, here
and in the world
to come.

AS of ancient and long time there hath been,
and is now at this present many good godly
profitable laws and acts made and set forth
in this most noble and flourishing realm, for the
relief, succour, comfort, and sustentation of the poor,
needy, impotent and miserable creatures, being and
inhabiting in all parts of the same. So is there
(right honourable and mine especial good Lady)
most wholesome statutes, ordinances, and necessary
laws, made, set forth and published, for the extreme
punishment of all vagrants and sturdy vagabonds
as passeth through and by all parts of this famous
isle, most idly and wickedly : and I (by good expe-
rience) well understanding and considering your
most tender, pitiful, gentle and noble nature, not
only having a vigilant and merciful eye to your
poor, indigent and feeble parishioners : yea not

only in the parish, where your honour most happily doth dwell, but also in others environing or nigh adjoining to the same. As also abundantly pouring out daily your ardent and bountiful charity upon all such as cometh for relief unto your lucky gates.

I thought it good necessary, and my bounden duty to acquaint your goodness with the abominable, wicked and detestable behaviour of all these rowsey,¹ ragged rabblement of rake-hells, that under the pretence of great misery, diseases and other innumerable calamities, which they feign through great hypocrisy, do win and gain great alms in all places where they wily wander, to the utter deluging of the good givers: deceiving and impoverishing of all such poor householders both sick and sore, as neither can or may walk abroad for relief and comfort (where indeed most mercy is to be showed,) And for that, I (most Honourable Lady) being placed as a poor gentleman, have kept a house these twenty years, whereunto poverty daily hath and doth repair, not without some relief as my poor calling and ability may and doth extend: I have of late years gathered a great suspicion that all should not be well: and as the proverb saith: *Something lurk and lie hid that did not plainly appear.* For I having more occasion (through

¹ROWSEY.—Dirty.

sickness) to tarry and remain at home, than I have been accustomed, do by my there abiding, talk and confer daily with many of these wily wanderers, of both sorts, as well men and women, as boys and girls: by whom I have gathered and understand their deep dissimulation and detestable dealing, being marvellous subtle and crafty in their kind, for not one amongst twenty will discover, either declare their scelerous¹ secrets: yet with fair flattering words, money, and good cheer, I have attained to the type by such as the meanest of them, hath wandered these thirteen years, and most sixteen and some twenty and upward, and not without faithful promise made unto them, never to discover their names or anything they showed me: for they would all say, if the upright men should understand thereof, they should not be only grievously beaten, but put in danger of their lives, by the said upright men. There was a few years since a small brief set forth of some zealous man to his country, of whom I know not, that made a little show of their names and usage, and gave a glimpsing light not sufficient to persuade of their peevish pelting and pinking practices, but well worthy of praise. But (good Madam) with no less travail than goodwill, I have repaired and rigged the ship of knowledge, and

¹SCELEROUS (Lat.).—Wicked,

have hoisted up the sails of good fortune, that she may safely pass about and through all parts of this noble realm, and there make port sail of her wished wares, to the confusion of their drowsy demeanour, and unlawful language, pilfering, picking, wily wandering, and lying lechery, of all these rabblement of rascals that ranges about all the coasts of the same, so that their indecent doleful dealing and execrable exercises may appear to all as it were in a glass, that thereby the Justices and Sheriffs may in their circuits be more vigilant to punish these malefactors, and the constables, bailiffs and householders, setting aside all fear, sloth, and pity, may be more circumspect in executing the charge given them by the aforesaid Justices. Then will no more this rascal rabblement range about the country. Then greater relief may be showed to the poverty of each parish. Then shall we keep our horses in our pastures unstolen. Then our linen clothes shall and may lie safely on our hedges untouched. Then shall we not have our clothes and linen hooked out at our windows, as well by day as by night. Then shall we not have our houses broken up in the night, as of late one of my neighbours had and two great bucks¹ of clothes stolen out, and most of the same fine linen. Then shall we safely keep our pigs and

¹BUCKS OF CLOTHES.—A tub or basket of linen for washing.

poultry from [being] pilfered. Then shall we surely pass by the highways leading to markets and fairs unharmed. Then shall our shops and booths be unpicked and spoiled. Then shall these uncomely companies be dispersed and set to labour for their living, or hastily hanged for their demerits. Then shall it encourage a great number of gentlemen and others, seeing this security, to set up houses and keep hospitality in the country, to the comfort of their neighbours, relief of the poor, and to the amendment of the commonwealth. Then shall not sin and wickedness so much abound among us. Then will God's wrath be much the more pacified towards us. Then shall we not taste of so many and sundry plagues as now daily reigneth over us. And then shall this famous empire be in more wealth and better flourish, to the inestimable joy and comfort of the Queen's most excellent Majesty, whom God of his infinite goodness, to his great glory, long and many years make most prosperously to reign over us, to the great felicity of all the Peers and Nobles, and to the unspeakable joy, relief and quietness of mind of all her faithful commons and subjects. Now, me thinketh I see how these peevish, perverse and pestilent people begin to fret, fume, swear, and stare at this my book, their life being laid open and apparently painted out, that their confusion and end draweth on apace: whereas

indeed if it be well weighed, it is set forth for their singular profit and commodity, for the sure safeguard of their lives here in this world, that they shorten not the same before their time, and that by their true labour and good life, in the world to come they may save their souls, that Christ the second person in Trinity hath so dearly bought with his most precious blood : so that hereby I shall do them more good than they could have devised for themselves. For behold, their life being so manifest wicked, and so apparently known : the honourable will abhor them : the worshipful will reject them : the yeoman will sharply taunt them : the husbandmen utterly defy them : the labouring men bluntly chide them : the women with a loud exclamation wonder at them. And all children with clapping hands cry out at them. I many times musing with myself at these mischievous mislivers marvelled when they took their original and beginning, how long they have exercised their execrable wandering about ; I thought it meet to confer with a very old man that I was well acquainted with, whose wit and memory is marvellous for his years, being about the age of four score, what he knew when he was young of these lousy leuterers. And he showed me that when he was young, he waited upon a man of much worship in Kent, who died immediately after the last Duke

of Buckingham was beheaded, at his burial there was such a number of beggars besides poor householders dwelling thereabouts, that unneth¹ thêy might lie or stand about the house: then was thereto prepared for them a great and a large barn, and a great fat ox served out in frumenty² for them with bread and drink abundantly to furnish out the premises, and every person had two pence, for such was the dole. When night approached the poor householders repaired home to their houses, the other wayfaring bold beggars remained all night in the barn, and the same barn being searched with light in the night by this old man and then young and others, they told seven score persons of men, every of them having his woman, except it were two women that lay alone together for some especial cause. Thus having their makes to make merry withal: the burial was turned to boozing and belly-cheer, mourning to mirth, fasting to feasting, prayer to pastime, and pressing of paps, and lamenting to lechery. So that it may appear this uncomely company hath had a long continuance, but then nothing given so much to pilfering, picking and spoiling, and as far as I can learn or understand by the examination of a number of them, their language which they term pedlar's French or canting, began but within

¹UNNETH.—Scarcely.

²FRUMENTY.—Food made of wheat boiled in milk.

these thirty years or little about, and that the first inventor thereof was hanged all save the head, for that is the final end of them all, or else to die of some filthy and horrible diseases: but much harm is done in the mean space by their continuance as some ten, twelve and sixteen years before they be consumed, and the number of them doth daily renew. I hope their sin is now at the highest, and that as short and as speedy redress will be for these, as hath been of late years for the wretched, wily wandering vagabonds calling and naming themselves Egyptians, deeply dissembling and long hiding and covering their deep deceitful practices, feeding the rude common people wholly addicted and given to novelties, toys, and new inventions, delighting them with the strangeness of the attire of their heads, and practising palmistry to such as would know their fortunes. And to be short, all thieves and whores (as I may well write) as some have had true experience, a number can well witness, and a great sort hath well felt it. And now (thanks be to God) through wholesome laws and the due execution thereof, all be dispersed, banished, and the memory of them clean extinguished, that when they be once named hereafter, our children will much marvel what kind of people they were; and so I trust shall shortly happen of these. For what thing doth chiefly cause these rousy rake hells

thus to continue and daily increase? surely a number of wicked persons that keep tippling houses in all shires, where they have succour and relief, and whatsoever they bring, they are sure to receive money for the same, for they sell good penny worths. The buyers have the greatest gain, yea if they have neither money nor ware, they will be trusted, their credit is much. I have taken a note of a good many of them, and will send their names and dwelling places to such Justices as dwelleth near or next unto them, that they by their good wisdom may displace the same, and authorise such as have honesty. I will not blot my book with their names, because they be resident. But as for this fleeting Fellowship, I have truly set forth the most part of them, that be doers at this present, with their names that they be known by. Also I have placed in the end thereof their lewd language, calling the same Pedlar's French or Canting. And now shall I end my prologue, making true declaration (Right Honourable Lady) as they shall fall in order of their untimely trifling time, lewd life and pernicious practices, trusting that the same shall neither trouble or abash your most tender, timorous, and pitiful nature, to think the small meed should grow unto you for such alms so given. For God our merciful and most loving Father, well knoweth your heart and good intent, the giver never wanteth his reward, according to the saying of Saint

Augustin : as there is (neither shall be) any sin unpunished, even so shall there not be any good deed unrewarded. But how comfortably speaketh Christ our Saviour unto us in his gospel (give ye and it shall be given you again) behold further, good Madam, that for a cup of cold water, Christ hath promised a good reward. Now Saint *Austin* properly declareth why Christ speaketh of cold water, because the poorest man that is, shall not excuse himself from that charitable work, least he would peradventure say that he hath neither wood, pot, nor pan, to warm any water with. See further what God speaketh in the mouth of his prophet Isaiah. "Break thy bread to him that is a hungred," he saith not give him a whole loaf : for peradventure the poor man hath it not to give, then let him give a piece. This much is said because the poor that hath it should not be excused, now how much more than the rich. Thus you see, good Madam, for your treasure here dispersed, where need and lack is, it shall be heaped up abundantly for you in heaven, where neither rust or moth shall corrupt or destroy the same. Unto which triumphant place after many good happy, and fortunate years prosperously here dispended, you may for ever, there most joyfully remain. Amen.



THE

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

ALTHOUGH good reader I write in plain terms, and not so plainly as truly, concerning the matter, meaning honestly to all men, and wish them as much good as to mine own heart, yet as there hath been, so there is now, and hereafter will be curious heads to find faults : wherefore I thought it necessary now at this second impression, to acquaint thee with a great fault, as some taketh it, but not as I mean it, calling these Vagabonds Cursetors, in the entitling of my book, as runners or rangers about the country, derived of this Latin word (*Curro*) neither do I write it Coorsetores with a double oo, or Cowre-setors with a w, which hath another signification : is there no diversity between a gardein, and a garden, maynteynance, and maintenance ; streytes, and streets : those that have understanding, know there is a great difference : who is so ignorant in these days, as knoweth not the meaning of a vagabond ? and if any idle leuterer should so be called of any man, would not he think it both odious and re-

proachful? will he not shun the name? yea and whereas he may and dare with bent brows, will revenge that name of ignominy: yet this plain name vagabond is derived as others be of Latin words, and now use makes it common to all men: but let us look back four hundred years since, and let us see whether this plain word vagabond, was used or no? I believe not, and why? because I read of no such name, in the old statutes of this realm, unless it be in the margin of the book, or in the Table, which in the collection and printing was set in, but these were then the common names of these lewd Leuterers,¹ Faytores,² Robardesmen,³ Drawlatches,⁴ and valiant beggars. If I should have used such words, or the same order of writing, as this realm used in King Henry the Third, or Edward the First's time. Oh what a gross barbarous fellow have we here, his writing is both homely and dark, that we had need to have an interpreter, yet then it was very well and in short season, a great change we see, well this delicate age shall have his time on the other side, Eloquence have I none, I never was acquainted with the Muses, I never tasted of Helicon. But

¹LEUTERER.—A thief; a vagabond.

²FAYTORES, or *Faituries*.—Fortune-tellers.

³ROBARDESMEN.—A gang of lawless vagabonds rife in the fourteenth century. They are mentioned in "Piers Ploughman," there called *Robardes knaves*.

⁴DRAWLATCHES.—A thief; literally a house-breaker.

according to my plain order, I have set forth this work, simply and truly, with such usual words and terms, as is among us well known and frequented. So that as the proverb saith (although truth be blamed, it shall never be shamed,) well good reader, I mean not to be tedious unto thee but have added five or six more tales, because some of them were done while my book was first in the press,¹ and as I trust I have deserved no rebuke, for my good will, even so I desire no praise for my pain, cost and travail. But faithfully for the profit and benefit of my country, I have done it, that the whole body of the Realm, may see and understand their lewd life and pernicious practices, that all may speedily help to amend that is amiss. Amen say all with me.

¹MY BOOK WAS FIRST IN THE PRESS.—That is, the first edition, which was printed in 1566.





A

Caveat for Cursetors.

CAP. I.

A RUFFLER.

THE Ruffler, because he is first in degree of this odious order: and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds: In the twenty-seventh year of King Henry the Eighth late of most famous memory: He shall be first placed as the worthiest of this unruly rabblement. And he is so called when he goeth first abroad, either he hath served in the wars, or else he hath been a serving man and weary of well doing, shaking off all pain, doth choose him this idle life, and wretchedly wanders about the most shires of this realm. And with stout audacity he demandeth where he thinketh he may be bold, and

circumspect enough, as he, seeth cause to ask charity, ruefully and lamentably, that it would make a flinty heart to relent, and pity his miserable estate, how he hath been maimed and bruised in the wars, and peradventure some will show you some outward wound, which he got at some drunken fray, either halting of some privy wound festered with a filthy fiery flankard. For be well assured that the hardiest soldiers be either slain or maimed, either if they escape all hazards, and return home again, if they be without relief of their friends, they will surely desperately rob and steal, or either shortly be hanged or miserably die in prison, for they be so much ashamed and disdain to beg or ask charity, that rather they will as desperately fight for to live and maintain themselves as manfully, and valiantly they ventured themselves in the princes' quarrel. Now, these Rufflers the outcasts of serving men when begging or craving fails, then they pick and pilfer from other inferior beggars that they meet by the way, as Rogues, Palliards, Morts, and Doxies: yea if they meet with a woman alone riding to the market, either old man or boy, that he well knoweth will not resist, such they filch and spoil. These Rufflers, after a year or two at the farthest become Upright men, unless they be prevented by twined hemp.¹

¹TWINED HEMP.—That is, hanged by the neck,

I had of late years an old man to my tenant, who customably a great time, went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or with peascods,¹ when time served therefore. And as he was coming homeward on Blackheath, at the end thereof next to Shooter's Hill, he overtook two Rufflers, the one mannerly waiting on the other, as one had been the master, and the other the man or servant carrying his master's cloak: This old man was very glad that he might have their company over the hill, because that day he had made a good market, for he had seven shillings in his purse, and an old angel,² which this poor man had thought had not been in his purse, for he willed his wife over night to take out the same angel, and lay it up until his coming home again. And he verily thought that his wife had so done, which indeed forgot to do it. Thus after salutations had, this master Ruffler entered into communication with this simple old man, who riding softly beside them commoned of many matters. Thus feeding this old man with pleasant talk, until they were on the top of the hill where these Rufflers might well behold the coast about them clear, quickly steps unto this poor man,

¹PEASCODS.—Green peas.

²ANGEL.—A gold coin, varying in value from about six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings.

and taketh hold of his horse bridle, and leadeth him into the wood, and demandeth of him what and how much money he had in his purse, Now by my troth quoth this old man, you are a merry gentleman, I know you mean not to take away anything from me, but rather to give me some if I should ask it of you. By and by this servant thief casteth the cloak that he carried on his arm about this poor man's face, that he should not mark or view them, with sharp words to deliver quickly that he had and to confess truly what was in his purse. This poor man then all abashed yielded and confessed he had but just seven shillings in his purse, and the truth is he knew of no more. This old angel was fallen out of a little purse into the bottom of a great purse. Now this seven shillings in white money they quickly found, thinking indeed that there had been no more, yet farther groping and searching, found this old angel. And with great admiration this gentleman thief began to bless him, saying: good Lord what a world is this, how may (quoth he) a man believe or trust in the same, see you not (quoth he) this old knave told me that he had but seven shillings, and here is more by an angel, what an old knave and a false knave have we here (quoth this Ruffler) our Lord have mercy on us, will this world never be better, and therewith went their way, and left the old man in the wood doing him no more harm.

But sorrowful sighing this old man returning home
declared his misadventure, with all the words
and circumstances above showed, whereat
for the time was great laughing, and
this poor man for his losses among
his loving neighbours well
considered in
the end.





CAP. II.

A U P R I G H T M A N.

A UPRIGHT man the second in sect of this unseemly sort must be next placed, of these ranging rabblement of rascals, some be serving men, artificers, and labouring men, traded up in husbandry : These not minding to get their living with the sweat of their face, but casting off all pain, will wander after their wicked manner, through the most shires of this realm.

As Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Berckshire, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, as the chief and best shires of relief. Yea not without punishment by stocks, whippings, and imprisonment, in most of these places above said : yet notwithstanding they have so good liking in their lewd lecherous loitering, that full quickly all their punishments be forgotten. And repentance is never thought upon, until they climb three trees with a ladder.¹ These unruly

¹THREE TREES WITH A LADDER—*i.e.*, the gallows ; the wooden horse, or three-legged mare.

rascals in their rolling,¹ disperse themselves into several companies, 'as occasion serveth, sometime more and sometime less. As if they repair to a poor husbandman's house, he will go alone or one with him, and stoutly demand his charity, either showing how he hath served in the wars and there maimed, either that he seeketh service and saith he would be glad to take pain for his living, although he meaneth nothing less : If he be offered any meat or drink, he utterly refuseth scornfully, and will nought but money, and if he espy young pigs or poultry, he well noteth the place, and then the next night or shortly after, he will be sure to have some of them, which they bring to their stauling-kens, which is their tippling houses, as well known to them according to the old proverb (as the beggar knows his dish). For you must understand every tippling ale house will neither receive them or their wares but some certain houses, in every shire, especially for that purpose, where they shall be better welcome to them, than honest men, for by such have they most gain, and shall be conveyed either into some loft out of the way, or other secret corner not common to any other, and thither repair at accustomed times their harlots which they term Morts and Doxies, not with empty hands, for they be as skilful in picking,

¹ROLLING.—Travelling.

rifling and filching, as the upright men, and nothing inferior to them in all kind of wickedness, as in other places hereafter they shall be touched. At these aforesaid pelting peevish places and unmannerly meetings, O! how the pots walk about, their talking tongues talk at large: They bowl and booze one to another, and for the time boozing belly-cheer. And after their roistering recreation if there be not room enough in the house, they have clean straw in some barn or back house near adjoining, where they couch commonly together, as it were dog and bitch, and he that is hardiest may have his choice, unless for a little good manner, some will take their own that they have made promise unto until they be out of sight, and according to the old adage (out of mind). Yet these upright men stand so much upon their reputation, as they will in no case have their women walk with them, but separate themselves for a time, a month or more. And meet at fairs or great markets where they meet to pilfer and steal from stalls, shops, or booths. At these fairs the upright men, use commonly to lie, and linger in highways, bye-lanes, some pretty way or distance from the place, by which ways they be assured that company passeth still to and fro, and there they will demand with cap in hand and comely courtesy, the devotion and charity of the people. They have been much lately whipped at fairs. If they ask at a stout

yeoman's or farmer's house his charity, they will go strong as three or four in a company : where for fear more than goodwill, they often have relief, they seldom or never pass by a Justice's house, but have byeways, unless he dwell alone, and but weakly manned, thither will they also go strong after a sly subtle sort, as with their arms bound up with kercher or list, having wrapped about the same filthy clothes, either their legs in such manner be wrapped halting down right, nor unprovided of good cudgels, which they carry to sustain them, and as they feign to keep dogs from them, when they come to such good gentlemen's houses, if any search be made or they suspected for pilfering clothes off hedges, or breaking of houses which they commonly do, when the owners be either at the market, church, or other ways occupied about their business, either rob some silly man or woman by the highway, as many times they do. Then they hie them into woods, great thickets, and other rough corners, where they lie lurking three or four days together, and have meat and drink brought them by their Morts and Doxies : and while they thus lie hidden in covert, in the night they be not idle, neither as the common saying is (well occupied) for then as the wily fox, creeping out of his den, seeketh his prey for poultry, so do these for linen and anything else worth money, that lieth about or near a house. As

sometime a whole buck of clothes carried away at a time. When they have a greater booty, than they may carry away quickly to their stauling-kens as is above said, they will hide the same for a three days in some thick covert, and in the night time carry the same like good water spaniels to their aforesaid houses, to whom they will discover where or in what places they had the same where the marks shall be picked out clean, and conveyed craftily afar off to sell if the man or woman of the house want money themselves : and if these upright men have neither money nor wares, at these houses they shall be trusted for their victuals, and it amount to twenty or thirty shillings : yea if it fortune any of these upright men to be taken, either suspected or charged with felony or petty bribery done at such a time or such a place, he will say he was in his host's house. And if the man or wife of that house be examined by an officer, they boldly vouch that they lodged him such a time, whereby the truth cannot appear. And if they chance to be retained into service, through their lamentable words, with any wealthy man they will tarry but a small time, either robbing his master, or some of his fellows. And some of them useth this policy, that although they travel into all these shires above said, yet will they have good credit, especially in one shire, where at divers good farmers' houses they be well known, where they

work a month in a place or more and will for that time behave themselves very honestly and painfully. And may at any time for their good usage have work of them, and to these at a dead lift or last refuge, they may safely repair unto, and be welcome, when in other places for a knack of knavery that they have played they dare not tarry. These upright men will seldom or never want, for what is gotten by any Mort or Doxy, if it please him he doth command the same: and if he meet any beggar, whether he be sturdy or impotent, he will demand of him whether ever he was stalled to the rogue or no. If he say he was, he will know of whom, and his name that stalled him. And if he be not learnedly able to show him the whole circumstance thereof, he will spoil him of his money, either of his best garment if it be worth any money, and have him to the boozing-ken: which is, to some tippling house next adjoining and layeth there to gage the best thing that he hath for twenty pence or two shillings: this man obeyeth for fear of beating. Then doth this upright man call for a gage of booze, which is a quart pot of drink and pours the same upon his peld pate,¹ adding these words I P. G. do stall thee W. T. to the Rogue, and that from henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to Cant, that is to ask or beg for thy

¹PELD PATE,—Uncovered head,

living in all places. Here you see that the upright man is of great authority for all sorts of beggars are obedient to his behests, and surmounteth all the others in pilfering and stealing.

I lately had standing in my well-house which standeth on the backside of my house a great cauldron of copper being then full of water, having in the same half a dozen of pewter dishes well marked and stamped with the cognizance of my arms : which being well noted when they were taken out were set aside, the water poured out, and my cauldron taken away, being of such bigness that one man unless he were of great strength was not able far to carry the same. Notwithstanding the same was one night within this two years, conveyed more than half a mile from my house, into a common or heath, and there bestowed in a great firbush. I then immediately the next day sent one of my men to London and there gave warning in Southwark, Kent-street, and Bermondsey-street, to all the Tinkers there dwelling, that if any such cauldron came thither to be sold, the bringer thereof should be stayed, and promised twenty shillings for a reward. I gave also intelligence to the watermen that kept the ferries that no such vessel should be either conveyed to London, or into Essex, promising the like reward, to have understanding thereof. This my doing was well understand in many places

about, and that the fear of espying so troubled the conscience of the stealer, that my cauldron lay untouched in the thick furbush more than half a year : after which by a great chance was found by hunters for coneys¹ : for one chanced to run into the same bush where my cauldron was, and being perceived, one thrust his staff into the same bush and hit my cauldron a great blow, the sound whereof did cause the man to think and hope that there was some great treasure hidden, whereby he thought to be the better while he lived.
And in further searching he found
my cauldron, so had I the
same again un-
looked for.

¹ CONEYS.—Rabbits.





CAP. III.

A HOOKER OR ANGLER.

THESE Hookers or Anglers be perilous and most wicked knaves, and be derived or proceed forth from the upright men, they commonly go in frieze jerkins and gally slops, pointeth beneath the knee : these when they practise their pilfering, it is all by night, for as they walk a day times from house to house to demand charity, they vigilantly mark where, or in what place they may attain to their prey, casting their eyes up to every window, well noting what they see there, whether apparel or linen, hanging near unto the said windows, and that will they be sure to have the next night following, for they customably carry with them a staff of five or six foot long, in which, within one inch of the top thereof is a little hole bored through : in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same they will pluck unto them quickly anything that they may

reach therewith, which hook in the day time they covertly carry about them, and is never seen or taken out till they come to the place where they work their feat, such have I seen at my house and have often talked with them and have handled their staves not then understanding to what use or intent they served, although I had and perceived by their talk and behaviour great likelihood of evil suspicion in them, they will either lean upon their staff to hide the hole thereof, when they talk with you, or hold their hand upon the hole, and what stuff either woollen or linen, they thus hook out, they never carry the same^r forthwith to their stauling-kens, but hides the same a three days in some secret corner, and after conveys the same to their houses abovesaid where their host or hostess giveth them money for the same but half the value that it is worth, or else their doxies shall afar off sell the same at the like houses. I was credibly informed that a Hooker came to a farmer's house in the dead of the night, and putting back a draw window of a low chamber, the bed standing hard by the said window, in which lay three persons, a man and two big boys: this Hooker with his staff plucked off their garments which lay upon them to keep them warm, with the coverlet and sheet, and left them lying asleep naked saving their shirts, and had away

all clean and never could understand where it
became. I verily suppose that when they
were well waked with cold, they surely
thought that Robin Goodfellow,
(according to the old saying)
had been with them
that night.





CAP. IV.

A ROGUE.

A ROGUE is neither so stout or hardy as the upright man: Many of them will go faintly and look piteously when they see either meet any person, having a kercher as white as my shoes tied about their head, with a short staff in their hand, halting although they need not, requiring alms of such as they meet or to what house they shall come. But you may easily perceive by their colour that they carry both health and hypocrisy about them, whereby they get gain, when others want that cannot feign and dissemble. Others there be that walk sturdily about the country, and feigneth to seek a brother or kinsman of his, dwelling within some part of the shire either that he hath a letter to deliver to some honest householder dwelling out of another shire, and will show you the same fair sealed, with the superscription to the party he speaketh of, because you shall not think him to run idly about the country, either have they this shift, they will carry a certificate or passport about

them from some Justice of the Peace, with his hand and seal unto the same, how he hath been whipped and punished for a vagabond according to the laws of this realm and that he must return to T, where he was born or last dwelt, by a certain day limited in the same, which shall be a good long day. And all this feigned, because without fear they would wickedly wander, and will renew the same where or when it pleaseth them ; for they have of their affinity that can write and read. These also will pick and steal as the upright men, and hath their women and meetings at places appointed, and nothing to them inferior in all kind of knavery. There be of these Rogues Curtails, wearing short cloaks, that will change their apparel as occasion serveth, and their end is either hanging, which they call Trining in their language, or die miserably of the pox.

There was not long since two Rogues that always did associate themselves together and would never separate themselves unless it were for some especial causes, for they were sworn brothers, and they were both of one age and much like of favour : these two travelling into East Kent, resorted unto an alehouse, being wearied with travelling, saluting with short courtesy (when they came into the house) such as they saw sitting there : in which company was the parson of the parish, and calling for a pot

of the best ale, sat down at the table's end : the liquor liked them so well that they had pot upon pot, and sometimes for a little good manner would drink and offer the cup to such as they best fancied, and to be short they sat out all the company, for each man departed home about their business : when they had well refreshed themselves, then these rowsy rogues requested the good man of the house with his wife to sit down and drink with them : of whom they enquired what priest the same was and where he dwelt, then they feigning that they had an uncle a priest, and that he should dwell in these parts, which by all presumptions it should be he, and that they came of purpose to speak with him, but because they had not seen him since they were six years old, they durst not be bold to take acquaintance of him until they were farther instructed of the truth, and began to inquire of his name, and how long he had dwelt there, and how far his house was off from the place they were in, the good wife of the house, thinking them honest men without deceit, because they so far inquired of their kinsman, was but of a good zealous natural intent, showed them cheerfully that he was an honest man and well beloved in the parish and of good wealth, and had been there resident fifteen years at the least, but saith she, are you both brothers? yea surely said they, we have been both in one belly and were

twins : Mercy God ! quoth this foolish woman, it may well be, for ye be not much unlike, and went unto her hall window calling these young men unto her, and looking out pointed with her finger and shewed them the house standing alone, no house near the same by almost a quarter of a mile, that said she is your uncle's house : nay saith one of them he is not only my uncle, but also my godfather, it may well be quoth she, nature will bind him to be the better unto you : well quoth they, we be weary and mean not to trouble our uncle to-night, but to-morrow God willing, we will see him and do our duty. But I pray you doth our uncle occupy husbandry, what company hath he in his house ? alas saith she, but one old woman and a boy, he hath no occupying at all : tush quoth this good wife you be mad men, go to him this night for he hath better lodging for you than I have and yet I speak foolishly against mine own profit, for by your tarrying here I should gain the more by you. Now by my troth quoth one of them, we thank you good hostess for your wholesome counsel, and we mean to do as you will us, we will pause a while and by that time it will be almost night, and I pray you give us a reckoning (so mannerly paying for that they took) bade their host and hostess farewell with taking leave of the cup, marched merely out of the doors towards this parson's house, viewed the same well round about

and passed by two bowshots off into a young wood where they lay consulting what they should do until midnight : quoth one of them (of sharper wit and subtler than the other) to his fellow, thou seest that this house is stone walled about, and that we cannot well break in, in any part thereof : thou seest also that the windows be thick of mullions, that there is no creeping in between, wherefore we must of necessity use some policy when strength will not serve. I have a horse lock here about me, saith he, and this I hope shall serve our turn : so when it was about twelve of the clock they came to the house and lurked near unto his chamber window : the dog of the house barked a good, that with the noise, this priest waketh out of his sleep, and began to cough and hem : then one of these rogues steps forth nearer the window and maketh a rueful and pitiful noise, requiring for Christ's sake some relief that was both hungry and thirsty and was like to lie without the doors all night and starve for cold, unless he were relieved by him with some small piece of money. Where dwellest thou, quoth this parson ? alas sir saith this rogue, I have small dwelling, and have come out of my way : and I should now saith he, go to any town now at this time of night, they would set me in the stocks and punish me : well well quoth this pitiful parson, away from my house, either lie in some of my outhouses until the

morning, and hold here is a couple of pence for thee. A God reward you, quoth this rogue, and in heaven may you find it. The parson opened his window and thrusteth out his arm to give his alms to this rogue that came whining to receive it, and quickly taketh hold of his hand and calleth his fellow to him, which was ready at hand with the horse lock and clappeth the same about the wrist of his arm that the mullions standing so close together for strength, that for his life he could not pluck in his arm again, and made him believe, unless he would at the least give him three pound, they would smite off his arm from the body, so that this poor parson in fear to lose his hand, called up his old woman that lay in the loft over him, and willed her to take out all the money he had, which was four marks, which he said was all the money in his house, for he had lent six pound to one of his neighbours not four days before. Well quoth they, Master parson if you have no more, upon this condition we will take off the lock that you will drink twelve pence for our sakes to-morrow at the ale-house where we found you and thank the good wife for the good cheer she made us : he promised faithfully that he would so do : so they took off the lock and went their way so far ere it was day, that the parson could never have any understanding more of them : now this parson sorrowfully

slumbering that night between fear and hope, though it was but folly to make two sorrows of one, he used contentation for his remedy, not forgetting in the morning to perform his promise but went betimes to his neighbour that kept tippling, and asked angrily where the same two men were that drank with her yesterday : which two men quoth this good wife ? the strangers that came in, when I was at your house with my neighbours yesterday : what your nephews quoth she. My nephews quoth this parson, I trow thou art mad. Nay by God quoth this wife, as sober as you, for they told me faithfully that you were their uncle, but in faith are you not so indeed, for by my troth they are strangers to me, I never saw them before. O ! out upon them quoth the parson, they be false thieves, and this night they compelled me to give them all the money in my house. *Benedicite* quoth this good wife, and have they so indeed ? as I shall answer before God, one of them told me besides that you were godfather to him and that he trusted to have your blessing before he departed, what did he, quoth this parson, a halter bless him for me, me thinketh by the mass by your countenance you looked so wildly when you came in quoth this good wife, that something was amiss : I use not to jest quoth this parson, when I speak so earnestly, why all your sorrows go with it quoth

this good wife, and sit down here and I will fill a fresh pot of ale to make you merry again, Yea saith this parson fill in and give me some meat, for they made me swear and promise them faithfully that I should drink twelve pence with you this day ? what did they quoth she, now by the marry mass they be merry knaves, I warrant you they mean to buy no land with your money : but how could they come unto you in the night, your doors being shut fast ? your house is very strong, then this parson showed her all the whole circumstance how he gave them his alms, out at the window, they made such lamentable cry, that it pitied him at the heart, for he saw but one when he put out his hand at the window, be ruled by me quoth this good wife, wherein quoth this parson, ever by my troth speak more of it, when they shall understand of it in the parish they will but laugh you to scorn, why then quoth this parson,
the devil go with it, and
their an end.





CAP. V.

A WILD ROGUE.

A WILD Rogue is he that is born a Rogue, he is more subtle and more given by nature to all kind of knavery than the other, as beastly begotten in barn or bushes, and from his infancy traded up in treachery : yea and before ripeness of years doth permit wallowing in lewd lechery, but that is counted amongst them no sin. For this is their custom, that when they meet in barn at night, every one getteth a mate to lie withal, and there chance to be twenty in a company, as their is sometimes more, and sometimes less : for to one man that goeth abroad, there are at the least two women, which never make it strange when they be called, although she never knew him before. Then when the day doth appear, he rouses him up and shakes his ears, and away wandering where he may get ought to the hurt of others. Yet before he skippeth out of his couch and departeth from his darling (if he like her well) he will appoint her

where to meet shortly after, with a warning to work warily for some cheats, that their meeting might be the merrier.

Not long since, a Wild Rogue chanced to meet a poor neighbour of mine who for honesty and good nature surmounteth many. This poor man riding homeward from London, where he had made his market : this rogue demanded a penny for God's sake to keep him a true man. This simple man beholding him well, and saw he was of tall personage with a good quarter staff in his hand, it much pitted him as he said to see him want, for he was well able to serve his prince in the wars. Thus being moved with pity, looked in his purse to find out a penny, and in looking for the same, he plucked out eight shillings in white money, and raked therein to find a single penny, and at the last finding one, doth offer the same to this wild rogue, but he seeing so much money in this simple man's hand, being stricken to the heart with a covetous desire, bid him forthwith to deliver all that he had, or else he would with his staff beat out his brains : for it was not a penny would now quench his thirst, seeing so much as he did : thus swallowing his spittle greedily down, spoiled this poor man of all the money that he had, and leaped over the hedge into a thick wood, and went his way as merrily as this

good simple man came home sorrowful. I once
rebuking a Wild Rogue, because he went
idly about: he showed me that he was
a beggar by inheritance, his grand-
father [was a beggar, his father
was one, and he must needs
be one by good
reason.





CAP. VI.

A PRIGGER OF PRANCERS.

A PRIGGER of Prancers be horse stealers, for to prig signifieth in their language to steal, and a Prancer is a horse, so being put together, the matter is plain. These go commonly in jerkins of leather or white frieze, and carry little wands in their hands, and will walk through grounds and pastures to search and see horses meet for their purpose, and if they chance to be met and asked by the owners of the ground what they make there, they feign straight that they have lost their way, and desire to be instructed the best way to such a place. These will also repair to gentlemen's houses and ask their charity, and will offer their service. And if you ask them what they can do, they will say that they can keep two or three geldings and wait upon a gentleman. These have also their women that walking from them in other places, mark where

and what they see abroad, and showeth these priggers thereof, when they meet, which is within a week or two, and look where they steal anything, they convey the same at the least three score miles off or more.

There was a gentleman, a very friend of mine riding from London homeward into Kent, having within three miles of his house business, alighted off his horse, and his man also, in a pretty village, where divers houses were, and looked about him where he might have a convenient person to walk his horse, because he would speak with a farmer that dwelt on the back side of the said village, little above a quarter of a mile from the place where he lighted and had his man to wait upon him, as it was meet for his calling, espying a Prigger there standing, thinking the same to dwell there, charging this pretty priggish person to walk his horses well, and that they might not stand still for taking of cold, and at his return (which he said should not be long) he would give him a penny to drink, and so went about his business. This pelting Prigger, proud of his prey, walketh his horses up and down, till he saw the gentleman out of sight, and leaps him into the saddle, and away he goeth a main. This gentleman returning, and finding not his horses, sent his man to the one end of the village, and he went himself unto the other end, and inquired as he went for his horses

that were walked, and began somewhat to suspect, because neither he nor his man could see nor find him. Then this gentleman diligently inquired of three or four town dwellers there, whether any such person, declaring his stature, age, apparel, with so many linaments of his body as he could call to remembrance. And *una voce* all said that no such man dwelt in their street, neither in the parish that they knew of, but some did well remember that such a one they saw there lurking and hugging two hours before the gentleman came thither and a stranger to them. I had thought quoth this gentleman, he had here dwelled, and marched home manerly in his boots far from the place he dwelt not. I suppose at his coming home he sent such ways as he suspected or thought meet to search for this

Prigger, but hitherto he never heard any tidings

again of his palfreys. I had the best

gelding stolen out of my pasture that

I had amongst others while

this book was first

a printing.





CAP. VII.

PALLIARDS.

THESE Palliards be called also Clapperdudgeons, these go with patched cloaks, and have their Morts with them which they call wives: and if he go to one house to ask his alms, his wife shall go to another, for what they get, as bread, cheese, malt and wool, they sell the same for ready money, for so they get more, and if they went together, although they be thus divided in the day, yet they meet again at night: if they chance to come to some gentleman's house standing alone, and be demanded whether they be man and wife, and if he perceive that any doubteth thereof, he sheweth them a testimonial with the minister's name and others of the same parish, naming a parish in some shire far distant from the place where he sheweth the same. This writing he carrieth to salve that sore: there be many Irish men that

go about with counterfeit licences, and if they perceive you will straightly examine them, they will immediately say they can speak no English.

Farther understand for truth, that the worst and wickedest of all this beastly generation are scarce comparable to these prating Palliards. All for the most part of these will either lay to their legs an herb called spearwort, either arsenic, which is called ratsbane. The nature of this spearwort will raise a great blister in a night upon the soundest part of his body, and if the same be taken away, it will dry up again and no harm. But this arsenic will so poison the same leg or sore, that it will ever after be incurable, this do they for gain and to be pitied.

The most of these that
walk about be
Welshmen.





CAP. VIII.

A FRATER.

SOME of these Fraters will carry black boxes at their girdle, wherein they have a brief of the Queen's Majesty's Letters Patent given to such poor spital house for the relief of the poor there, which brief is a copy of the Letters Patent, and utterly feigned, if it be in paper or in parchment without the great seal: also if the same brief be in print, it is also of authority. For the printers will see and well understand before it come in press, that the same is lawful. Also I am credibly informed that the chief Proctors of many of these houses, that seldom travel abroad themselves, but have their factors to gather for them, which look very slenderly to the impotent and miserable creatures committed to their charge, and die for want of cherishing whereas they and their wives are well crammed and clothed and will have of the best: and the founders

of every such house, or the chief of the parish where they be, would better see unto these proctors, that they might do their duty, they should be well spoken of here, and in the world to come abundantly therefore rewarded. I had of late an honest man and of good wealth, repaired to my house to commune with me about certain affairs. I invited the same to dinner, and dinner being done, I demanded of him some news of those parts where he dwelt. Thanks be to God sir (saith he) all is well and good now. Now! (quoth I) this same now declareth that some things of late hath not been well. Yes sir (quoth he) the matter is not great. I had thought I should have been well beaten within this seventh night: how so (quoth I) marry sir said he, I am Constable for fault of a better, and was commanded by the Justice to watch. The watch being set, I took an honest man one of my neighbours with me and went up to the end of the town as far as the spital house: at which house I heard a great noise, and drawing near stood close under the wall, and this was at one of the clock after midnight, where he heard swearing, prating, and wagers laying, and the pot apace walking, and forty pence gaged upon a matter of wrestling, pitching of the bar, and casting of the sledge: and out they go in a fustian fume into the back side, where was a great axiltyre, and there fell to the pitching of the bar, being three to three:

the moon did shine bright, the constable with his neighbour might see and behold all that was done. And how the wife of the house was roasting of a pig, while her guests were in their match. At the last they could not agree upon a cast and fell at words, and from words to blows. The constable with his fellow runs unto them to part them, and in the parting licks a dry blow or two. Then the noise increased, the constable would have had them to the stocks. The wife of the house runs out with her good man to entreat the constable for her guests, and leaves the pig at the fire alone. In cometh two or three of the next neighbours being waked with the noise, and into the house they come and find none therein but the pig well roasted, and carrieth the same away with them, spit and all, with such bread and drink also as stood upon the table. When the goodman and the good wife of the house had entreated and pacified the constable, showing unto him that they were proctors and factors, all of spital houses, and that they tarried there but to break their fast, and would ride away immediately after, for they have far to go, and therefore meant to ride so early. And coming into their house again, finding the pig with bread and drink all gone, made a great exclamation, for they knew not who had the same.

The constable returning and hearing the lamentable words of the good wife how she had lost both meat and drink, and saw it was so indeed, he laughed in his sleeve, and commanded her to dress no more at unlawful hours for any guests: for he thought it better bestowed upon those small feasts his poor neighbours, than upon such sturdy lubbers. The next morning betimes, the spit and pots were set at the spital house door for the owner. Thus were these factors beguiled of their breakfast, and one of them had well beaten another: and by my troth (quoth this constable) I was glad when I was well rid of them. Why quoth I, could they cast the bar and sledge well? I will tell you sir (quoth he) you know there hath been many games this summer, I think verily, that if some of these lubbers had been there, and practised amongst others, I believe they would have carried away the best games: for they were so strong and sturdy that I was not able to stand in their hands. Well (quoth I) at these games you speak of both legs and arms be tried: yea (quoth this officer) they be wicked men. I have seen some of them since with clouts bound about their legs, and halting with their staff in their hands. Wherefore some of them (by God) be all nought.



CAP. IX.

A A B R A H A M M A N .

THESE Abraham men be those that feign themselves to have been mad, and have been kept either in Beth-lehem, or in some other prison a good time, and not one amongst twenty that ever came in prison for any such cause: yet will they say how piteously and most extremely they have been beaten and dealt withal. Some of these be merry and very pleasant, they will dance and sing, some others be as cold and reasonable to talk withal. These beg money, either when they come at farmer's houses, they will demand bacon, either cheese or wool, or anything that is worth money, and if they espy small company within, they will with fierce countenance demand somewhat. Where for fear the maids will give them largely to be rid of them.

If they may conveniently come by any cheat, they will pick and steal, as the upright man or rogue, poultry or linen. And all women that wander, be at their commandment. Of all that ever I saw of this kind, one naming himself Stradling, is the craftiest and most dissemblingest knave. He is able with his tongue and usage, to deceive and abuse the wisest man that is. And surely for the proportion of his body, with every member thereunto appertaining, it cannot be amended. But as the proverb is (God hath done his part.) This Stradling, saith he was the Lord Sturton's man, and when he was executed¹ for very pensiveness of mind he fell out of his wit, and so continued a year after and more, and that with the very grief and fear, he was taken with a marvellous palsy, that both head and hands will shake when he talketh with any and that apace or fast, whereby he is much pitied, and getteth greatly. And if I had not demanded of others both men and women, that commonly walketh as he doth, and known by them his deep dissimulation, I never had understand the same. And thus I end with these kind of vagabonds.

¹ Lord Charles Stourton was executed for murder at Salisbury on the 6th of March, 1557. An halter of silk was used in respect to his quality.



CAP. X.

FRESH WATER MARINERS OR WHIP-JACKS.

THESE fresh water Mariners, their ships were drowned in the plain of Salisbury. These kind of caterpillars, counterfeit great losses on the sea, these be some Western men, and most be Irish men.

These will run about the country with a counterfeit licence, feigning either shipwreck, or spoiled by pirates, near the coast of Cornwall or Devonshire and set a land at some haven town there, having a large and formal writing, as is above said, with the names and seals of such men of worship at the least four or five as dwelleth near or next to the place where they feign their landing. And near to those shires will they not beg until they come into Wiltshire, Hampshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and to London, and down by the river to seek for their ship and goods that they never had, then they pass through Surrey, Sussex, by the sea coast, and so

into Kent, demanding alms to bring them home to their country.

Sometimes they counterfeit the seal of the Admiralty, I have divers times taken away from them their licences of both sorts, with such money as they have gathered, and have confiscated the same to the poverty nigh adjoining to me. And they will not be long without another, for at any good town they will renew the same. Once with much threatening and fair promises, I required to know of one company who made their licence. And they sware that they bought the same at Portsmouth of a mariner there, and it cost them two shillings, with such warrants to be so good and effectual, and if any of the best men of law or learned about London should pursue the same, they were able to find no fault herewith, but would assuredly allow the same.





These two pictures lively set out,
 One body and soul, God send him more grace ;
 This monstrous dissembler, a Crank all about.
 Uncomely coveting of each to embrace,
 Money or wares, as he made his race.
 And sometimes a mariner, and a serving man :
 Or else an artificer, as he would feign then.
 Such shifts he used, being well tried,
 Abandoning labour till he was espied :
 Condign punishment for his dissimulation,
 He surely received with much exclamation.



CAP. XI.

A COUNTERFEIT CRANK.

THESE that do counterfeit the Crank be young knaves and young harlots, and deeply dissemble the falling sickness. For the Crank in their language is the falling evil. I have seen some of these with fair writing testimonials, with the names and seals of some men of worship in Shropshire, and in other shires far off, that I have well known and have taken the same from them. Many of these do go without writings, and will go half naked and look most piteously. And if any clothes be given them, they immediately sell the same, for wear it they will not, because they would be the more pitied, and wear filthy clothes on their heads, and never go without a piece of white soap about them, which if they see cause or present gain, they privily convey the same into their mouth, and so work the same there, that they will foam as it were a boar, and marvellously for a time torment themselves, and thus deceive they the common people,

and gain much. These have commonly their harlots as the other.

Upon All-Hallow-Day in the morning last Anno Domini 1566, or my book was half printed, I mean the first impression, there came early in the morning a counterfeit Crank, under my lodging at the White Friars within the cloister, in a little yard or court whereabouts lay two or three great ladies, being without the liberties of London, whereby he hoped for the greater gain: this Crank there lamentably lamenting, and pitifully crying to be relieved, declared to divers there his painful and miserable disease. I being risen and not half ready, heard his doleful words and rueful mournings, hearing him name the fallen sickness, thought assuredly to myself that he was a deep dissembler: so coming out at a sudden, and beholding his ugly and irksome attire, his loathsome and horrible countenance, it made me in a marvellous perplexity what to think of him, whether it were feigned or truth, for after this manner went he: he was naked from the waist upward, saving he had an old jerkin of leather, patched, and that was loose about him, that all his body lay out bare, a filthy foul cloth he wear on his head, being cut for the purpose, having a narrow place to put out his face, with a baver made to truss up his beard, and a string that tied the same down close about his neck, with an old felt hat which he

still carried in his hand, to receive the charity and devotion of the people, for that would he hold out from him, having his face from the eyes downward, all smeared with fresh blood, as though he had new fallen, and been tormented with his painful pangs, his jerkin being all berayed with dirt and mire, and his hat and hosen also, as though he had wallowed in the mire: surely the sight was monstrous and terrible. I called him unto me and demanded of him what he ailed. A, good master, quoth he, I have the grievous and painful disease called the falling sickness: why, quoth I, how cometh thy jerkin, hose and hat so berayed with dirt and mire, and thy skin also? A, good master, I fell down on the backside here in a foul lane hard by the water side, and there I lay almost all night and have bled almost all the blood out in my body. It rained that morning very fast: and while I was thus talking with him, a honest poor woman that dwelt thereby, brought him a fair linen cloth, and bid him wipe his face therewith, and there being a tub standing full of rain water, offered to give him some in a dish, that he might make himself clean, he refuseth the same: why dost thou so quoth I? A, sir, saith he, if I should wash myself, I should fall to bleeding a fresh again, and then I should not stop myself: these words made me the more to suspect him. Then I asked of him where he was

born, what his name was, how long he had this disease, and what time he had been here about London, and in what place? sir (saith he) I was born at Leicester, my name is Nicholas Genings, and I have had this falling sickness eight years, and I can get no remedy for the same, for I have it by kind, my father had it, and my friends before me, and I have been these two years here about London, and a year and a half in Bethlehem: why wast thou out of thy wits, quoth I? yea sir that I was. What is the keeper's name of the house? his name is (quoth he) John Smith: then quoth I, he must understand of thy disease, if thou hadest the same for the time thou wast there, he knoweth it well, yea not only he, but all the house beside, quoth this Crank, for I came thence but within this fortnight. I had stand so long reasoning the matter with him, that I was a cold and went into my chamber and made me ready, and commanded my servant to repair to Bethlehem and bring me true word from the keeper there, whether any such man hath been with him as a prisoner, having the disease aforesaid, and gave him a note of his name and the keepers also: my servant returning to my lodging, did assure me that neither was there ever any such man there, neither yet any keeper of any such name, but he that was the keeper sent me his name in writing, affirming that he letteth no man depart from him, unless he

be fetched away by his friends, and that none that came from him begged about the city: then I sent for the printer of this book, and showed him of this dissembling Crank, and how I had sent to Bethlehem to understand the truth, and what answer I received again, requiring him that I might have some servant of his to watch him faithfully that day, that I might understand trustily to what place he would repair at night unto, and thither I promised to go myself, to see their order, and that I would have him to associate me thither: he gladly granted to my request, and sent two boys that both diligently and vigilantly, accomplished the charge given them, and found the same Crank about the Temple, where about the most part of the day he begged, unless it were about twelve of the clock, he went on the backside of Clement's Inn without Temple Bar, there is a lane that goeth into the Fields, there he renewed his face again with fresh blood, which he carried about him in a bladder, and daubed on fresh dirt upon his jerkin hat and hosen.

And so came back again unto the Temple, and sometime to the water side, and begged of all that passed by: the boys beheld how some gave groats, some sixpence, some gave more: for he looked so ugly and irksomely, that every one pitied his miserable case that beheld him: to be short, there he passed all the day till night approached and when it began to be somewhat dark, he went to the water

side and took a sculler, and was set over the water into Saint George's Fields, contrary to my expectation : for I had thought he would have gone into Holborn, or to Saint Giles's in the Fields, but these boys with (Argus and Lynx eyes) set sure watch upon him, and the one took a boat and followed him, and the other went back to tell his master.

The boy that so followed him by water, had no money to pay for his boat hire, but laid his penner¹ and his inkhorn to gage for a penny, and by that time the boy was set over : his master with all celerity had taken a boat and followed him a pace. Now had they a sight still of the Crank which crossed over the fields towards Newington, and thither he went, and by that time they came thither, it was very dark. The printer had there no acquaintance, neither any kind of weapon about him, neither knew how far the Crank would go, because he then suspected that they dogged him of purpose, he there stayed him, and called for the constable, which came forth diligently, to inquire what the matter was. This zealous printer charged this officer with him as a malefactor, and a dissembling vagabond : the constable would have laid him all night in the cage that stood in the street : nay saith this pitiful printer, I pray you have him into your house, for this is like to be a cold night and he is

¹PENNER.—A pen-case.

naked, you keep a victualling house, let him be well cherished this night, for he is well able to pay for the same, I know well his gains hath been great to-day, and your house is a sufficient prison for the time, and we will there search him: the constable agreed thereunto, they had him in and caused him to wash himself: that done, they demanded what money he had about him, saith this Crank, so God help me I have but twelve pence, and plucked out the same of a little purse. Why have you no more quoth they? No saith this Crank, as God shall save my soul at the day of judgment. We must see more quoth they and began to strip him, then he plucked out another purse wherein was forty pence. Tush saith this printer I must see more, this Crank saith, I pray God I be damned both body and soul, if I have any more: No saith this printer, thou false knave here is my boy that did watch thee all this day, and saw when such men gave thee pieces of sixpence, groats, and other money, and yet thou hast showed us none but small money. When this Crank heard this, and the boy avowing it to his face, he relented and plucked out another purse whercin was eight shillings and odd money, so had they in the whole that he had begged that day thirteen shillings three pence halfpenny: then they stripped him stark naked, and as many as saw him, said they never saw handsomer man, with a yellow flaxen beard, and fair

skinned without any spot or grief, then the good wife of the house fetched her good man's old cloak, and caused the same to be cast about him, because the sight should not abash her shamefaced maidens, neither loath her squeamish sight. Thus he set him down at the chimney's end, and called for a pot of beer and drank off a quart at a draft, and called for another, and so the third, that one had been sufficient for any reasonable man : the drink was so strong, that I myself the next morning tasted thereof, but let the reader judge what, and how much he would have drunk if he had been out of fear. Then when they had thus wrung water out of a flint, in spoiling him of his evil got goods, his passing pence and fleeting trash. The printer with this officer were in jolly jollity, and devised to search a barn for some rogues, and upright men, a quarter of a mile from the house, that stood alone in the fields, and went out about their business, leaving this Crank alone with his wife and maidens : this crafty Crank espying all gone, requested the good wife that he might go out on the back side to make water and to exonerate his paunch, she bade him draw the latch of the door and go out, neither thinking or mistrusting he would have gone away naked : but to conclude when he was out, he cast away the cloak, and as naked as ever he was born he ran away over the fields to his own house, as he afterward said

Now the next morning betimes I went unto Newington to understand what was done because or it was day that there my printer was, and at my coming thither I heard the whole circumstance, as I above have written : and I seeing the matter so full out, took order with the chief of the parish that this thirteen shillings and three pence halfpenny might be the next day equally distributed by their good discretions to the poverty of the same parish, whereof this crafty Crank had part himself, for he had both house and wife in the same parish, as after you shall hear. But this lewd leuterer could not lay his bones to labour having got once the taste of this lewd lazy life, for all this fair admonition but deceived other subtle sleights to maintain his idle living, and so craftily clothed himself in mariner's apparel, and associated himself with another of his companions, they having both mariner's apparel, went abroad to ask charity of the people, feigning they had lost their ship with all their goods by casualty on the seas, wherewith they gained much. This crafty Crank fearing to be mistrusted, fell to another kind of begging as bad or worse, and apparelled himself very well with a fair black frieze coat, a new pair of white hose, a fine felt hat on his head, a shirt of Flanders work, esteemed to be worth sixteen shillings : and upon new year's day came again into the White Friars to beg : the printer having occasion

to go that ways, not thinking of this Crank, by chance met with him who asked his charity for God's sake : the printer viewing him well did mistrust him, to be the counterfeit Crank which deceived him upon All-Hallow-day at night, demanded of whence he was and what was his name, forsooth saith he, my name is Nicolas Genings, and I came from Leicester to seek work, and I am a hat maker by my occupation, and all my money is spent, and if I could get money to pay for my lodging this night, I would seek work to-morrow amongst the hatters. The printer perceiving his deep dissimulation putting his hand into his purse seeming to give him some money, and with fair allusions brought him into the street, where he charged the constable with him, affirming him to be the counterfeit Crank that ran away upon All-Hallow-day last. The constable being very loth to meddle with him, but the printer knowing him and his deep deceit, desired he might be brought before the deputy of the ward, which straight was accomplished, which when he came before the deputy, he demanded of him of whence he was and what was his name, he answered as before he did unto the printer : the deputy asked the printer what he would lay unto his charge, he answered and alleged him to be a vagabond and deep deceiver of the people, and the counterfeit Crank that ran away upon All-Hallow-day last from the constable of Newington

and him, and requested him earnestly to send him to ward: the deputy thinking him to be deceived, but nevertheless laid his commandment upon him, so that the printer should bear his changes if he could not justify it he agreed thereunto. And so he and the constable went to carry him to the Counter, and as they were going under Ludgate, this crafty Crank took his heels and ran down the hill as fast as he could drive, the constable and the printer after him as fast as they could, but the printer of the twain being lighter of foot, overtook him at Fleet bridge, and with strong hand carried him to the Counter, and safely delivered him. In the morrow the printer sent his boy that stripped him upon All-Hallow-day at night to view him because he would be sure, which boy knew him very well: this Crank confessed unto the deputy that he had hosted the night before in Kent street in Southwark at the sign of the Cock, which thing to be true, the printer sent to know and found him a liar, but further, inquiring at length found out his habitation, dwelling in Master Hill's Rents, having a pretty house well stuffed with a fair joint table, and a fair cupboard garnished with pewter, having an old ancient woman to his wife. The printer being sure thereof, repaired unto the Counter, and rebuked him for his beastly behaviour, and told him of his false feigning, willed him to confess it and ask forgiveness: he perceived him to

know his deep dissimulation, relented and confessed all his deceit, and so remaining in the Counter three days, was removed to Bridewell where he was stripped stark naked, and his ugly attire put upon him before the masters thereof, who wondered greatly at his dissimulation : for which offence he stood upon the pillory in Cheapside, both in his ugly and handsome attire. And after that went in the mill while his ugly picture was a drawing, and then was whipped at a cart's tail through London, and his displayed banner carried before him, unto his own door, and so back to Bridewell again, and there remained for a time, and at length let at liberty on that condition he would prove an honest man and labour truly to get his living.

And his picture remaineth in
Bridewell for a
monument.





CAP. XII.

A D U M M E R E R.

THESE Dummerers are lewd and most subtle people, the most part of these are Welch men, and will never speak, unless they have extreme punishment but will gape, and with a marvellous force will hold down their tongues doubled, groaning for your charity, and holding up their hands full piteously, so that with their deep dissimulation they get very much. There are of these many, and but one that I understand of hath lost his tongue indeed: having on a time occasion to ride to Dartford to speak with a priest there, who maketh all kind of conserves very well, and useth stilling of waters. And repairing to his house, I found a Dummerer at his door, and the priest himself perusing his licence, under the seals and hands of certain worshipful men, had thought the same to be good and effectual. I taking the same writing and reading it over and noting the seals, found one of the seals like unto a seal that I had about me :

which seal I bought besides Charing Cross, that I was out of doubt it was none of those gentlemen's seals that had subscribed. And having understanding before of their pevish practices, made me to conceive that all was forged and nought. I made the more haste home for well I wist that he would and must of force pass through the parish where I dwelt, for there was no other way for him. And coming homeward, I found them in the town according to my expectation, where they were stayed, for there was a Palliard associate with the Dummerer and partaker of his gains, which Palliard I saw not at Dartford. The stayers of them was a gentleman called Chayne, and a servant of my Lord Keepers, called Wostestow, which was the chief causer of the staying of them, being a Surgeon and cunning in his science, had seen the like practices, and as he said had caused one to speak afore that was dumb. It was my chance to come at the beginning of the matter. Sir (quoth this surgeon) I am bold here to utter some part of my cunning, I trust (quoth he) you shall see a miracle wrought anon : for I once (quoth he) made a dumb man to speak. Quoth I you are very well met, and somewhat you have prevented me, for I had thought to have done no less or they had passed this town, for I well know their writing is feigned, and they deep dissemblers. The surgeon made him gape,

and we could see but half a tongue. I required the surgeon to put his finger in his mouth, and to pull out his tongue, and so he did, notwithstanding he held strongly a pretty while: at the length he plucked out the same, to the great admiration of many that stood by: yet when we saw his tongue, he would neither speak nor yet could hear. Quoth I to the surgeon, knit two of his fingers together and thrust a stick between them, and rub the same up and down a little while, and for my life he speaketh by and by. Sir, quoth this surgeon, I pray let me practise another way, I was well contented to see the same. He had him into a house, and tied a halter about the wrists of his hands and hoisted him up over a beam, and there did let him hang a good while at the length for very pain he required for God's sake to let him down. So he that was both deaf and dumb could in short time both hear and speak. Then I took that money I could find in his purse, and distributed the same to the poor people dwelling there, which was fifteen pence halfpenny, being all that we could find. That done, and this merry miracle madly made, I sent them with my servant to the Justice, where they preached
on the pillory for want of a pulpit,
and were well whipped, and
none did bewail
them.



CAP. XIII.

A DRUNKEN TINKER.

THESE drunken Tinkers called also prigs, be beastly people, and these young knaves be the worst: these never go without their doxies and if their women have anything about them, as apparel or linen that is worth the selling, they lay the same to gage or sell it out right (for bene booze) at their boozing ken. And full soon will they be weary of them, and have a new. When they happen one work at any good house, their doxies longer aloof, and tarry for them in some corner, and if he tarrieth long from her, then she knoweth he hath work, and walketh near, and sitteth down by him. For besides money he looketh for meat and drink for doing his dame pleasure. For if she have three or four holes in a pan, he will make as many more for speedy gain. And if he see any old kettle, chafer or pewter dish abroad in the yard where he worketh he quickly snappeth the same up, and into the budget it goeth round. Thus they live with deceit.

I was credibly informed by such as could well tell, that one of these tippling Tinkers with his dog robbed by the highway four Palliards and two Rogues six persons together, and took from them above four pound in ready money, and hid him after in a thick wood a day or two and so escaped untaken. Thus with picking and stealing, mingled with a little work for a colour, they pass their time.





CAP. XIV.

A SWADDER OR PEDLAR.

THESE Swadders and Pedlars be not all evil, but of an indifferent behaviour. These stand in great awe of the upright men, for they have often both wares and money of them. But forasmuch as they seek gain unlawfully against the laws and statutes of this noble realm, they are well worthy to be registered among the number of vagabonds: and undoubtedly I have had some of them brought before me when I was in commission of the peace as malefactors for bribing and stealing. And now of late it is a great practice of the upright man, when he had gotten a booty to bestow the same upon a packful of wares, and so goeth a time for his pleasure, because he would live without suspicion.



CAP. XV.

A JARKE MAN, AND A PATRICO.

FORASMUCH as these two names a Jarkeman and a Patrico be in the old brief of vagabonds, and set forth as two kinds of evil-doers, you shall understand that a Jarkeman hath his name of a Jarke, which is a seal in their language, as one should make writings and set seals for licences and passports. And for truth there is none that goeth about the country of them that can either write so good and fair a hand, either indite so learnedly as I have seen and handled a number of them : but have the same made in good towns where they come, as what cannot be had for money, as the proverb saith, *Omnia venalia Romæ*, and many hath confessed the same to me. Now also there is a Patrico, and not a Patriarcho, which in their language is a priest that should make marriages till death did depart but they have none

such I am well assured, for I put you out of doubt
that not one amongst a hundred of them are
married, for they take lechery for no sin, but
natural fellowship and good liking love,
so that I will not blot my book
with these two that
be not.





CAP. XVI.

A DEMANDER FOR GLIMMER.

THESE Demanders for Glimmer be for the most part women, for Glimmer in their language is fire : these go with feigned licences and counterfeited writings, having the hands and seals of such gentlemen as dwelleth near to the place where they feign themselves to have been burnt, and their goods consumed with fire. They will most lamentably demand your charity and will quickly shed salt tears, they be so tender hearted. They will never beg in that shire where their losses (as they say) was. Some of these go with slates at their backs, which is a sheet to lie in a nights. The upright men be very familiar with these kind of women, and one of them helps another.

A Demander for Glimmer came to a good town in Kent, to ask the charity of the people, having a feigned licence about her that declared her misfortune by fire done in Somersetshire, walking with a wallet on her shoulders wherein she put the

devotion of such as had no money to give her, that is to say, malt, wool, bacon, bread and cheese : and always as the same was full, so was it ready money to her when she emptied the same, wheresoever she travelled. This harlot was (as they term it) snow fair, and had an upright man or two always attending on her watch (which is on her person) and yet so circumspect, that they would never be seen in her company in any good town, unless it were in small villages, where tippling houses were, either traveling together by the highways, but (the truth is by report) she would weekly be worth six or seven shillings with her begging and bitchery. This glimmering mort repairing to an inn in the said town where dwelt a widow of fifty years old, of good wealth, but she had an unthrifty son, whom she used as a chamberlain to attend guests when they repaired to her house, this amorous man beholding with ardent eyes this glimmering glancer, was presently piteously pierced to the heart, and lewdly longed to be clothed under her livery, and bestowing a few fond words with her, understood straight that she would be easily persuaded to liking lechery, and as a man mazed, mused how to attain to his purpose, for he had no money. Yet considering with himself that wares would be welcome where money wanteth, he went with a wanion¹ to

¹WANION.—An imprecation signifying with a curse.

his mother's chamber and there seeking about for odd ends, at length found a little whistle of silver that his mother did use customarily to wear on, and had forgot the same for haste that morning, and offers the same closely to this mannerly marian,¹ that if she would meet him on the backside of the town, and courteously kiss him without constraint, she should be mistress thereof and it were much better : well saith she you are a wanton, and beholding the whistle, was farther in love therewith than ravished with his person, and agreed to meet him presently and to accomplish his fond fancy : to be short and not tedious, a quarter of a mile from the town he merely took measure of her under a bawdy bush (so she gave him that she had not, and he received that he could not) and taking leave of each other with a courteous kiss, she pleasantly passed forth on her journey, and this untoward lecherous chamberlain repaired homeward. But or these two turtles took their leave, the good wife had missed her whistle, and sent one of her maidens into her chamber for the same, and being long sought for, none could be found, her mistress hearing that, diligent search was made for the same, and that it was taken away, began to suspect her unblessed babe, and demanded of her maidens whether none of them saw her son in her chamber that morning,

¹MARIAN.—A Strumpet.

and one of them answered that she saw him not there but coming from thence, then had she enough, for well she wist that he had the same, and sent for him, but he could not be found : then she caused her hostler, in whom she had better affiance in for his truth, and yet not one amongst twenty of them but have well left their honesty (as I hear a great sort say) to come unto her, which attended to know her pleasure, go seek out saith she my untoward son, and bid him come speak with me. I saw him go out saith he, half an hour since on the backside, I had thought you had sent him of your errand. I sent him not quoth she, go look him out.

This hollow hostler took his staff in his neck, and trudged out apace that way he saw him before go, and had some understanding by one of the maidens that his mistrêss had her whistle stolen and suspected her son, and he had not gone far but that he espied him coming homeward alone, and meeting him, asked where he had been ? where have I been quoth he, and began to smile, now by the mass thou hast been at some bawdy banquet : thou hast even told truth quoth this chamberlain : surely quoth this hostler thou hadst the same woman that begged at our house to-day, for the harms she had by fire, where is she quoth he ? she is almost a mile by this time quoth this chamberlain, where is my mistress's whistle quoth this hostler, for I am well assured that

thou hadst it, and I fear me thou hast given it to that harlot. Why, is it missed, quoth this chamberlain? yea, quoth this hostler, and showed him all the whole circumstance what was both said and thought on him for the thing. Well I will tell thee quoth this chamberlain, I will be plain with thee, I had indeed and have given the same to this woman, and I pray thee make the best of it, and help now to excuse the matter, and yet surely and thou wouldst take so much pain for me as to overtake her, for she goeth but softly and is not yet far off and take the same from her, and I am ever thine assured friend. Why then go with me quoth this hostler, nay in faith quoth this chamberlain what is freer than gift, and I had pretty pastime for the same: hadst thou so quoth this hostler? now by the mass and I will have some too, or I will lie in the dust or I come again. Passing with haste to overtake this paramour within a mile from the place where he departed he overtook her having an upright man in her company, a strong and a sturdy vagabond, somewhat amazed was this hostler to see one familiarly in her company, for he had well hoped to have had some delicate dalliance as his fellow had, but seeing the matter so fall' out, and being of good courage, and thinking to himself that one true man was better than two false knaves, and being on the highway, thought upon help if need had

been, by such as had passed to and fro : demanded fiercely the whistle that she had even now of his fellow : why husband quoth she, can you suffer this wretch to slander your wife ? avaunt varlet quoth this upright man and lets drive with all his force at this hostler, and after a dozen blows he strikes his staff out of his hand, and as this hostler stepped back to have taken up his staff again, this glimmering mort flings a great stone at him and struck him on the head, that down he falls with the blood about his ears, and while he lay thus amazed, the upright man snatches away his purse, wherein he had money of his mistress's, as well as of his own, and there let him lie and went away with speed, that they were never heard of more. When this dry beaten hostler was come to himself, he faintly wandereth home, and creepeth into his couch and rests his idle head : his mistress heard that he was come in, and laid him down on his bed, repaired straight unto him, and asked him what he ailed, and what the cause was of his so sudden lying on his bed ? what is the cause quoth this hostler, your whistle, your whistle, speaking the same piteously three or four times : why fool quoth his mistress, take no care for that, for I do not greatly weigh it, it was worth but three shillings four pence. I would it had been burnt for four years ago. I pray thee why so quoth his mistress ? I

think thou art mad. Nay not yet quoth this hostler, but I have been madly handled : why, what is the matter quoth his mistress, and was more desirous to know the case : and you will forgive my fellow and me. I will show you, or else I will never do it : she made him presently faithful promise that she would, then saith he send for your son home again, which is ashamed to look you in the face. I agree thereto saith she, well then quoth this hostler, your son hath given the same Mort that begged here for the burning of her house, a whistle, and you have given her five shillings in money, and I have given her ten shillings of mine own : why so quoth she, then he sadly showed her of his mishap, with all the circumstance that you have heard before, and how his purse was taken away, and fifteen shillings in the same, whereof five shillings was her money, and ten shillings his own money. Is this true quoth his mistress? I by my troth quoth this hostler and nothing grieves me so much, neither my beating, neither the loss of my money, as doth my evil and wretched luck. Why, what is the matter quoth his mistress? your son saith this hostler had some cheer and pastime for that whistle for he lay with her, and I have been well beaten and have had my purse taken from me, and you know your son is merry and pleasant and can keep no great counsel, and then I shall be mocked and

laughed to scorn in all places, when they shall hear
how I have been served. Now out upon
you knaves both, quoth his mistress,
and laughs out the matter, for
she well saw it would
not otherwise
prevail.





CAP. XVII.

A BAWDY BASKET.

THESE Bawdy Baskets be also women, and go with baskets and cap-cases on their arms, wherein they have laces, pins, needles, white inkle,¹ and round silk girdles of all colours. These will buy coney skins,² and steal linen clothes off on hedges. And for their trifles they will procure of maiden servants, when their mistress or dame is out of the way, either some good piece of beef, bacon or cheese, that shall be worth twelve pence for two pence of their toys. And as they walk by the way, they often gain some money with their instrument, by such as they suddenly meet withal. The upright men have good acquaintance with these, and will help and relieve them when they want. Thus they trade their lives in lewd loathsome lechery. Amongst them all is but one honest woman, and she is of good years : her name is Joan Messenger.

¹INKLE.—Inferior tape.

²CONEY SKINS.—Rabbit skins.

I have had good proof of her, as I have learned by the true report of divers.

There came to my gate the last summer Anno Domini 1566, a very miserable man and much deformed as burnt in the face, blear-eyed, and lame of one of his legs that he went with a crutch. I asked him where he was born and where he dwelt last, and showed him that thither he must repair and be relieved, and not to range about the country, and seeing some cause of charity, I caused him to have meat and drink, and when he had drunk, I demanded of him whether he was never spoiled of the upright man or rogue, yes that I have quoth he, but yet these seven years, for so long have I gone abroad I had not so much taken from me nor so evil handled as I was within these four days, why, how so quoth I? in good faith sir quoth he, I chanced to meet with one of these Bawdy Baskets which had an Upright man in her company : and as I would have passed quietly by her, man saith she unto her mate, do you not see this ill-favoured wind-shaken knave : yes quoth the upright man, what say you to him, this knave oweth me two shillings, for wares he had of me half a year ago, I think it well said this upright man : sirrah said he, pay your debts, said this poor man I owe her none, neither did I ever bargain with her for anything, and as I am advised I never saw her before in all my life,

mercy God, quoth she what a lying knave is this, and he will not pay your husband beat him surely, and the upright man gave me three or four blows on my back and shoulders and would have beat me worse and I had not given him all the money in my purse, and in good faith for very fear I was fain to give him fourteen pence which was all the money that I had : why said this bawdy basket hast thou no more, then thou owest me ten pence still, and be well assured that I will be paid the next time I meet with thee. And so they let me pass by them. I pray God save and bless me and all others in my case from such wicked persons quoth this poor man, why whither went they, then quoth I, into East Kent, for I met with them on this side of Rochester. I have divers times been attempted but I never lost much before. I thank God there came still company by, before this unhappy time. Well quoth I, thank God of all, and repair home into thy native country.





CAP. XVIII.

A A U T E M M O R T .

TH E S E Autem Morts be married women, as there be but a few: For Autem in their language is a Church, so she is a wife married at the church, and they be as chaste as a cow: I have that goeth to bull every moon, with what bull she careth not. These walk most times from their husband's company a month and more together, being associate with another as honest as herself. These will pilfer clothes off hedges, some of them go with children of ten or twelve years of age, if time and place serve for their purpose they will send them into some house at the window to steal and rob, which they call in their language, Milling of the Ken, and will go with wallets on their shoulders and slates at their backs, there is one of these Autem Morts, she is now a widow of fifty years old, her name is Alice

Milson, she goeth about with a couple of great boys,
the youngest of them is fast upon twenty
years of age, and these two do lie with
her every night, and she lieth in
the middle, she saith that they be
her children, that beteled [?] be
the babes born of such
abominable
belly.





CAP. XIX.

A WALKING MORT.

THESE Walking Morts be not married, these for their unhappy years doth go as a Autem Mort, and will say their husbands died either at Newhaven, Ireland, or in some service of the Prince. These make laces upon staves and purses that they carry in their hands and white valance for beds. Many of these hath had, and have children : when these get ought, either with begging, bitchery, or bribery as money or apparel, they are quickly shaken out of all by the upright men, and they are in a marvellous fear to carry anything about them that is of any value. Wherefore, this policy they use, they leave their money now with one and then with another trusty householder, either with the good man or good wife, some time in one shire, and then in another as they travel : this have I known it four or five shillings, yea ten shillings left in a place, and the same will they come for again within one quarter of a year or some time not in half a

year, and all this is to little purpose, for all their peevisish policy: for when they buy them linen or garments, it is taken away from them and worse given them, or none at all.

The last summer Anno Domini 1566, being in familiar talk with a Walking Mort, that came to my gate, I learned by her what I could, and I thought I had gathered as much for my purpose as I desired, I began to rebuke her for her lewd life and beastly behaviour, declaring to her what punishment was prepared and heaped up for her in the world to come for her filthy living and wretched conversation, God help quoth she how should I live, none will take me into service, but I labour in harvest time honestly. I think but a while with honesty quoth I. Shall I tell you quoth she, the best of us may be amended, but yet I thank God, I did one good deed within this twelve months, wherein quoth I. Saith she I would not have it spoken of again: if it be meet and necessary, quoth I, it shall lie under my feet: what mean you by that quoth she. I mean quoth I, to hide the same and never to discover it to any. Well quoth she and began to laugh as much as she could and swear by the mass that if I disclosed the same to any she would never tell me any thing. The last summer quoth she I was great with child and I travelled into East Kent by the sea coast, for I lusted marvellously after

oysters and mussels and gathered many, and in the place where I found them, I opened them and eat them still, at the last in seeking more, I reached after one and stepped into a hole and fell in, into the waste and there did stick, and I had been drowned if the tide had come, and espying a man a good way off, I cried as much as I could for help. I was alone he heard me and repaired as fast to me as he might, and finding me there fast sticking, I required for God's sake his help, and whether it was with striving and forcing myself, or for joy I had of his coming to me, I had a great colour in my face and looked red and well coloured. And to be plain with you, he liked me so well (as he said) that I should there lie still, and I would not grant him that he might lie with me. And by my troth I wist not what to answer, I was in such a perplexity, for I knew the man well, he had a very honest woman to his wife and was of some wealth ; and on the other side, if I were not helped out, I should there have perished, and I granted him that I would obey to his will, then he plucked me out. And because there was no convenient place near hand, I required him that I might go wash myself and make me somewhat cleanly, and I would come to his house and lodge all night in his barn, whither he might repair to me and accomplish his desire, but let it not be quoth he before nine of the clock at night,

for then there will be small stirring. And I may repair to the town quoth I to warm and dry myself, for this was about two of the clock in the afternoon, do so quoth he, for I must be busy to look out my cattle here by before I can come home. So I went away from him and glad was I, and why so quoth I, because quoth she his wife my good dame is my very friend, and I am much beholden to her. And she had done me so much good or this, that I were loth now to harm her any way. Why so quoth I? what and it had been any other man and not your good dame's husband. The matter had been the less quoth she. Tell me I pray thee quoth I, who was the father of the child, she studied a while and said that it had a father, but what was he quoth I? Now by my troth I know not quoth she, you bring me out of my matter, so you do, well say on quoth I, then I departed straight to the town and came to my dame's house. And showed her of my misfortune, and also of her husband's usage in all points and that I showed her the same for goodwill and bid her take better heed to her husband and to herself, so she gave me great thanks and made me good cheer, and bid me in any case that I should be ready at the barn at that time and hour we had appointed, for I know well quoth this good wife my husband will not break with thee. And one thing I warn thee that thou give me a watchword aloud when he goeth

about to have his pleasure of thee, and that shall be fie for shame fie, and I will be hard by you, with help. But I charge thee keep this secret till all be finished, and hold saith this good wife here is one of my petticoats I give thee. I thank you good dame quoth I, and I warrant you I will be true and trusty unto you. So my dame left me sitting by a good fire with meat and drink, and with the oysters I brought with me, I had great cheer, she went straight and repaired unto her gossips dwelling thereby, and as I did after understand, she made her mind to them, what a naughty lewd lecherous husband she had, and how that she could not have his company for harlots, and that she was in fear to take some filthy disease of him, he was so common a man, having little respect whom he had to do withal, and quoth she now here is one at my house a poor woman that goeth about the country that he would have had to do withal, wherefore good neighbours and loving gossips as you love me and as you would have help at my hand another time, devise some remedy to make my husband a good man, that I may live in some surety without disease, and that he may save his soul that God so dearly bought. After she had told her tale they cast their piercing eyes all upon her, but one stout dame amongst the rest had these words: As your patient bearing of troubles, your honest beha-

viour among us your neighbours, your tender and pitiful heart to the poor of the parish, doth move us to lament your case, so the unsatiable carnality of your faithless husband doth instigate and stir us to devise and invent some speedy redress for your case and the amendment of his life. Wherefore this is my counsel and you will be advertised by me, I say to you all, unless it be this good wife, who is chiefly touched in this matter I have the next cause, for he was in hand with me not long ago, and company had not been present which was by a marvellous chance, he had (I think) forced me. For often he had been tempting with me, and yet have I sharply said him nay, therefore let us assemble secretly into the place where he hath appointed to meet this Gillot¹ that is at your house and lurk privily in some corner till he begin to go about his business. And then methought I heard you say even now, that you had a watchword, at which word we will all step forth being five of us besides you, for you shall be none because it is your husband, but get you to bed at your accustomed hour, and we will carry each of us a good birchen rod in our laps, and we will all be muffled for knowing, and see that you go home and acquaint that Walking Mort with the matter for we must have her help to hold, for always four must hold and two lay on. Alas saith this good

¹GILLOT.—Prostitute.

wife, he is too strong for you all, I would be loth for my sake you should receive harm at his hand : fear you not quoth these stout women, let her not give the watchword until his hosen be about his legs, and I trow we all will be with him to bring before he shall have leisure to pluck them up again : they with one voice agreed to the matter that the way she had devised was the best : so this good wife repaired home : but before she departed from her gossips she showed them at what hour they should privily come in on the backside and there to tarry their good hour, so by the time she came in, it was almost night and found the walking mort still sitting by the fire and declared to her all this new devise above said, which promised faithfully to fulfil to her small power as much as they had devised, within a quarter of an hour after, in cometh the good man who said that he was about his cattle, why what have we here wife sitting by the fire, and if she have eat and drank send her into the barn to her lodging for this night, for she troubleth the house : even as you will husband, saith his wife, you know she cometh once in two years into these quarters. Away saith this good wife to your lodging : yes good dame saith she as fast as I can, thus by looking one on the other each knew other's mind, and so departed to her comely couch, the good man of the house shrugged him for joy, thinking to himself I will make some pastime with

you anon. And calling to his wife for his supper set him down and was very pleasant and drank to his wife and fell to his mammerings¹ and munched apace, nothing understanding of the banquet that was a preparing for him after supper, and according to the proverb (that sweet meat will have sour sauce,) thus when he was well refreshed, his spirits being revived entered into familiar talk with his wife, of many matters how well he had spent that day to both their profits, saying some of his cattle were like to have been drowned in the ditches, driving others of his neighbour's cattle out that were in his pastures, and mending his fences that were broken down. Thus profitably he had consumed the day, nothing talking of his helping out of the walking mort out of the mire, neither of his request nor yet of his promise. Thus feeding her with friendly fantasies consumed two hours and more. Then feigning how he would see in what case his horse were in and how they were dressed, repaired covertly into the barn whereas his friendly foes lurked privily unless it were this mannerly mort, that comely couched on a bottle of straw. What are you come quoth she, by the mass I would not for a hundred pound that my dame should know that you were here either any else of your house. No

¹MAMMERING.—To hesitate, mutter, or murmur.

“——I wonder in my soul, what you should ask me, that I should deny, or stand so *mammering* on. *Othello*, iii, 3

I warrant thee saith this good man, they be all safe and fast enough at their work, and I will be at mine anon. And lay down by her and straight would have had to do with her, nay fie saith she, I like not this order, if ye lie with me you shall surely untruss you and put down your hosen for that way is most easiest and best, sayest thou so quoth he, now my troth agreed : and when he had untrussed himself and put down, he began to assault the unsatiable fort, why quoth she that was without shame, saving for her promise, and are you not ashamed ? never a whit saith he, lie down quickly, nor fie for shame, fie saith she aloud (which was the watch word) at the which word these fine furious sturdy muffled gossip flings out and takes sure hold of this betrayed person, some plucking his hosen down lower, and binding the same fast about his feet, then binding his hands and knitting a handkercher about his eyes, that he should not see, and when they had made him sure and fast, then they laid him on until they were windless : be good saith this Mort unto my master for the passion of God, and laid on as fast as the rest, and still ceased not to cry upon them to be merciful unto him, and yet laid on a pace, and when they had well beaten him that the blood burst plentifully out in some places they let him lie still bound, with this exhortation, that he should from that time forth know his wife from

other men's, and that this punishment was but a fleabiting in respect of that which should follow, if he amended not his manners. Thus leaving him blustering, blowing and foaming for pain and melancholy, that he neither might or could be revenged of them : they vanished away and had this Mort with them, and safely conveyed her out of the town : soon after cometh into the barn one of the good man's boys to fetch some hay for his horse. And finding his master lying fast bound and grievously beaten with rods, was suddenly abashed and would have run out again to have called for help, but his master bid him come unto him and unbind him, and make no words quoth he of this. I will be revenged well enough, yet notwithstanding after better advice, the matter being dishonest, he thought it meeter to let the same pass, and not as the proverb saith (to awake the sleeping dog.) And by my troth quoth this walking mort, I come now from that place and was never there since this part was played, which is somewhat more than a year. And I hear a very good report of him now, that he loveth his wife well and useth himself very honestly : and was not this a good act now how say you ? It was prettily handled quoth I, and is here all ? yea quoth she here is the end.



CAP. XX.

A D O X Y.

THESE Doxies be broken and spoiled of their maidenhead by the Upright Men, and then they have their name of Doxies and not afore. And afterward she is common and indifferent for any that will use her, as *homo* is a common name to all men. Such as be fair and somewhat handsome, keep company with the Walking Morts, and are ready always for the upright men, and are chiefly maintained by them, for others shall be spoiled for their sakes, the other inferior sort will resort to noble men's places, and gentlemen's houses standing at the gate, either lurking at the backside about back houses either in hedge rows or some other thicket, expecting their prey, which is for the uncomely company of some courteous guest of whom they be refreshed with meat and some money, where exchange is made ware for ware: this bread

and meat they use to carry in their great hosen, so that these beastly bribing breeches, serve many times for bawdy purposes. I chanced not long since familiarly to commune with a Doxy that came to my gate, and surely a pleasant harlot, and not so pleasant as witty, and not so witty as void of all grace and goodness. I found by her talk that she had passed her time lewdly eighteen years in walking about. I thought this a necessary instrument to attain some knowledge by, and before I would grope her mind, I made her both to eat and drink well, that done I made her faithful promise to give her some money if she would open and discover to me such questions as I would demand of her and never to bewray her, neither to disclose her name. And you should saith she I were undone: fear not that quoth I, but I pray thee quoth I, say nothing but truth. I will not saith she, then first tell me quoth I, how many upright men and rogues dost thou know or hast thou known and been conversant with, and what their names be? she paused awhile and said, why do you ask me, or wherefore? For nothing else as I said, but that I would know them when they come to my gate. Now by my troth (quoth she) then are ye never the nearer, for all mine acquaintance for the most part are dead. Dead quoth I? how died they, for want of cherishing or of painful diseases? Then she sighed and

said, they were hanged. What all quoth I, and so many walk abroad as I daily see? By my troth quoth she I know not past six or seven by their names, and named the same to me. When were they hanged quoth I? Some seven years ago, some three years, and some within this fortnight, and declared the place where they were executed, which I knew well to be true, by report of others. Why (quoth I) did not this sorrowful and fearful sight much grieve thee, and for thy time long and evil spent. I was sorry quoth she, by the mass, for some of them were good loving men, for I lacked not when they had it, and they wanted not when I had it, and divers of them I never did forsake, until the gallows departed us. O merciful God quoth I and began to bless me. Why bless ye quoth she? Alas good gentleman, every one must have a living. Other matters I talked of, but this now may suffice to show the reader as it were in a glass the bold beastly life of these doxies. For such as hath gone any time abroad, will never forsake their trade, to die therefore. I have had good proof thereof. There is one notorious harlot of this affinity called Besse Bottomely, she hath but one hand, and she hath murdered two children at the least.



CAP. XXI.

A DELL.

A DELL is a young wench, able for generation, and not yet known or broken by the upright man. These go abroad young, either by the death of their parents, and nobody to look unto them or else by some sharp mistress that they serve do run away out of service, either she is naturally born one, and then she is a wild Dell: these are broken very young, when they have been lying withal with the upright man, then they be Doxies, and no Dell. These wild Dells being traded up with their monstrous mothers, must of necessity be as evil or worse than their parents, for neither we gather grapes from green briars, neither figs from thistles.

But such buds, such blossoms,
such evil seeds sown,
well worse being
grown.



CAP. XXII.

A KINCHIN MORT.



KINCHIN Mort is a little girl, the Morts their mothers carries them at their backs in the slates, which is their sheets, and brings them up savagely, till they grow to be ripe, and soon ripe, soon rotten.



CAP. XXIII.

A KINCHIN CO[VE].



KINCHIN Cove, is a young boy traded up to such peevish purposes, as you have heard of other young imps before, that when he groweth unto years, he is better to hang than to draw forth.



CAP. XXIV.

THEIR USAGE IN THE NIGHT.

NOW, I think it not unnecessary to make the reader understand how and in what manner they lodge a nights in barns or back-houses, and of their usage there, forasmuch as I have acquainted them with their order and practices a day times. The Arch and chief walkers that hath walked a long time, whose experience is great, because of their continuing practice, I mean all Morts and Doxies, for their handsomeness and diligence, for making of their couches. The men never trouble themselves with that thing, but takes the same to be the duty of the wife. And she shuffles up a quantity of straw or hay, into some pretty corner of the barn where she may conveniently lie, and well shaketh the same, making the head somewhat high, and drives the same upon the sides and set like a bed: then she layeth her wallet or other little pack of rags or scrip under her head in the straw, to bear

up the same, and layeth her petticoat or cloak upon and over the straw, so made like a bed and that serveth for the blanket : then she layeth her slate which is her sheet upon that, and she have no sheet, as few of them go without, then she spreadeth some large clouts or rags over the same, and maketh her ready and layeth her drowsily down. Many will pluck off their smocks and lay the same upon them instead of their upper sheet, and all her other pelt and trash upon her also, and many lieth in their smocks. And if the rest of her clothes in cold weather be not sufficient to keep her warm, then she taketh straw or hay to perform the matter. The other sort that have no slates, but tumble down and couch a hogshead in their clothes, these be still lousy and shall never be without vermin, unless they put off their clothes, and lie as is above said. If the upright man come in where they lie, he hath his choice, and creepeth in close by his doxy, the rogue hath his leavings. If the morts or doxies lie or be lodged in some farmer's barn, and the door be either locked or made fast to them, then will not the upright man press to come in, unless it be in barns and out houses standing alone, or some distance from houses, which be commonly known to them : as Saint Quinten's, Three Cranes in the Vintry, Saint Tybbe's, and Knapsbery. These four be within one mile compass near unto London,

Then have you four more in Middlesex, "Draw-the-Pudding-out-of-the-Fire," in Harrow-on-the-Hill parish, the Cross Keys in Crayford parish, Saint Julian's in Thistleworth¹ parish, the House of Pity in North-hall parish. These are their chief houses near about London, where commonly they resort unto for lodging, and may repair thither freely at all times. Sometime shall come in some Rogue, some picking knave, a Nimble Prig, he walketh in softly a nights, when they be at their rest and plucketh off as many garments as be ought worth, that he may come by, and worth money, and may easily carry the same, and runneth away with the same with great celerity, and maketh port sale at some convenient place of theirs, that some be soon ready in the morning, for want of their Casters and Togemans. Where instead of blessing is cursing, in place of praying, pestilent prating with odious oaths and terrible threatenings. The upright men have given all these nick names, to the places above said. Yet we have two notable places in Kent, not far from London, the one is between Deptford and Rothered,² called the King's barn, standing alone, that they haunt commonly: the other is Ketbroke³ standing by Blackheath half a mile from any house, there will they boldly draw the latch of the door

¹Isleworth.²Rotherhithe.³Kidbrooke.

and go in, when the good man with his family be at supper and sit down without leave and eat and drink with them, and either lie in the hall by the fire all night or in the barn if there be no room in the house for them. If the door be either bolted or locked, if it be not opened unto them when they will, they will break the same open to his farther cost. And in this barn sometime do lie forty upright men with their doxies together at one time. And this must the poor farmer suffer, or else they threaten him to burn him, and all that he hath.





THE
NAMES
OF THE
UPRIGHT MEN, ROGUES, AND PALLIARDS.

HERE followeth the unruly rabblement of rascals, and the most notorious and wickedest walkers that are living now at this present with their true names as they be called and known by. And although I set and place here but three orders, yet good reader understand, that all the others above named are derived and come out from the Upright men and Rogues. Concerning the number of Morts and Doxies, it is superfluous to write of them. I could well have done it, but the number of them is great, and would ask a large volume.

UPRIGHT MEN.

Antony Heymer.	David Coke.	Edward Skinner,
Antony Jackson.	Dick Glover.	alias Ned Skinner
Burfet.	Dick Abristowe.	Edward Browne.
Bryan Medcalfe.	David Edwards.	Follentine Hilles.
Corethe Cuckold.	David Holland.	Ferdinando Angel
Christopher Cook	David Jones.	Griffyn.
Dowsabell skilful	Edmund Dun a	Francis Dawghton
in fence.	singing man.	Great John Gray.

George Mariner. John a Pycones. John Comes.
 George Hutchin- John Thomas. John Chiles, alias
 son. John Arther. great Chiles.
 Harry Hilles alias John Palmer alias John Levet he
 Harry Godepar. Tod. maketh taps and
 Harry Agglintine John Geffrey. faucets.
 Harry Smith, he John Goddard. John Lovedall a
 drivelleth when John Gray the master of fence.
 he speaketh. Great. John Lovedale.
 Harry Jonson. John Gray the John Mekes.
 James Barnard. Little. John Appowell.
 John Millar. John Williams John Chappell.
 John Walchman. the Longer. John Griffen.
 John Jones. John Harwood a John Mason.
 John Tedar. maker of wells, John Humfrey
 John Bray. he will take half with the lame
 John Cutter. his bargain in hand.
 John Bell. hand, and when John Stradling
 John Stephens. he hath wrought with the shaking
 John Gray. two or three head.
 John White. days, he runneth John Frank.
 John Rewe. away with his John Baker.
 John Morres. earnest. John Bascafelde.
 John a Ferdin- John Peter. Lennard Just.
 ando. John Porter. Long Greene.
 John Newman. John Appowes. Laurence Ladd.
 John Win, alias John Arter. Laurence Mar-
 Williams. John Bates. shall.

Nicolas Wilson. Richard Cadman. Thomas Lacon.
 Ned Barington. Richard Scater- Thomas Bate.
 Ned Wetherdon. good. Thomas Allen.
 Ned Holmes. Richard Aprice. Well-arrayed
 Phillip Green. Richard Walker. Richard.
 Robert Gravener. Richard Coper. William Cham-
 Robert Gerse. Steven Nevet. born.
 Robert King. Thomas Bullock. William Panell.
 Robert Egerton. Thomas Cutter. William Morgan.
 Robert Bell, bro- Thomas Garet. William Belson.
 therto John Bell. Thomas Newton. William Ebes.
 Robert Maple. Thomas Web. William Garret.
 Robert Langton. Thomas Gray his William Robinson
 Robin Bell. toes be gone. William Umbervil
 Robin Toppe. Tom Bodell. William Davids
 Robert Brows- Thomas Wast. Will Penn.
 werd, he weareth Thomas Dawson William Jones.
 his hair long. alias Thomas Will Powell.
 Robert Curtes. Jacklin. William Clarke.
 Richard Brimmish Thomas Basset. Walter Wirall.
 Richard Justice. Thomas Mar- William Browne.
 Richard Barton. chant. William Grace.
 Richard Con- Thomas Web. William Pickering
 tance. Thomas Awefeld.
 Richard Thomas. Thomas Gibbins.

ROGUES.

Arch Douglas a	John Elson.	Nicholas Lynch.
Scot.	John Raynoles	Richard Brewton.
Black Dick.	Irishman	Richard Hor-
Dick Durram.	John Harris.	wood, well nigh
David Dewnevet	James Monkaster	eighty years old,
a counterfeit	a counterfeit	he will bite a
Crank.	Crank.	sixpenny nail
Edward Ellis.	John Dewe.	asunder with his
Edward Anseley.	John Crew with	teeth and a
George Belberby.	one arm.	bawdy drunkard
Godman.	John Brown a	Richard Crane he
Gerard Gybynes,	great stammerer	carrieth a kinchen
a counterfeit	Little Dick.	co[ve] at his
Crank.	Little Robin.	back.
Harry Walls with	Lambert Rose.	Richard Jones.
the little mouth.	Nicholas Adams.	Raffe Ketley.
Humfrey Ward.	Nicholas Crispin.	Robert Harrison
Harry Mason.	Nicholas Blunt,	Simon King.
John Warren.	alias Nicholas	Thomas Paske.
John Don with	Genings, a coun-	Thomas Beere
one leg.	terfeit Crank.	Irishman.

Thomas Smith Wilson. seek work with
 with the scalled William Ginkes a big boy his son,
 skin. with a white carrying his tools
 Thomas Shaw- beard, a lusty as a dauber or
 neam. and strong man, plaisterer, but
 William Carew. herunneth about little work ser-
 William Wastfield the country to veth him.

PALLIARDS.

Bashford. John Carew. Richard Hilton
 Dick Sehan Irish James Lane, with carrieth two kin-
 David Powell. one eye Irish. chen morts about
 David Jones a John Fisher. him.
 counterfeit Crank John Dewe. Richard Thomas.
 Edward Heyward John Gilford Irish Sothgarde.
 hath his mort with a counterfeit Swanders.
 following him, licence. Thomas Edwards
 which feigneth Laurence with the Thomas Davids.
 the Crank. great leg. William Thomas.
 Edward Lewes, a Nicholas Newton William Coper
 Dummerar. carrieth a feigned with the hairlip.
 Hugh Jones. licence. Will Pettet bear-
 John Persk a Nicholas Decase. eth a kinchen
 counterfeit Crank Preston. mort at his back.
 John Davids. Robert Lacle. William Bowmer.
 John Harison. Robert Canloke.

There is above a hundred Irish men and women that wander about to beg for their living, that hath come over within these two years. They say they have been borned and spoiled by the Earl of Desmond and report well of the Earl of Urmond.

All these above written for the most part walk about Essex, Middlesex, Sussex, Surrey and Kent. Then let the reader judge what numbers walk in other Shires, I fear me a great number, if they will understand.





HERE FOLLOWETH THEIR PELTING SPEECH.¹

HERE I set before thee good reader, the lewd lousy language of these leutering luskies, and lazy loveles, wherewith they buy and sell the common people as they pass through the country: which language they term Peddler's French, an unknown tongue only, but to these bold beastly bawdy beggars, and vain vagabonds, being half mingled with English, when it is familiarly talked, and first placing things by their proper names, as an introduction to this peevish speech

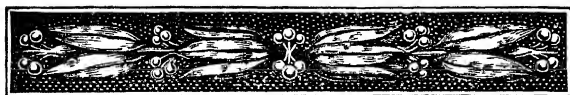
*Abraham-men, those who feign them- selves to have been mad.	Belly-chete, apron.	Borde, a shilling.
Alybbeg, a bed.	*Bena bowse, good drink.	*Bottel of strawe, a bundle or truss.
Askew, a cup.	Bene, good	Boung, bongie, or bung, a purse
Autem, a church	Benat, better.	Bowse [booze], drink.
*Autem Mortes, married women as chaste as a cow	Benship, very good.	Bowsing-ken, an ale-house.
*Baudye baskets, women who go with baskets and cap-cases on their arms.	*Beray, dung, dirty.	*Bucks, baskets.
*Beck [Beek], a constable.	Bleting chete, a calf or sheep.	Bufe, a dog.
	*Booget, a travelling tinker's basket.	Buffer, a man.

¹We have taken the liberty of arranging this list of old Cant Words into alphabetical order, for more easy reference. In the words the old spelling is retained while the explanations to them are given in the modern mode. Those words marked with an asterisk (*) though not printed in the original, are nevertheless used in various parts of the work, therefore introduced in their order. The modern meanings of a few of the old cant words are given in *rackets*.

- Bynge a waste,
go you hence.
- Cackling-chete,
a cock or capon.
- Cassan [cassam],
cheese.
- Casters,
a cloak.
- *Cateth,
"the upright Cofe *cateth*
to the Rogue" [probably
a shortening or misprint
of *Canteth*] see page 117
- *Caveat,
a warning.
- Chattes,
the gallows
- *Chete,
things.
- *Cly [a pocket],
to take, receive, or have.
- *Cofe [cove],
a person.
- Commission
[mish]
a shirt.
- *Counterfet
- Cranke
young knaves and har-
lots, that deeply dis-
semble the falling
sickness.
- *Cranke [cranky],
foolish],
falling evil [or wasting
sickness].
- Crashing-chetes,
teeth.
- Crassing chetes,
apples, pears, or any
other fruit.
- *Cuffin,
a man.
- *Cursitors,
vagabonds.
- Darkemans,
the night.
- *Dell,
a young wench.
- Dewse a vyle,
the country.
- *Dock,
to deflower.
- *Doxes,
harlots
- Drawers,
hosen.
- Dudes [or dudds],
clothes.
- *Factors,
tax-gatherers.
- Fambles,
hands.
- Fambling chete,
a ring on one's hand.
- Flagg,
a groat.
- *Frater,
a beggar with a false
paper.
- *Freshe water
mariners,
these counterfeit great
losses on the sea.
- *Fylche,
to rob
- Fylche-man
[a robber]
- Gage,
a quart pot.
- Gan,
a mouth.
- Gentry cofe,
a noble or gentle man.
- Gentry cofes ken,
a noble or gentle man's
house.
- Gentry Mort,
a noble or gentle wo-
man
- *Gerry,
excitement.
- Glasyers,
eyes.
- Glymmar,
fire.
- Grannam,
corn.
- Grunting chete or
patricos kinchen
a pig.
- Gyb,
a writing.
- Gyger [jigger],
a door.
- *Gyllot,
a whore.
- Halfe a borde,
sixpence.
- Hearing chetes,
ears.
- *High pad,
highway.
- *Hosen,
breeches.
- *Hosted,
lodged.
- Jarke,
a seal.
- *Jarkeman,
one who makes writings
and sets seals for [coun-
terfeit] licences and
passports.
- *Jockam,
penis.

- Ken,
a house
- *Kynchen co [or Mynt,
cove],
a young boy trained up
like a Kynching Morte.
- *Kynching morte, Nabchete,
a little girl, carried at
her mother's back in a
slate, or sheet.
- Lag,
water.
- Lag of dudes,
a bucke [or basket] of
clothes.
- *Lage,
to wash
- Lap,
butter, milk, or whey.
- Lightmans,
the day.
- Lowing chete,
a cow.
- Lowre,
money.
- Lyb bege,
a bed.
- *Lycke [lick],
to beat.
- *Lyp,
to lie down.
- Lypken,
a house to lie in.
- Make [mag].
a halfpenny.
- Margeri Prater,
a hen.
- *Milling the ken,
to steal [by sending a
child in at the window].
- Mofling chete,
a napkin.
- *Mortes [motts],
harlots.
- *Myll,
to lob.
- Nab [nob],
gold
a head.
- *Nase,
drunken.
- Nosegent,
a nun.
- *Pallyard,
a born beggar who coun-
terfeits sickness or in-
curable sores.
- Param,
milk.
- Patrico,
a priest
- Patricos Kinchen,
a pig
- Pek [peck],
meat
- *Peld pate,
head uncovered.
- *Pelte,
clothes.
- *Peltinge,
paltry, contemptible.
- Poppelars,
porridge.
- Prat,
a buttock.
- Pratling chete,
a tongue.
- Prauncer,
a horse.
- *Prigger of
Prauncers,
house stealers.
- *Proctuur,
a keeper of a spital-
house,—a liar.
- *Prygges,
drunken tinkers or
beastly people.
- *Quacking chete
or a red shanke
a drake or duck.
- Quaromes,
a body.
- Quier,
nought.
- Quyer cramp-
rings,
bolts or fetters.
- Quier Cuffin,
the Justice of Peace.
- *Quire bird,
one lately come out of
prison
- Quyer kyn,
a prison house.
- Red shanke,
a drake or duck.
- Roger or tyb of
the butery,
a goose.
- *Rome,
good.
- Rome bouse [rum
booze]
wine,
- Rome mort,
the queen.
- Rome vyle [or
ville],
London.
- Ruff peck,
bacon [or short bread,
common in old times at
farm houses].
- Ruffmans,
the woods or bushes.
- Salomon,
an altar or mass.

- Skypper,
a bain.
- Slate,
a sheet or sheets.
- Smelling chete,
a nose.
- Smelling chete,
a garden or orchard.
- *Snowt fayre,
[said of a woman who has a pretty face or is comely].
- *Stall,
[to initiate a beggar or rogue into the rights and privileges of the canting order].
- Stampes,
legs
- Stampers,
shoes.
- Stauling ken,
a house that will receive stolen wares
- *Stawlinge kens,
tipping houses.
- Stow you,
[stow it],
hold your peace.
- Strike,
to steal.
- *Strommell,
straw.
- Swadder, or Pedlar,
[a man who hawks goods].
- *The harman's beck,
the constable.
- *The harmans,
the stocks.
- *The high pad,
the highway.
- The ruffian cly thee,
the devil take thee.
- *Three trees,
the gallows.
- *Togemens,
a cloak.
- Togman [togg],
a coat
- To bowse,
to drink
- To cante,
to speak
- To cly the gerke,
to be whipped.
- To couch a hogs-head,
to lie down and sleep.
- To cutte,
to say [*cut it* is modern slang for "be quiet"].
- To cut bene whyddes,
to speak or give good words.
- To cut quyer whyddes,
to give evil words or evil language.
- To cut benle,
to speak gentle.
- To dup ye gyger [jigger],
to open the door.
- To fylche,
to rob.
- To heue a bough,
to rob or rife a boweth [booth].
- To maunde,
to ask or require
- To mill a ken,
to rob a house.
- To nygle,
[to have to do with a woman carnally].
- To nyp a bounge,
[nyp, to steal], to cut a purse
- To skower the crampringes,
to wear bolts or fetters.
- To stall,
to make or ordain
- To the ruffian,
to the devil.
- To towre,
to see.
- Tryning [trine],
hanging
- *Twin'd hemp,
a rope at the gallows.
- Tybof the butery,
a goose.
- *Walking morte,
women [who pass for widows].
- *Wapping,
[coition]
- *White money,
silver.
- *Whyddes,
words.
- *Wylde roge,
a beggar boin.
- Wyn,
a penny.
- Yannam [pannum]
bread.
- *Yaram,
milk.



The vpright Cofe cateth to the Roge.

The Upright Man speaketh to the Rogue.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Bene Lightmans to thy quaromes, in what lypken
hast thou lyped in this darkemans, whether in a
lybbege or in the stommell ?

Good morrow to thy body, in what house hast thou lain in all night,
whether in a bed or in the straw ?

ROGUE.

I couched a hogshead in a Skypper this darke-
mans.

I laid me down to sleep in a barn this night.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

I towre the stommell trine upon the nabchete and
togman.

I see the straw hang upon thy cap and coat.

ROGUE.

I say by the Salomon I will lage it of with a gage
of bene bowse then cut to my nose watch.

I swear by the mass I will wash it off with a quart of good drink, then
say to me what thou wilt.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Why hast thou any lowre in thy bonge to bowse.

Why, hast thou any money in thy purse to drink ?

ROGUE.

But a flagge, a wyn and a make.

But a groat, a penny and a half-penny.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Why, where is the ken that hath the bene bowse.

Where is the house that hath the good drink ?

ROGUE.

The morte here by at the signe of the prauncer.

The good wife here by at the sign of the Horse.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

Butte it is quyer bowse, I bowsd a flagge the last darkemans.

I say it is small and naughty drink, I drank a groat there the last night.

ROGUE.

But bowse there a borde, and thou shalt haue benship.

But drink there a shilling, and thou shalt have very good.

Towre ye, yander is the ken, dup the gyger and maunde that is beneship.

See you, yonder is the house, open the door, and ask for the best.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

This bowse is as good as Rome bowse.

This drink is as good as wine.

Now I towre that bene bowse makes nase nabes.

Now I see that good drink makes a drunken head.

Maude in this morte what bene pecke is in her ken.

Ask of this wife what good meat she hath in her house.

ROGUE.

Shee hath a cackling chete, a gruntinge chete, ruff
pecke, cassan, and poppelars of yarum.

She hath a hen, a pig, bacon, cheese, and milk porridge.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

That is banship to our watch.

That is very good for us.

Now we haue well bousd, let vs strike some chete.

Now we have well drunk, let us steal something.

Yonder dwelleth a quier cuffin, it were beneship to
myll him.

Yonder dwelleth a hoggish and churlish man [qy., a Justice of the
Peace], it were well done to rob him.

ROGUE.

Now byng we a waste to the high pad, the ruffmans
is by.

Pray let us go hence to the highway, the wood is at hand.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

So maye we happen on the harmans and clye the
Jarke or to the quyerkyn and skower quyer cramp-
rings and so to trining on the chates.

So we may chance to sit in the stocks, either be whipped, either had to
prison house, and there be shackled with bolts and fetters, and then to hang
on the gallows.

ROGUE.

Gerry gan the Ruffan clye thee.

A tird in thy mouth, the devil take thee,

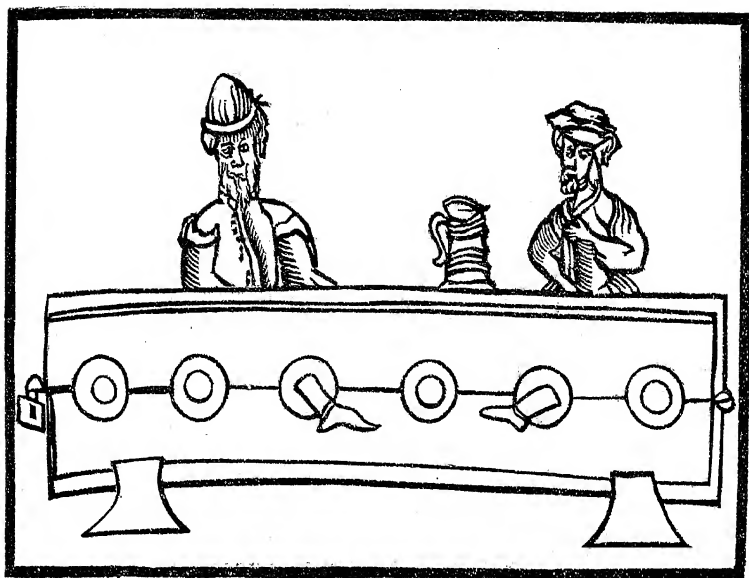
THE UPRIGHT MAN.

What stowe you bene cofe and cut benar whyddes and byng we to Rome vyle to nyp a bounge, so shall we have lowre for the bowsing ken, and when we byng back to the dewse a vyle, we will fylche some duddes of the Ruffmans or myll the ken for a lage of duddes.

What hold your peace good fellow and speak better words, and go we to London to cut a purse, then shall we have money for the ale house, and when we come back again into the countiy, we will steal some linen clothes off some hedge, or rob some house for a buck of clothes.

By this little ye may wholly and fully understand their untoward talk and pelting speech mingled without measure, and as they have began of late to devise some new terms for certain things : so will they in time alter this and devise as evil or worse. This language now being known and spread abroad, yet one thing more I will add unto, not meaning to English the same, because I learned that of a shameless doxy, but for the phrase of speech I set it forth only.

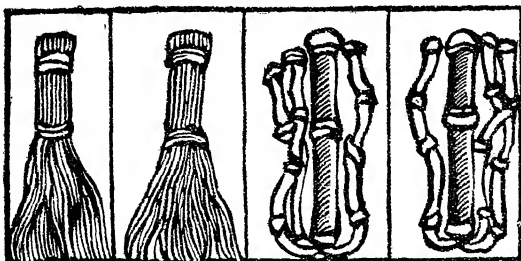
There was a proud patrico and a nosegent, he toke his Jockam in his famble, and a wapping he went, he dockt the Dell, he prygge to praunce, he byngd a wast into the darkemans, he fylche the Cofe without any fylche man.



A Stocks to stay sure and safely detain,
Lazy lewd Leuterers that laws do offend :
Impudent persons, thus punished with pain,
Hardly for all this, do mean to amend.



Fetters or shackles serve to make fast
Male Malefactors, that on mischief do muse,
Until the learned laws do quite or do cast
Such subtle searchers as all evil do use.



A whip is a whisker that will wrest out blood,
Of back and of body, beaten right well :
Of all the other it doth the most good.
Experience teacheth, and they can well tell.

O doleful day, now death draweth near,
His bitter sting doth pierce me to the heart ;
I take my leave of all that be here,
Now piteously playing this tragical part.
Neither stripes nor teachings in time could convert,
Wherefore an example let me to you be,
And all that be present, now pray you for me.





Thus I conclude my bold Beggars' book,
That all estates most plainly may see,
As in a glass well polished to look,
Their double demeanour in each degree.
Their lives, their language, their names as they be,
That with this warning their minds may be warmed
To amend their misdeeds and so live unharmed.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by Henry Middleton, dwelling
in Fleet Street at the sign of the Falcon :
and are to be sold at his shop in
St. Dunstan's Church-
yard, An. 1573.

Notes and Observations

ON

THOMAS HARMAN'S

A CAVEAT FOR CURSETORS,

&c.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____

Notes and Observations.

This image shows a single page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper appears slightly aged or off-white. There is no handwriting or printed text on the page.



A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER:

OR,

A QUAIN DISPUTE

BETWEEN

VELVET-BREECHES AND CLOTH-BREECHES.



A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER;

OR,

A QUAIN DISPUTE

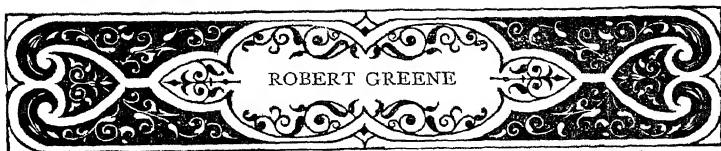
BETWEEN

VELVET-BREECHES AND CLOTH-BREECHES.

WHEREIN IS PLAINLY SET DOWN THE DISORDERS
IN ALL ESTATES AND TRADES.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church),
1871,



AQUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER "was one of the latest of the productions of its author. There were three impressions in 1592, the year in which it first appeared: two are known, but of one, certainly the earliest, no copy has come down to our day: that was the edition in which the attack upon Gabriel Harvey and his two brothers was inserted.

"The gravamen of the charge against the Harveys was that they were the sons of a Ropemaker at Saffron Walden; and according to Thomas Nash, in his 'Strange Newes,' 1592, it did not occupy more than 'seven or eight lines.' This passage having been suppressed, all that is found in any extant copy regarding 'Ropemakers,' &c., is as will be seen in pages 50 and 51 of our present reprint.

"There is nothing personally offensive to the Harveys in this. But we can easily imagine how the alteration of a few words may have made it so.

"It was Gabriel Harvey's resentment of what Greene had written and printed, only a short time before his death, that drew upon Harvey the vengeance of Nash, the friend of Greene, who survived him about eight years.*

"The most remarkable circumstance about the ensuing work is, that Robert Greene, the dramatist, one of the predecessors of Shakespeare, stole the whole substance of it from Francis Thynne's humorous poem, 'The Debate between Pride and Lowliness,' and, putting it into prose, published it in 1592 in his own name, and as his own work, under the title of 'A Quip for an Upstart Courtier, or a quaint Dispute between Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches.' In his dedication to Thomas Burnaby, Esq., Greene says not one word of any obligation to a preceding writer.

"This fact presents Greene's character in a new light, and affords ground for suspecting, if not for believing, that it was not the only time he had offended in this way. It is known, indeed, that he frequently resorted to foreign sources, particularly to the Italian novelists; but, until recently, it was not supposed that he appropriated to himself the work of any native author. He is the poet who, in his 'Groatsworth of Wit,' 1592, sneered at our great dramatist, as 'the only Shake-scene in a country,' and called him 'an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.' This certainly did not come with a good grace from Greene, especially after having, in the very same year plucked all the 'feathers' out of 'The Debate between Pride and Lowliness,' in order to 'beautify' one of his own compositions. A more wholesale or barefaced piece of plagiarism (says J. Payne Collier in his Introduction to "The Debate," published by the Shakespeare Society in the year 1841) is not, perhaps, to be pointed out in our literature."

* Collier's (Yellow Series) Reprint of "A Quip, &c.," and Bib. Acct. of E. E. T. vol. 41 no. 233.4

A
QVIP FOR ANVP-

ftart Courtier :

Or,

A quaint difpute between Veluet breeches
and Cloth-breeches.

*Wherein is plainely set downe the diforders
in all Eftates and Trades.*



L O N D O N

Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, and are to bee fold at his
shop at Poules chayne. 1592.



*To the Right Worshipful Thomas Burnabie, Esquire,
Robert Greene wisheth Heart's ease and Heaven's
bliss.*

SIR,

AFTER I had ended this "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," containing a quaint dispute between Cloth-Breeches and Velvet-Breeches; wherein, under a dream, I shadowed the abuses that pride had bred in England: how it had infected the Court with aspiring envy, the City with griping covetousness, and the Country with contempt and disdain: how, since men placed their delights in proud looks and brave attire, hospitality was left off, neighbourhood was exiled, conscience was scoffed at, and charity lay frozen in the streets: how upstart gentlemen, for the maintenance of that their fathers never looked after, raised rents, racked their tenants, and imposing great fines; I stood in a muse to whom I should dedicate my labours, knowing I should be

bitten by many, since I had touched many, and therefore need some worthy patron, under whose wings I might shroud myself from Goodman Findfault. At last I called to mind your Worship, and thought you the fittest of all my friends, both for the duty that I owe, and the worshipful qualities you are indued withal ; as also, for that all Northamptonshire reports, how you are a father of the poor, a supporter of ancient hospitality, an enemy of pride, and, (to be short,) a maintainer of Cloth-Breeches, I mean, of the old and worthy customs of the gentility and yeomanry of England. Induced by these reasons, I humbly present this pamphlet to your Worship, only craving you will accept it as courteously, as I present it dutifully, and then I have the end of my desire ; and so, resting in hope of your favourable acceptance. I humbly take my leave.

Your dutiful, adopted son,

ROBERT GREENE.





To the Gentlemen-Readers, Health.

GENTLE GENTLEMEN,

I HOPE, Cloth-Breeches shall find you gentle censors of this homely apology of his ancient prerogatives, since, though he speaks against Velvet-Breeches, (which you wear,) yet he twits not the weed but the vice; not the apparel when 'tis worthily worn, but the unworthy person that wears it, who sprang of a peasant, will use any sinister means to climb to preferment, being then so proud, as the fop forgets, like the mule, that an ass was his father, For ancient gentility and yeomanry Cloth-Breeches attempteth this quarrel, and hopes of their favour; for upstarts he is half careless; and the more, because he knows, whatsoever some think privately, they will be no public carpers, least by kicking where they are touched, they bewray their galled backs to the world, and, by starting up to find fault, prove themselves upstarts and fools. So, then, poor

Cloth-Breeches sets down his rest on the courtesy of gentle gentlemen and bold yeoman, that they will suffer him to take no wrong. But suppose the worst, that he should be frowned at, and that such occupations, as he hath upon conscience discarded from the jury, should commence an action of unkindness against him, he'll prove it not to hold plea, because all the debate was but a dream. And so, hoping all men will merrily take it, he stands solemnly leaning on his pike-staff, till he hear what you conceive of him for being so peremptory. If

well ; he swears to crack his hose at the knees to
quit your courtesy : if hardly, he hath
vowed, that whatsoever he dreams,
never to blab it again ;
and so he wisheth me
humbly to bid you
farewell.





A

QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER.

&c.

IT was just at that time, when the cuckold's chorister¹ began to bewray April-Gentlemen,² with his never changed notes, that I, (damped with a melancholy humour,) went into the fields to cheer up my wits with the fresh air; where solitary seeking to solace myself, I fell in a dream, and in that drowsy slumber I wandered into a vale, all tapestried with sweet and choice flowers; there

¹THE CUCKOLD'S CHORISTER.—The cuckoo, a cuckold being called so from the *cuckoo*. The note of that bird was supposed to prognosticate that destiny, which strengthens the probability of the above derivation. Thus Shakespeare :

The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing sound to the married ear.

And Drayton :

No nation names the *cuckoo* but in scorn,
And no man hears him but he fears the horn.

Works, 8vo, p. 1316.

²APRIL-GENTLEMEN.—Married men. The wedding day is sometimes called *April day*.

grew many simples, whose virtues taught men to be subtle, and to think nature, by her weeds, warned men to be wary, and, by their secret properties, to check wanton and sensual imperfections. Amongst the rest, there was the yellow daffodil, a flower fit for jealous dotterels,¹ who, through the beauty of their honest wives, grow suspicious, and so prove themselves, in the end, cuckold heretics; there budded out the checkered pansy or parti-coloured heartsease, an herb seldom seen, either of such men as are wedded to shrews, or of such women that have hasty husbands; yet there it grew, and, as I stepped to gather it, it slipped from me like *Tantalus's* fruit, that fails their master. At last, wondering at this secret quality, I learned that none can wear it, be they kings, but such as desire no more than they are born to, nor have their wishes above their fortunes. Upon a bank bordering by, grew women's weeds, fennel I mean for flatterers, fit generally for that sex, since while they are maidens, they wish wantonly; while they are wives, they will wilfully; while they are widows, they would willingly; and yet all these proud desires are but close dissemblings. Near adjoining, sprouted out the courtier's comfort, thyme: an herb that many stumble on, and yet over-slip, whose rank

DOTTEREL.—A bird so foolishly fond of imitation as to be easily caught, Hence a stupid fellow, an old jealous fool or dolt.

savour, and thick leaves, have this peculiar property, to make a snail, if she taste of the sap, as swift as a swallow, yet joined with this prejudice, that if she climb too hastily, she falls too suddenly. Methought I saw divers young courtiers tread upon it with high disdain, but as they passed away, an adder, lurking there, bit them by the heels that they wept; and then I might perceive certain clowns in clouted shoon¹ gather it, and eat of it with greediness; which no sooner was sunk into their maws, but they were metamorphosed, and looked as proudly, though peasants, as if they had been born to be princes' companions.

Amongst the rest of these changelings whom the taste of thyme had thus altered, there was some that lifted their heads so high, as if they had been bred to look no lower than stars; they thought *Noli altum sapere* was rather the saying of a fool, than the censure of a philosopher, and therefore stretched themselves on their tiptoes, as if they had been a kindred to the Lord Tiptoft, and began to disdain their equals, scorn their inferiors, and even their betters, forgetting now that thyme had taught them to say mass, how before they had played the clerk's part to say Amen to the priest. Tush, then they were not so little as gentlemen, and their own conceit was the herald to

¹CLOUTED SHOON.—Nailed shoes.

blazon their descent from an old house, whose great grandfathers would have been glad of a new cottage to hide their heads in. Yet, as the peacock wrapped in the pride of his beauteous feathers is known to be a dunghill bird by his foul feet; so though the high looks, and costly suits, argue to the eyes of the world they were cavaliers of great worship, yet the churlish illiberality of their minds bewrayed their fathers were not above three pounds in the King's books at a subsidiary; but, as these upstart changelings went strutting, (like *Philopolimarchides* the braggart in *Plautus*,) they looked so proudly at the same, that they stumbled on a bed of rue that grew at the bottom of the bank where the thyme was planted, which fallen upon the dew of so bitter a herb, taught them that such proud peacocks as over hastily outrun their fortunes, at last, too speedily, fall to repentance; and yet some of them smiled and said, "rue was called herb grace," which though they scorned in their youth, they might wear in their age, and it was never too late to say *Miserere*. As thus I stood musing at this thyme born broad, they vanished away like *Cadmus'* copesmates, that sprung up of viper's teeth; so that, casting my eye aside after them, I saw where a crew of all estates were gathering flowers, what kind they were of I knew not, but precious I guessed them, in that they plucked them with

greediness, so that I drew towards them to be partaker of their profits ; coming nearer, I might see the weed they so wrangled for was a little dapper flower, like a ground honeysuckle, called thrift, praised generally of all, but practiced for distillation but of few : amongst the crew that seemed covetous of this herb, there was a troop of old greybeards in velvet, satin, and worsted jackets, that stooped as nimbly to pluck it up by the roots, as if their joints had been suppled in the oil of misers' skins ; they spared no labour and pains to get and gather, and what they got they gave to certain young boys and girls that stood behind them, with their skirts and laps open to receive it, among whom some scattered it as fast as their fathers gathered it ; wasting and spoiling it at their pleasure, which their fathers got with labour.

I thought them to be some herbalists, or some apothecaries, that had employed such pains to extract some rare quintessence out of this flower ; but one, standing by, told me they were cormorants and usurers, that gathered it to fill their coffers with and " Whereto (quoth I) is it precious ? What is the virtue of it ? " " Marry (quoth he) to qualify the heat of insatiable minds, that, like the serpent *Dipsas*, never drinketh enough till they are so full they burst. " " Why then (said I) the devil burst them all ; " and with that I fell into a great laughter, to see certain

Italianate counts, humorous cavaliers, youthful gentlemen, and *inamorati gagliardi*, that scornfully plucked of it, and wore it a while as if they were weary of it, and at last left it as too base a flower to put in their nosegays. Others, that seemed *Homini di grandi istima* by their looks and their walks, gathered earnestly and did pocket it up, as if they meant to keep it carefully; but, as they were carrying it away, there met them a troop of nice wantons, fair women, that like to *Lamiae* had faces like angels, eyes like stars, breasts like the golden front in the *Hesperides*, but from the middle downwards their shapes like serpents. These with syren-like allurements so enticed these quaint squires, that they bestowed all their flowers upon them for favours, they themselves walking home by Beggars Bush¹ for a penance. Amongst this crew were lawyers, and they gathered the devil and all; but poor poets were thrust back, and could not be suffered to have one handful to put amongst their withered garlands of bays, to make them glorious. But Hob and John of the country they stepped in churlishly, in their high startups,² and gathered whole sackfulls; insomuch they wore besoms of thrift in their hats like fore-horses, or the lusty

¹BEGGAR'S BUSH.—To go by Beggar's Bush, to go on the road to ruin.

²STARTUPS.—A kind of rustic shoes, with high tops or half gaiters.

gallants in a morrice-dance : Seeing the crew thus to wrangle for so paltry a weed, I went alone to take one of all the other fragrant flowers that diapered this valley ; thereby, I saw the bachelor's buttons,¹ whose virtue is to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worn it forty weeks under their aprons for a favour.

Next them grew the dissembling daisy, to warn such light of love wenches, not to trust every fair promise that such amorous bachelors make them, but sweet smells breed bitter repentance. Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind savour wisheth men to be faithful, and women courteous. Alongst in a border, grew maidenhair, fit for modest maidens to behold, and immodest to blush at, because it praiseth the one for their natural tresses, and condemneth the other for their beastly and counterfeit perriwigs. There was the gentle gilliflower that wives should wear, if they were not too froward ; and loyal lavender, but that was full of cuckoo-spits, to show that women's light thoughts make their husbands heavy heads. There were

¹BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.—There was an ancient custom among country fellows of carrying the flowers of this plant in their pockets, to know whether they should succeed with their sweethearts, and they judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not there. "To wear bachelor's buttons" seems to have been a phrase for being unmarried.

"He wears *bachelor's buttons*, does he not ?"

Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*,

sweet lilies, God's plenty, which showed fair virgins need not weep for wooers ; and store of balm, which could cure strange wounds, only not that wound which women receive when they lose their maiden-heads ; for no herb hath virtue enough to scrape out that blot, and therefore it is the greater blemish. Infinite were the flowers beside that beautified the valley, that, to know their names and operations, I needed some curious herbal ; but I pass them over as needless, since the vision of their virtues was but a dream, and therefore I wish no man to hold any discourse herein authentical ; yet thus much I must say for a parting blow, that at the lower end of the dale I saw a great many women using high words to their husbands ; some striving for the breeches, others to have the last word ; some fretting they could not find a knot in a rush, others striving whether it were wool or hair the goat bare.

Questioning with one that I met, why these women were so cholerick, he, like a scoffing fellow, pointed to a bush of nettles : I, not willingly to be satisfied by signs, asked him what he meant thereby ? “ Marry (quoth he) all these women that you hear brawling, frowning, and scolding thus, have severally pissed on this bush of nettles, and the virtue of them is to force a woman, that waters them, to be as peevish for a whole day and as waspish as if she had been stung in the brow with a hornet.” Well, I smiled at

this, and left the company to seek further, when, in the twinkling of an eye, I was left alone, the valley cleared of all company, and I, a distressed man, desirous to wander out of that solitary place to seek good consorts and boon companions, to pass away the day withal.

As thus I walked forward seeking up the hill, I was driven half into a maze, with the imagination of a strange wonder which fell out thus: Methought I saw an uncouth headless thing come pacing down the hill, stepping so proudly with such a geometrical grace, as if some artificial braggart had resolved to measure the world with his paces: I could not descry it to be a man, although it had motion, for that it wanted a body, yet, seeing legs and hose, I supposed it to be some monster nourished up in those deserts. At last, as it drew more nigh unto me, I might perceive that it was a very passing costly pair of Velvet-Breeches, whose panes, being made of the chiefest Neapolitan stuff, was drawn out with the best Spanish satin, and marvellous curiously over whipped with gold twist, interseamed with knots of pearl; the nether-stock was of the purest Granado silk; no cost was spared to set out these costly Breeches, who had girt unto them a rapier and dagger gilt, point pendant, as quaintly as if some curious Florentine had tricked them up to square it up and down the streets before his

mistress. As these Breeches were exceeding sumptuous to the eye, so were they passing pompous in their gestures, for they strutted up and down the valley as proudly as though they had there appointed to act some desperate combat.

Blame me not if I were driven into a muse with this most monstrous sight, to see in that place such a strange headless courtier jetting up and down like the usher of a fence-school about to play his prize, when I deem never in any age such a wonderful object fortun'd unto any man before. Well, the greater dump¹ this novelty drove me into, the more desire I had to see what event would follow. Whereupon, looking about to see if that any more company would come, I might perceive from the top of the other hill another pair of Breeches more soberly marching, and with a softer pace, as if they were not too hasty, and yet would keep promise nevertheless at the place appointed.

As soon as they were come into the valley, I saw they were a plain pair of Cloth-Breeches, without either welt or guard, straight to the thigh, of white kersey, without a slop, the nether-stock of the same, sewed too above the knee, and only seamed with a little country blue, such as *in Diebus illis* our great grandfathers wore, when neighbourhood and

¹DUMP.—A meditation, melancholy musing. To be in or down in the dumps *i.e.* out of spirits.

hospitality had banished pride out of England: nor were these plain Breeches weaponless, for they had a good sower¹ bat with a pike in the end, able to lay on load enough, if the heart were answerable to the weapon: and upon this staff, pitched down upon the ground, Cloth-Breeches stood solemnly leaning, as if they meant not to start, but to answer to the uttermost whatsoever in that place might be objected. Looking upon these two, I might perceive by the pride of the one, and homely resolution of the other, that this their meeting would grow to some dangerous conflict; and therefore, to prevent the fatal issue of such a pretended quarrel, I stepped between them both; when Velvet-Breeches greeted Cloth-Breeches with this salutation: "Proud and insolent peasant, how darest thou, without leave or low reverence, press into the place whether I am come for to disport myself? Art thou not afraid thy high presumption should summon me to displeasure, and so force me draw my rapier, which is never unsheathed but it turns into the scabbard with a triumph of mine enemy's blood? Bold bayard,²

¹SOWER.—Query, a good stout or strong bat. BAT, a club, or large stick. Seldom or never used now, except in an appropriated sense, as cricket bat.

"I'll try whether your costard or my bat be the harder."

King Lear, iv, 6.

²BAYARD.—Properly a bay horse; also a horse in general. "As bold is blind bayard," *i.e.*, leaps before he looks.

avaunt; beard me not to my face, for this time I pardon thy folly, and grant thy legs leave to carry away thy life." Cloth-Breeches, nothing amazed at this bravado, bending his staff as if he meant (if he were wronged) to bestow his benison, with a scornful kind of smiling, made this smooth reply: "Marry gip, Goodman Upstart, who made your father a gentleman? Soft fire makes sweet malt, the curstest cow hath the shortest horns, and a brawling cur, of all, bites the least. Alas! good sir, are you so fine that no man may be your fellow? I pray you, what difference is between you and me, but in the cost and the making? Though you be never so richly daubed with gold and powdered with pearl, yet you are but a case for the buttocks, and a cover for the basest part of a man's body, no more than I; the greatest pre-eminence is in the garnishing, and thereof you are proud; but come to the true use we were appointed to, my honour is more than thine, for I belong to the old ancient yeomanry, yea, and gentility, the fathers, and thou to a company of proud and unmannerly upstarts, the sons." At this, Velvet-Breeches stormed and said, "Why, thou beggar's brat, descended from the reversion of base poverty, is thy insolency so great to make comparison with me, whose difference is as great as the brightness of the sun, and the slender light of a candle. I, poor snake, am sprung from the ancient Romans, born

in Italy, the mistress of the world for chivalry, called into England from my native home, (where I was famous,) to honour your country and young gentlemen here in England with my countenance, where I am holden in high regard, that I can press into the presence, when thou, poor soul, shalt, with cap and knee, beg leave of the porter to enter : and I sit and dine with the nobility, when thou art fain to wait for the reversion of the alms-basket ; I am admitted boldly to tell my tale, when thou art fain to sue, by means of supplication, and that, and thou to, so little regarded, and most commonly it never comes to the prince's hand, but dies imprisoned in some obscure pocket. Since then there is such difference between our estates, cease to urge my patience with thy insolent presumption."

Cloth-Breeches, as brief as he was proud, swore by the pike of his staff, that his chop-logic was not worth a pin, and that he would turn his own weapon into his bosom thus : " Why, Signor *Glorioso* (quoth he) though I have not such glossing phrase to trick out my speeches withal as you, yet I will come over your fallows with this bad rhethoric : I pray you, Monsieur Malapart, are you therefore my superior, because you are taken up with gentlemen, and I with the yeomanry ? Doth true virtue consist in riches, or humanity in wealth ? Is ancient honour tied to outward bravery ? Or not rather true nobility, a

mind excellently qualified with rare virtues ? I will teach thee a lesson worth the hearing, proud princocks,¹ how gentility first sprung up : I will not forget the old wife's logic, "When Adam delved, and Eve span, who was then a gentleman ?" But I tell thee, after a general flood, that there was no more men upon the earth but Noah and his three sons, and that Ham had wickedly discovered his father's secrets, then grew the division of estates thus : The church was figured Shem, gentility in Japheth, and labour and drudgery in Ham : Shem being chaste and holy, Japheth learned and valiant, Ham churlish and servile ; yet did not the curse extend so far upon Ham, nor the blessing upon Japheth, but, if the one altered his nature, and became either endued with learning and valour, he might be a gentleman ; or, if the other degenerated from his ancient virtues, he might be held a peasant : whereupon Noah inferred, that gentility grew not only by propagation of nature, but by perfection of quality. Then is your worship wide, that boast of your worth for your gold and pearl, since *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, nor a velvet-slop make a sloven a gentleman : and whereas thou sayest thou wert born in Italy, and called hither by our courtiers, him may we curse that

PRINCOCKS, or Princ Cox.—A pert, forward youth.

"You are a saucy boy. . . You are a *princ Cox*, go."

Romeo and Juliet, i, 5.

brought thee first into England, for thou camest not alone, but accompanied with a multitude of abominable vices, hanging on thy bombast nothing but infectious abuses, and vain-glory, self-love, sodomy, and strange poisonings, wherewith thou hast infected this glorious island; yea, insolent braggart, thou hast defiled thine own nest, and fatal was the day of thy birth, for, since the time of thy hatching in Italy, (as then famous for chivalry and learning,) the imperial state, through thy pride, hath decayed, and thou hast, like the young pelican, pecked at thy mother's breast with thy presumption, causing them to lose that their forefathers with true honour conquered; so hast thou been the ruin of the Roman Empire, and now fatally art thou come into England to attempt here the like subversion. Whereas thou dost boast that I am little regarded where thou art highly accounted of, and hast sufferance to press into the presence, when I am, for my simpleness, shut out of door: I grant thy allegation in part, but not in whole, for men of high wisdom and honour measure not men by the outward show of bravery, but by the inward worth and honesty, and so, though I am disdained of a few overweening fools, I am valued, as well as thy self, with the wise. In that thou sayest thou canst speak when I sue by supplication, I grant it; but the tale thou tellest is to the ruin of the poor, for coming into high favour with an

impudent face, what farm is there expired whose lease thou dost not beg? What forfeit of penal statutes? What concealed lands can overslip thee? Yea, rather than thy bravery should fail, beg powling pence for the very smoke that comes out of poor men's chimneys? Shamest thou not, uplandish upstart, to hear me discourse thy imperfections? Get thee home again into thy own country, and let me, as I was wont, live famous in my native home in England, where I was born and bred, yea, and bearded *Cæsar*, thy countryman, till he compassed the conquest by treason."

"The right and title in this country, base brat (quoth Velvet-Breeches) now authority favours me, I am admitted Viceroy, and I will make thee do me homage, and confess, that thou holdest thy being and residence in my land from the gracious favour of my sufferance;" and with that he laid on the hilts of his rapier, and Cloth-Breeches betook him to his staff, when I, stepping betwixt them, parted them thus: "Why, what mean ye; will you decide your controversy by blows, when you may debate it by reason? This is a land of peace, governed by true *justiciaries* and honourable magistrates, where you shall have equity without partiality, and therefore listen to me, and discuss the matter by law; your quarrel is, Whether of you are most ancient and most worthy? You, sir, boast of



PREFACE.

THE EDITOR of "THE OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY" has much pleasure in announcing that the reception which the first five Parts—now collected into a volume—has experienced, and the very general approbation to his plan of publishing—in an inexpensive form—a collection of "READABLE REPRINTS" of our "LITERARY RARITIES," illustrative of the History, Literature, Manners and Biography of the English Nation during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries—as shown by a numerous list of correspondents—lovers of our early literature—encourages him to use his utmost exertion to render the succeeding numbers of equal interest, and to proceed on the plan as laid down in his Prospectus :—

It is proposed to publish a Part of the above collection of Readable Reprints on or about the first day of each alternate month, from four to five parts to form a volume, with a general title-page and table of contents.

The works selected for publication will be word-for-word reprints of the original editions when such can be obtained; failing thus, the most approved reprints will be used.

To carry out our term of "Readable Reprints," and, as no real service is being rendered to literature by retaining the orthography of the period at

which the works were first published, the modern standard of spelling will be used throughout, with the exception of such words as would suffer by being altered, or the original sense in which they were used destroyed; in these cases the primitive spelling will be retained. On the other hand, the original punctuation of the author—or printer—will be mostly observed, as tending to show “the men, manners, and customs of the age,” and giving the necessary quaintness and curiosity of style to the productions proposed to be drawn together, more than the obsolete and very uninviting spelling which is often alike inconsistent with itself and with accuracy—many words being frequently spelt differently in a sentence or a page, and are altogether very perplexing and puzzling to modern readers.

Notes will be given when found necessary, to explain any obsolete words or expressions; also short biographical notices of each author.

The work will be well printed, from a new fount of old-face type, on toned Demy 8vo paper. The price of each Part will be 2s. 6d. A limited number will be printed on large and on various coloured papers at 5s. each.

Any gentleman possessing original editions of scarce, curious and entertaining books, pamphlets, or tracts which he would like to see reprinted, will please to communicate with the Editor of “The Old Book Collector’s Miscellany,” care of the publishers. Any suggestions from those interested in the production of English reprints will be esteemed, and complied with when practicable.

As a little irregularity will occur relative to the chronological order and arrangement of the pieces selected for publication, arising from the circumstance of some of the works being in a more forward state in the editorial department than others—also suggestions made by friends, and the acquirement of more desirable editions—this temporary defect will be obviated—to an extent—on the publication of the Part which will form the completion of a volume, as with the general title page and table of contents, “Directions to the Binder” will be given, with instructions for placing the works in accordance with the contents, &c.

Such is the plan we have laid out; and as by far the greater number of the Editor’s correspondents are in favour of the “READABLE REPRINTS” as against those that advocate the retaining of the old orthography, our “Miscellany” will be continued as heretofore.

your country and parentage, he of his native birth in England; you claim all, he would have but his own: both plead an absolute title of residence in this country; then must the course between you be trespass or disseison of frank tenement; you Velvet-Breeches, in that you claim the first title, shall be plaintiff, and plead a trespass of disseison done you by Cloth-Breeches; so shall it be brought to a jury, and tried by a verdict of twelve or four and twenty. "Tush, tush, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) I neither like to be plaintiff, nor yet allow of the jury, for they may be partial, and so condemn me in mine own action; for the country swains cannot value of my worth, nor can mine honours come within the compass of their base wits; because I am a stranger in this land, and but here lately arrived, they will hold me as an upstart, and so lightly esteem of my worthiness, and, for my adversary is their countryman and less chargeable, he shall have the law mitigated, if a jury of hinds or peasants should be empannelled. If ancient gentlemen, yeomen, or plain ministers should be of the quest,¹ I were sure to lose the day, because they loath me, in that I have persuaded so many landlords, for the maintenance of my bravery, to raise their rents. "You seek a knot in a rush, (quoth I,) you need not doubt of that,

¹QUEST, or inquest for jury. A popular abbreviation not yet disused among the lower orders

for whom you distrust and think not indifferent, him, upon a cause manifested, challenge from your jury. “If your law allow such large favour, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) I am content my title be tried by a jury, and therefore let mine adversary plead me *Nul tort, Nul disseison.*” Cloth-Breeches was content with this, and so they both agreed I should be judge and juror in this controversy; whereupon I wished them to say for themselves what they could, that I might discourse to the jury what reasons they alleged of their titles.

Then Velvet-Breeches began thus: “I cannot but grieve that I should be thus out-faced with a carter’s weed, only fit for husbandry, seeing I am the original of all honourable endeavours. To what end doth youth bestow their wits on law, physic, or theology, were it not the end, they aim at, is the wearing of me and winning of preferment? Honour nourisheth art, and for the regard of dignity, do learned men strive to exceed in their faculty:

*Impiger extremos currit Mercator ad Indos,
Per mare, per saxa, &c.*

What drives the merchants to seek foreign marts, to venture their goods and hazard their lives? Not, if still the end of their travel were a pair of cloth-breeches; no, velvet, costly attire, curious and

quaint apparel is the spur that pricks them forward to attempt such danger. Doth not the soldier fight to be brave, the lawyer study to countenance himself with cost? The artificer takes pains only for my sake that wearing me, he may brag it amongst the best. What credit carries he now-a-days that goes pinned up in a cloth breech? Who will keep him company that thinks well of himself, unless he use the simple slave to make clean his shoon? The worlds are changed, and men are grown to more wit, and their minds to aspire after more honorable thoughts; they were dunces *in Diebus illis*, they had not the true use of gentility, and therefore they lived meanly and died obscurely, but now men's capacities are refined. Time hath set a new edge on gentlemen's humours, and they show them as they should be, not like gluttons as their fathers did in chines of beef and alms to the poor, but in velvets, satins, cloth of gold, pearl, yea pearl lace, which scarce *Caligula* wore on his birth-day: and to this honourable humour have I brought these gentlemen since I came from Italy. What is the end of service to a man but to countenance himself and credit his master with brave suits? The scurvy tapsters and ostlers, *faex populi*, fill pots, and rub horseheels, to prank themselves with my glory. Alas! were it not to wear me, why would so many

apply themselves to extraordinary idleness? Besides I make fools be revered, and thought wise amongst the common sort ; I am a severe censor to such as offend the law, provided there be a penalty annexed that may bring in some profit ; yea, by me the chiefest part of the realm is governed, and therefore I refer my title to the verdict of any men of judgment.”

To this, mildly, Cloth-Breeches answered thus : “ As I have had always that honest humour in me to measure all estates by their virtues, not by their apparel, so did I never grudge at the bravery of any whom birth, time place, or dignity, made worthy of such costly ornaments ; but if by the favour of their prince and their own deserts, they merited them, I held both lawful and commendable to answer their degrees in apparel, correspondent unto their dignities, I am not so precise directly to inveigh against the use of velvet, either in breeches, or in other suits ; nor will I have men go like John [the] Baptist, in coats of camel’s hair. Let princes have their diadems, and Cæsar what is due to Cæsar ; let noblemen go as their birth requires, and gentlemen as they are born or bear office. I speak in mine own defence, for the ancient gentility and yeomanry of England, and inveigh against none, but such malapart upstarts as raised up from the

plough, or advanced for their Italian devices, or for their witless wealth, covet in bravery to match, (nay, to exceed) the greatest noblemen in this land.”

“ But leaving this digression, Monsieur Velvet-Breeches, again to the particulars of your fond allegation. Whereas you affirm yourself to be both original and final end of learning; alas! proud princ Cox, you perch a bough too high: Did all the philosophers beat their brains, and busy their wits to wear velvet-breeches? Why both at that time thou were unknown, yea, unborn and all excess in apparel had in high contempt; and now in these days all men of worth are taught by reading, that excess is a great sin; that pride is the first step to the downfall of shame. They study with *Tully*, that they may seem born for their countries, as well as for themselves. The divine to preach the gospel; the lawyer to reform wrongs and maintain justice; the physician to discover the secrets of God’s wonders, by working strange cures. To be brief, the end of all being, is to know God; and not as your worship, good master Velvet-Breeches, wrests to creep into acquaintance.

I will not deny, but there be as fantastical fools as yourself, that perhaps, are puffed up with such presuming thoughts, and ambitiously aim to trick themselves in your worship’s masking suits; but, while such climb for great honours, they often fall to

great shames. It may be thereupon you bring in *Honos alit Artes*, but I guess your mastership never tried what true honour meant, that truss it up within the compass of a pair of velvet-breeches, and place it in the arrogancy of the heart : No, no, say honour is idolatry, for they make fools of themselves, and idols of their carcasses ; but he that valueth honour so, shall read a lecture out of *Apuleius'* Golden Ass, to learn him more wit. But now, sir, by your leave, a blow with your next argument, which is, that merchants hazard their goods and lives to be acquainted with your mastership. Indeed you are awry, for wise men frequent marts for profit, not for pride, unless it be some, that by wearing of velvet-breeches, and apparel too high for their calling, have proved bankrupts in their youth, and have been glad in their age to desire my acquaintance, and to truss up their tails in homespun russet. Whereas thou dost object the valour of hardy soldiers to grow for the desire of brave apparel. 'Tis false ; and I know if any were present, they would prove upon thy bones, that thou wert a liar ; for their country's good, their princes' service, the defence of their friends, the hope of favour, is the final end of their resolutions ; esteeming not only them, but the world's glory, fickle, transitory, and inconstant. Shall I fetch from thine own country, weapons to wound thyself withal ? What sayest thou to *Cincinnatus* ? Was he not

called to be Dictator from the plough; and, after many victories, what did he jet up and down the court in costly garments and velvet-breeches? No; he despised dignity, contemned vain glory and pride, and returned again to his quiet contented life in the country. How much did *Caius Fabritius* value them [or] *Numa Pompilius*, *Scevola*, *Scipio*, *Epaminondas*, *Aristides*; they held themselves worm's meat, and counted pride vanity; and yet thou art not ashamed to say, thou art the end of soldier's worthy honour. I tell thee, saucy skipjack, it was a good and a blessed time here in England, when King Stephen wore a pair of cloth-breeches,¹ of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly: then did he count Westminster-hall too little to be his dining-chamber, and his alms was not bare bones, instead of broken meat; but lusty chines of beef fell into the poor man's basket. Then charity flourished in the court, and young courtiers strove to exceed one another in virtue, not in bravery. They rode, not with fans to ward their faces from the wind, but with burganet² to

¹KING STEPHEN'S BREECHES.—Vide *Othello*, act ii, s. 3; also *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i, p. 188.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor-lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

²BURGANET, a kind of ancient helmet.

resist the stroke of a battle-axe : they could then better exhort a soldier to armour, than court a lady with amoretts ; they caused the trumpet to sound them points of war, not poets to write them wanton elegies of love ; they sought after honourable fame, but hunted not after fading honour ; which distinction, by the way, take thus : there be some that seek honour, and some are sought after by honour. Such upstarts as fetch their pedigree from their father's ancient leather apron, and creep into the court with great humility, ready at the first *basciare li piedi di la vostra signoria*, having gotten the countenance of some nobleman, will straight be a kindred to Cadwallader, and swear his great grand-mother was one of the burgesses of the parliament house : will, at last, steal by degrees into some credit by their double diligence, and then wind some worshipful place, as far as a hungry sow can smell a sir-reverence, and then, with all their friends, seek day and night, with coin and countenance, till they have got it.

“ Others there be, whom honour itself seeks, and such be they whom virtue doth frame fit for that purpose ; that rising by high deserts, (as learning or valour,) merit more than either they look for, or their prince hath any ease conveniently to bestow on them. Such honour seeks ; and they, with a blushing conscience, entertain him : be they never so high

in favour, yet they beg no office, as the shameless upstart doth ; that hath a hungry eye to spy out, an impudent face to sue, and a flattering tongue to entreat, for some void place of worship, which little belonged to them, if the prince intended to bestow offices for virtue, not favour. Other, Master Velvet-Breeches, there be of your crew, that pinch their bellies to polish their backs ; that keep their maws empty, to fill their purses ; that have no show of gentility but a velvet slop ; who, by poling or selling of land that their father left, will bestow all to buy an office about the court, that they may be worshipful ; extorting from the poor, to raise up their money, that the base deceiving companions have laid out to have an office of some countenance and credit, wherein they may have of me better than themselves, be termed by the name of "Worship." The last, whom virtue pleadeth for, and neither silver, gold, friends, nor favour advanceth, be men of great worth ; such as are thought of worship, and unwillingly entertain her, rather vouchsafing proffered honour for their country's cause, than for any proud opinion of hoped-for preferment. Blessed are such lands whose officers are so placed, and where the prince promoteth not for coin nor countenance, but for his worthy deserving virtues.

“But, leaving this by-talk, methought I heard you say, Signior Velvet-Breeches, that you were the father of mechanical arts ; and handicrafts were found out, to foster your bravery. In faith, Goodman goosecap, you that are come from the start-ups, and therefore is called an up-start, *quasi*, start-up from clouted shoon ; your lips hung in your light when you brought forth this logic. For, I hope, there is none so simple, but knows that handicrafts and occupations grew for necessity, not pride ; that men’s inventions waxed sharp, to profit the commonwealth, not to prank up themselves in bravery. I pray you, when *Tubal-Cain* invented tempering of metals ; had he velvet-breeches to wear ? In sadness, what was your worship when his brother found out the accords and discords of music hidden in hell, and not yet thought on by the devil, to cast forth a bait to bring many proud fools to ruin ?

“Indeed, I cannot deny, but your worship hath brought in Deceit as a journeyman into all companies, and made that a subtle craft, which while I was holden in esteem was but a simple mystery. Now every trade hath his sleights, to slubber up his work to the eye, and to make it good to the sale, howsoever it proves in the wearing. The shoemaker cares not if his shoes hold the drawing on : the tailor sews with hot needle and burnt thread.

Tush, pride has banished conscience, and velvet-breeches honesty ; and every servile drudge must ruffle in his silks, or else he is not suitable.

“ The world was not so *à principio* : for when velvet was worn but in kings’ caps, then Conscience was not a broom-man in Kent-street,¹ but a courtier ; then the farmer was content his son should hold the plough, and live as he had done before : beggars then feared to aspire, and the higher sort scorned to envy. Now every lout must have his son a court-noll,² and those dunghill drudges wax so proud, that they will presume to wear on their feet what kings have worn on their heads. A clown’s son must be clapped in a velvet pantofle, and a velvet breech ; though the presumptuous ass be drowned in the mercer’s book,³ and make a convey of all his lands to usurer for commodities : yea, the fop must go like a

¹KENT STREET, in the Borough, proverbial for the poverty of its inhabitants, who were chiefly of the wandering tribe. When Mr. Harman, the author of “A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursetors,” *thought* his great copper cauldron stolen from him in 1565, he tells us : “I then immediately the next day sent one of my men to London and there gave warning in Southwark, Kent-street and Bermondsey, to all the tinkers there dwelling, that if such a cauldron came thither to be sold, the bringer thereof should be stayed, and promised twenty shillings reward.” A KENT-STREET EJECTMENT.—To take away the street door and windows : a method practised by landlords when the tenants are in arrears for rent.

²COURTNOLL.—A contemptuous name for a courtier.

³DROWNED IN THE MERCER’S BOOK, *i e.*, deeply indebted, “over head and ears in debt.”

gallant for a while; although, at last, in his age he beg. But, indeed, such young youths, when the broker hath blest them with saint Needam's-cross,¹ fall then to privy lifts² and cozenages; and, when their credit is utterly cracked, they practise some bad shift, and so come to a shameful end.

"Lastly, Whereas thou sayest thou art a severe censor to punish sins, (as austere as *Cato* to correct vice;) of truth, I hold thee so in penal statutes, when thou hast begged the forfeit of the prince. But such correction is open extortion and oppression of the poor; nor can I compare it better, Master Velvet-Breech, than to the wolf chastising the lamb for disturbing the fountain, or the Devil casting forth devils through the power of Belzebub. And thus much, courteous sir, I have said, to display the follies of mine adversary and to show the right of mine own interest."

"Why then, (quoth I,) if you have both said, it resteth but that we had some to empanel upon a jury, and then no doubt but the verdict would soon be given on one side."

¹NEEDAM'S CROSS, usually Needham's shore, an indigent situation. An allusion chiefly to the first part of the word, namely *need*.

"Soon less line host at Needham's shore
To crave the beggar's boon."

Tusser, 1672, p. 128.

²LIFTS.—Thieves. We still retain the term shop-lifter. See top line but one on page 33, "a receiver for *lifts*."

As thus I was talking to them, I might see coming down the hill a brave dapper Dick, quaintly attired in velvet and satin, and a cloak of cloth rash,¹ with a cambric ruff as smoothly set, and he as neatly sponged, as if he had been a bridegroom : only I guessed by his pace afar off he should be a tailor ; his head was holden up so pert, and his legs shackle hammed, as if his knees had been laced to his thighs with points. Coming more near indeed, I spied a tailor's morris-pike on his breast—a Spanish needle ! and then I fitted my salutations, not to his suits but to his trade, and encountered him by a threadbare courtesy, as if I had known him, and asked him of what occupation he was ? “ A tailor,” quoth he. “ Marry then, my friend, (quoth I,) you are the more welcome, for here is a great quarrel arose betwixt Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches for the prerogative in England : the matter is grown to an issue, there must a jury be empanelled, and I would desire and entreat you to be one of the quest.”

“ Not so, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I challenge him.” “ And why ? (quoth I ;) what reason have you, doth he not make them both ? ” “ Yes, (quoth he,) but his gains is not alike. Alas ! by me he getteth small ; only he is paid for his workmanship, unless by misfortune his shears slip away, and then

¹RASH. —A kind of inferior silk,

his vails is but a shred of home-spun cloth ; whereas in making of velvet-breeches, where there is required silk lace, cloth of gold, of silver, and such costly stuff, to welt, guard, whip-stitch, edge, face, and draw out, that the vails of one velvet-breech is more than twenty pair of mine. I hope there is no tailor so precise, but he can play the cook, and lick his own fingers : though he look up to heaven, yet he can cast large shreds of such rich stuff into hell,¹ under his shop-board. Beside, he sets down, like the clerk of the check, a large bill of reckonings, which, for he keeps long in his pocket, he so powders for stinking, that the young upstart, that needs it, feels it salt in his stomach a month after. Beside, sir, Velvet-Breeches hath advanced him : for, whereas, in my time, he was counted but Goodman Tailor ; now he has grown, since Velvet-Breeches came in, to be called a Merchant or Gentleman Merchant-Tailor, giving arms and the holy lamb in his crest, where before he had no other cognisance but a plain Spanish needle with a Welsh cricket on the top. Since then his gain is so great,

¹HELL.—A tailor's repository for cloth, stuff, or silk purloined from their employers, which they deposit in a place called *hell*, or their *eye*. From the first, when taxed with their knavery, they equivocally swear, that if they have taken any they wish they may find it in *hell* ! or, alluding to the second protest, that what they have over and above is not more than they could put in their *eye*. Now generally termed *cabbage*.

and his honour so advanced by Velvet-Breeches, I will not trust his conscience, nor shall he come upon my jury."

"Indeed, you have some reason, (quoth I); but perhaps the tailor doth this upon mere devotion to punish pride; and having no other authority nor mean, thinks it best to pinch them by the purse and make them pay well, as to ask twice so much silk lace and other stuff as would suffice, and yet to over-reach my young master with a bill of reckoning that will make him scratch where it itcheth not. Herein I hold the tailor for a necessary member, to teach young novices the way to weeping cross¹; that when they have wasted what their fathers left them by pride, they may grow sparing and humble by inferred poverty. And, by this reason, the tailor plays God's part; he exalteth the poor, and pulleth down the proud; for, of a wealthy esquire's son, he makes a thread-bare beggar; and of a scornful tailor, he sets up an upstart scurvy gentleman. Yet, seeing you have made a reasonable challenge to him, the tailor shall be none of the quest."

As I bade him stand by, there was coming alongst the valley towards us a square set fellow

¹WEEPING CROSS.—To return, or come home, by Weeping Cross, was a proverbial expression for deeply lamenting an undertaking.

"He that goes out with often loss,
At last comes home by *Weeping Cross*."

well fed and briskly appareled, in a black taffata doublet and a spruce leather jerkin with crystal buttons ; a cloak faced afore with velvet, and a Coventry cap of the finest wool ; his face something ruby blush, cherry-cheeked, like a shred of scarlet or a little darker, like the lees of old claret wine ; a nose, *autem* nose, purpled preciously with pearl and stone, like a counterfeit work ; and between the filthy reumicasted of his blood-shotten snout, there appeared small holes, whereat worms-heads peeped, as if they meant by their appearance to preach, and shew the antiquity and ancienty of his house.

This fiery-faced churl had upon his fingers as many gold rings as would furnish a goldsmith's shop, or beseeem a pander of long profession to wear. Wondering what companion this should be, I enquired, of what occupation he was ? "Marry, sir, (quoth he,) a broker ; why do you ask, have you any pawns at my house ?" "No, (quoth I,) nor, by the help of God, never will have ; but the reason is to have you upon a jury." At this word, before I could enter my discourse unto him, Velvet-Breeches started up, and swore he should be none of the quest, for he would challenge him. "And why, (quoth I,) what know you by him ?" This base churl is one of the moths of the commonwealth ; beside, he is the spoil of young gentlemen, a blood-sucker of the poor, as thirsty as a horseleach, that will never leave drink-

ing while he burst ; a knave that hath interest in the leases of forty bawdy-houses, a receiver for lifts, and a dishonourable supporter of cutpurses : to conclude, he was gotten by an incubus a he-devil, and brought forth by an overworn refuse, that had spent her youth under the ruins of Bowdies barn."

"O monstrous invective ! (quoth I ;) what reason have ye to be thus bitter against him?" "Oh, the villain (quoth he) is the Devil's factor, sent from hell to torment young gentlemen upon earth : he hath fetched me over in his time, only in pawns, in ten thousand pound in gold. Suppose as gentlemen, through their liberal minds, may want that I need, money ; let me come to him with a pawn worth ten pound, he will not lend upon it above three pound, and he will have a bill of sale, and twelve-pence in the pound for every month ; so that it comes to sixteen-pence, since the bill must monthly be renewed ; and if you break but your day set down in the bill of sale, your pawn is lost, as full bought and sold, you turned out of your goods, and he an unconscionable gainer. Suppose the best, you keep your day ; yet paying sixteen-pence a month for twenty shillings, you pay as good for the loan as fourscore in the hundred : Is not this monstrous exacting upon gentlemen ? Beside, the knave will be diligently attending and waiting at dicing-houses where we may be at play, and there he is ready to lend

the loser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any other good pawn ; but the poor gentleman pays so dear for the lavender¹ it is laid up in, that if it lie long at a broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice. Nay, this worm-eaten wretch hath deeper pitfalls yet to entrap youth in ; for he, being acquainted with a young gentleman of fair living, in issue of good parents, or assured possibility, soothes him in his monstrous expenses, and says he carries the mind of a gentleman ; promising, if he want, he shall not lack for a hundred pounds or two, if the gentleman need. Then hath my broker an usurer at hand, as ill as himself, and he brings the money, but they tie the poor soul in such Darbies bands,² what with receiving ill commodities³ and forfeitures upon the bond, that they dub him ' Sir John had Land,' before they leave him ; and share, like wolves, the poor novice's wealth betwixt them as a prey. He is, sir, (to be brief,) a bowsy bawdy miser, good for none but himself and his trug⁴ ;

¹LAVENDER.—“ To lay in *lavender* ” was a current phrase for to pawn, because things pawned are carefully laid by, like clothes which, to keep them sweet, have *lavender* scattered among them.

“ Good faith, rather than thou should'st pawn a rag more, I'll lay my ladyship in *lavender*, if I knew where.” — *Eastward Hoe*

²DARBIES BANDS.—DARBY, ready money ; BAND, bond ; COMMODITIES, goods taken as cash.

³TRUG.—A trull, or concubine.

“ Steepy ways by which I waded,
And those *trugs* with which I traded.”

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys, part 4.

a carl,¹ that hath a filthy carcase without a conscience ; a body of a man, wherein an infernal spirit instead of a soul doth inhabit ; the scum of the seven deadly sins, an enemy to all good minds, a devourer of young gentlemen ; and, to conclude, my mortal enemy ; and therefore admit of my challenge, and let him be none of the jury.”

Truly, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) and I am willing he should be discarded too, for, were there not bad brokers, (I will not condemn all,) there would be less filching and fewer thieves ; for they receive all is brought them and buy that for a crown that is worth twenty shillings ; desire of gain binds their conscience, and they care not how it is come by, so they buy it cheap. Beside, they extort upon the poor that are enforced, through extreme want, to pawn their clothes and household stuff, their pewter and brass ; and if the poor souls, that labour hard, miss but a day, the base-minded broker takes the forfeit without remorse or pity. It was not so *in diebus illis* ; but thou proud upstart, Velvet-Breeches, hast learned all Englishmen their villany, and all to maintain thy bravery : yea, I have known of late, when a poor woman laid a silver thimble, that was sent her from her friends for a token, to pawn for six-pence, and the broker made her pay a halfpenny

¹CARL.—A churl.

for six-pence. Since, then, his conscience is so bad, let him be shuffled out amongst the knaves, for a discarding card."

"Content," quoth I; and bade the broker stand back; when there were even at my heels three in a cluster, pert youths all, and neatly tired. I questioned them what they were? and the one said he was a barber, the other a surgeon, and the third an apothecary.

"How like you of these? (quoth I;) shall they be of your jury?" "Of the jury! (quoth Cloth-Breeches :) never a one by my consent, for I challenge them all." "Your reason, (quoth I,) and then you shall have my verdict." "Marry, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) first, to the barber: he cannot be but a partial man on Velvet-Breeches' side; since he gets more by one time dressing of him, than by ten times dressing of me. I come plain to be polled, and to have my beard cut, and pay him two pence: Velvet-Breeches, he sits down in the chair, wrapped in fine clothes; as though the barber were about to make him a foot-cloth for the Vicar of Saint Fools; then begins he to take his scissors in his hand, and his comb, and so to snap with them as if he meant to give a warning to all the lice in his nitty locks for to prepare themselves, for the day of their destruction was at hand. Then comes he out a week for it; which comes to two shillings a year,

with his fustian eloquence,¹ and, making a low conge, saith, 'Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut 'after the Italian manner, short and round; and then 'frownst with the curling irons, to make it look like 'to a half-moon in a mist? or, like a Spaniard, long 'at the ears, and curled like to the two ends of an old 'cast perriwig? Or, will you be Frenchified, with 'a love-lock² down to your shoulders, wherein you 'may wear your mistress's favour? The English 'cut is base, and gentlemen scorn it; novelty is 'dainty: speak the word, sir; my scissors are ready 'to execute your worship's will.' His head being once dressed, (which requires, in combing and

¹FUSTIAN ELOQUENCE.—An inflated style of speaking; bombastic, pompous.

²LOVE LOCK.—A pendant lock of hair, often plaited and tied with a ribbon and hanging down at the ear, which was a very prevalent fashion in the age of Shakespeare, and afterwards. Charles the First, and many of his courtiers, wore them. This lock was worn on the left side, and hung down by the shoulder, considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote "The Unloveliness of Love-locks, 1628, in which he considered them very ungodly

"And one deformed is one of them: I know him, he wears a *lock*."

Much Ado About Nothing, iii, 3.

Which report Dogberry blunders into a *lock* and *key*:

"And also the watch heard them talk of one deformed: they say, he wears a *key* in his ear, and a *lock* hanging by it."

Ibid, v, 1.

In Ben Jonson's *Epicoene; or, The Silent Woman*, iv, 6, we have—

"*Cen*—He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mar.—And a very good *lock*."

"He lay in gloves all night, and this morning I bought him a new perriwig with a *lock* at it."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*,

rubbing, some two hours,) he comes to the bason ; then, being curiously washed with no worse than a camphor-ball, he descends as low as his beard, and asketh, ‘ Whether he please to be shaven, or no ? ‘ Whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, ‘ amiable like an *inamorato* ; or broad pendant like a ‘ spade, to be terrible like a warrior and a soldado’ ? ‘ Whether he will have his crates cut low, like a ‘ juniper bush ; or his suberches taken away with a ‘ razor ? If it be his pleasure to have his appendices ‘ primed, or his moustachios fostered ; to turn ‘ about his ears like the branches of a vine ; or cut ‘ down to the lip with the Italian lash, to make him ‘ look like a half-faced baubyn² in brass.’ These quaint terms, barber, you greet master Velvet-Breeches withal, and, at every word, a snap with your scissors, and a cringe with your knee ; whereas, when you come to poor Cloth-Breeches, you either cut his beard at your own pleasure, or else, in disdain, ask him, if he will be trimmed with Christ’s cut, round, like the half of a Holland cheese ? mocking both Christ and us. For this your knavery, my will is you shall be none of the jury.”

For you `master surgeon, the statutes of England exempts you from being of any quest; and beside, alas ! I seldom fall into your hands, as being

SOLDADO.—A soldier (Spanish).

²BAUBYN.—A baboon.

quiet, and making no brawls to have wounds, as swart rutting Velvet-Breeches doth : neither do I frequent whore-houses to catch the marbles, and so to grow your patient. I know you not, and therefore I appeal to the statute, you shall have nothing to do with my matter. And, for you, master apothecary, alas ! I look not once in seven year into your shop ; without it be to buy a pennyworth of wormseed to give my child to drink, or a little treacle to drive out the measles ; or, perhaps, some dregs and powders to make my sick horse a drench withal : but, for myself, if I be ill at ease, I take kitchen physic, I make my wife my doctor, and my garden my apothecary's shop ; whereas queasy master Velvet-Breeches cannot have a fart awry, but he must have his purgations, pills, and glisters, or evacuate by electuaries. He must, if the least spot of morpew¹ come on his face, have his oil of tartar, his *lac virginis*, his camphor dissolved in verjuice, to make the fool as fair, forsooth, as if he were to play Maid-Marian in a May-game, or morris-dance. Tush, he cannot digest his meat without conserves, nor end his meal without suckets, nor, (shall I speak plainly ?) please the trug his mistress, without he go to the apothecary's for *eringion*,² *oleum formicarum alatarum*, & *aqua mirabilis*, of ten pound a pint. If master

¹MORPHEW.—A leprous eruption on the face.

²ERINGOES were formerly considered provocatives.

Velvet-Breeches, with drinking these drugs, hap to have a stinking breath ; then, forsooth, the apothecary must play the perfumer to make it sweet. Nay, what is it about him, that he blameth not nature for framing, and formeth it a-new by art ? And, in all this, who but Monsieur the apothecary ? Therefore, good sir, (quoth he,) seeing you have taken upon you to be trier for the challenges ; let those three, as partial companions, be packing."

"Why, (quoth I,) seeing you have yielded such reason of refusal, let them stand by." Presently, looking about for more, comes stalking down an aged grand Sir, in a black velvet coat, and a black cloth gown welted and faced : and after him, as I supposed, four serving-men, the most ill-favoured knaves, methought, that ever I saw. One of them had on a buff leather jerkin, all greasy before with the droppings of beer, that fell from his beard ; and, by his side, a skein² like a brewer's bounge-knife¹; and muffled he was in a cloak turned over his nose, as though he had been ashamed to show his face. The second had a belly like a bucking-tub, and a threadbare black coat unbuttoned before upon the breast, whereon the map of drunkenness was drawn, with the bawdy and bowsy excrements that dropped from his filthy leaking mouth. The third was a long, lean, old, slaverling slangrill, with a Brazil

¹SKEIN, a short dagger. BOUNGE, a pocket.

staff in the one hand, and a whipcord in the other ; so purblind, that he had like to have stumbled upon the company, before he saw them. The fourth was a fat chuff, with a sour look, in a black cloak faced with taffata ; and, by his side, a great side-pouch like a falconer. For their faces, all four seemed to be brethren ; they were so bombasted with the flocks¹ of strong beer, and lined with the lees of old sack, that they looked like four blown bladders painted over with red ochre, or washed over with the suds of an old stale dye. All these, as well the master, as the following mates, would have passed away ; but that I stepped before them, and enquired first of the foremost, "What he was?" "Marry, (quoth he,) a lawyer." "Then, sir, (quoth I,) we have a matter in controversy, that requireth counsel, and you are the more welcome." "What is it?" quoth he. "Marry, (said I,) whether Cloth-Breeches, or Velvet-Breeches, are of more worth ; and which of them hath the best title to be resident in England?" At this the lawyer smiled ; and Velvet-Breeches, stepping forth, took acquaintance of him, and, commending his honesty, said, there could not be a man of better indifferency of the jury. When Cloth-Breeches, stepping in, swore, he marveled he was not, as well as the surgeon, exempted by an act of Parliament, from being of

¹FLOCKS, sediment.

any quest ; since, as the surgeon was without pity, so he was without conscience ; and thereupon inferred his challenge, saying, “ The lawyer was never friend to Cloth-Breeches. For, when lowliness, neighbourhood, and hospitality lived in England, Westminster Hall was a dining chamber, not a den of controversies ; when the king himself was content to keep his St. George’s day in a plain pair of kersey hose ; when the duke, earl, lord, knight, gentleman, and esquire, aimed at virtue, not pride, and wore such breeches as was spun in his house, then the lawyer was a simple man, and, in the highest degree, was but a bare scrivener ; except judges of the land, which took in hand serious matters, as treasons, murders, felonies, and such capital offences ; but seldom was there any pleas put in, before that upstart, Velvet-Breeches, for his maintenance, invented strange controversies ; and, since he began to domineer in England, he hath bussed such a proud, busy, covetous, and encroaching humour into every man’s head, that lawyers are grown to be one of the chief limbs of the commonwealth ; for they do, now a days, *de lanâ caprinâ rixare*, go to law, if a hen do but scrape in his orchard : but, howsoever right be, might carries away the verdict. If a poor man sue a gentleman, why he shoots up to the sky, and the arrow falls on his own head : howsoever the cause go, the weakest is thrust to the wall. Lawyers are

troubled with the heat of the liver, which makes the palms of their hands so hot, that they cannot be cooled, unless they be rubbed with the oil of angels; but the poor man, that gives but his bare fee, or, perhaps, pleads *in formâ pauperis*, he hunteth for hares with a tabour, and gropeth in the dark to find a needle in a bottle of hay. Tush, these lawyers have such dilatory and foreign pleas, such demurrers, such quips and quiddits; that, beggering their clients, they purchase to themselves whole lordships. It booteth not men to discourse their little conscience and great extortion; only suffice they be not so rich, as they be bad, and yet they be but too wealthy. I inveigh not against law, nor honest lawyers, (for there be somewell qualified,) but against extorting ambidexters,¹ that wring the poor; and, because I know not whether this be such a one, or no, I challenge him not to be of my jury." "Why then, (quoth I,) his worship may depart." And then I questioned, "What he in the buff jerkin was?" "Marry, (quoth he,) I am a serjeant." He had no sooner said so, but Velvet-Breeches leaped back, and, drawing his rapier, swore he did not only challenge him for his jury, but protested, if he stirred one foot toward him, he would make him eat

¹AMBIDEXTER.—One who uses both hands with equal facility; a double dealer. It is applied to a lawyer who takes fees from both plaintiff and defendant.

a piece of his poignard. "And what is the reason, (quoth I,) that there is such mortal hatred betwixt you and the serjeant?" "Oh, sir, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) search him; and, I warrant you, the knave hath precept upon precept to arrest me; hath worn his mace smooth, with only clapping it upon my shoulder, he hath had me under *coram* so often. Oh! the reprobate is the usurer's executioner, to bring such gentlemen to *limbo*, as he hath overthrown with his base brokerage and bad commodities; and, as you see him a fat knave with a foggy face, wherein a cup of old sack hath set a seal, to mark the bowsy drunkard to die of the dropsy, so his conscience is consumed, and his heart robbed of all remorse and pity, that for money he will betray his own father; for, will a cormorant but fee him to arrest a young gentleman, the rakehell will be so eager to catch him, as a dog to take a bear by the ears in Paris-Garden¹; and, when he hath laid hold upon him, he useth him as courteously, as a butcher's cur would do an ox-cheek when he is hungry: if he see the gentleman hath money in his purse, then straight with a cap and knee he carries him to the tavern, and bids him send for some of

¹PARIS GARDENS.—A famous bear garden on the Bankside, contiguous to the Globe Theatre; so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the reign of Richard the Second.

"Do you take the court for *Paris gardens*, ye rude slaves?"

Henry VIII., v, 3,

his friends to bail him ; but first he covenants to have some brace of angels for his pains, and, besides, he calls for wine as greedily, as if the knave's mother had been broached against a hogs-head when he was begotten : but suppose the gentleman wants pence, he will either have a pawn, or else drag him to the Counter, without respect of manhood or honesty. I should spend the whole day with displaying his villanies, therefore briefly let this suffice ? he was never made by the consent of God, but his slovenly carcase was framed by the devil, of the rotten carrion of a wolf, and his soul of an usurer's damned ghost, turned out of hell into his body, to do monstrous wickedness again upon the earth, so that he shall be none of my jury, neither shall he come nearer me than the length of my rapier will suffer him."

"Indeed, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) generally serjeants be bad ; but there be amongst them some honest men, that will do their duties with lawful favour : for, to say truth, if serjeants were not, how should men come by their debts ? Marry, they are so cruel in their office, that if they arrest a poor man, they will not suffer him, if he hath no money, to stay a quarter of an hour to talk with his creditor ; although, perhaps, at the meeting, they might take composition ; but only to the Counter with him, unless he will lay his pewter, brass,

coverlets, sheets, or such household stuff to them, for pawn of payment of some coin for their staying: therefore let him depart out of the place, for his room is better than his company." "Well then, (quoth I,) what say you to these three?" And with that I questioned their names: the one said he was a summoner, the other a gaoler, and the third an informer. "Jesus bless me! (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) what a gang was here gathered together: no doubt hell is broke loose, and the devil means to keep holiday: I make challenge against them all, as against worse men than those that gave evidence against Christ! For the summoner, it boots me to say little more against him, than Chaucer did in his Canturbury Tales, who said, 'He was a 'knave, a briber, and a bawd.' But leaving that authority, although it be authentic, yet thus much I can say of myself, that these drunken drowsy sons go a-touting abroad (as they themselves term it), which is to hear if any man hath got his maid with child, or plays the goodfellow with his neighbour's wife: if he find a hole in any man's coat that is of wealth, then he hath his peremptory citation ready to cite him unto the archdeacon's, or official's court; there to appear and abide the shame and penalty of the law. The man, perhaps, in good credit with his neighbours, loath to bring his name in question, greaseth the summoner

in the fist, and then he wipes him out of the book, and suffers him to get twenty with child, so he keep him warm in the hand : he hath a saying to wanton wives, and they are his good dames, and as long as they feed him with cheese, bacon, capons, and such odd reversions, they are honest ; and, be they never so bad, he swears to the official, complaints are made upon envy, and the women of good behaviour. Tush, what bawdry is it he will not suffer, so he may have money and good cheer ; and, if he like the wench well, a snatch himself ? for they know all the whores in a country, and are as lecherous companions as may be. To be brief, the summoner lives upon sins of people, and, out of harlotry, gets he all his commodity. As for the gaoler, although I have been little troubled in prison to have experience of his knavery, yet have I heard the poor prisoners complain how cruel they be to them ; extorting, with extraordinary fees, selling a double curtail, as they call it, with a double jug of beer for two pence, which contains not above a pint and a half : let a poor man be arrested into one of the Counters, though he be but set his foot in them but half an hour, he shall be almost at an angel's charge ; what with garnish, crossing and wiping out of the book, turning the key, paying the chamberlain, feeing for his jury, and twenty such extortions invented by

bless me, gaoler, from your henhouses, as I will keep you from coming in my quest. And to you, Master informer, you that look like a civil citizen, or some handsome pettifogger of the law; although themselves, and not allowed by any statute. God your crimson nose bewrays you can sup of a cool cup of sack without any chewing, yet you have as much sly knavery in your side pouch there, as would breed the confusion of forty honest men. It may be, sir, you marvel why I exclaim against the informer, since he is a most necessary member in the commonwealth, and is highly to the prince's advantage for the benefit of penal statutes and other abuses, whereof he giveth special intelligence? To wipe out this doubt, I speak not against the office but the officer; against such as abuse the law when they should use it; and such a one I guess this fellow to be, by the carnation tincture of his ruby nose: therefore let us search his bag, and see what trash you shall find in it."

With that, although the informer were very loath, yet we plucked out the stuffing of his pouch, and in it was found a hundred and odd writs, whereat I wondered; and Cloth-Breeches, smiling, bade me read the labels, and the parties names, and then examine the informer how many of them he knew, and wherein they had offended. I followed his counsel, and of all he knew but three; neither

could he tell what they done amiss to be arrested, and brought in question.

Cloth-Breeches, seeing me stand in amaze, began thus to resolve me in my doubt: "Perhaps, (quoth he,) you marvel why the informer hath all these writs, and knows neither the parties, nor can object any offence to them? To this I answer, that, it being a long vacation, he learned in the roll all those men's names, and that they were men of indifferent wealth. Now means he to go abroad, and search them out and arrest them; and though they know not wherein, or for what cause they should be troubled, yet, rather than they will come up to London, and spend their money, they will bestow some odd angel upon master informer, and so sit at home in quiet. But suppose, some be so stubborn as to stand to the trial, yet can this cunning knave declare a *tamquam* against them; so that though they be cleared, yet can they have no recompence at all, for that he doth it in the court's behalf. I will not unfold all his villanies; but he is an abuser of good laws, and a very knave, and so let him be with his fellows." I both wondered and laughed, to hear Cloth-Breeches make this discourse; when I saw two in the valley together by the ears, the one in leather, the other as black as the devil. I stepped to them to part the fray, and questioned what they were, and wherefore they brawled?

"Marry, (quoth he, that looked like Lucifer,) though I am black, I am not the devil, but, indeed, a collier of Croydon¹; and one, sir, that have sold many a man a false sack of coals, that both wanted measure and was half full of dust and dross. Indeed, I have been a lieger in my time in London, and have played many mad pranks, for which cause, you may apparently see I am made a curtail, for the pillory (in the sight of a great many good and sufficient witnesses) hath eaten off both my ears, and now, Sir, this ropemaker² hunteth me here with his

¹A COLLIER OF CROYDON.—Collers, *i.e.* sellers of coals or charcoal, were formerly in bad repute, from the blackness of their appearance, and on that account often compared to or assoioted with the Devil.

"What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan! Hang him, foul *collier*."

Twelfth Night, iii, 4.

Hence the proverb, "Like will like, as the Devil said with the *collier*."—CROYDON.—This town seems to have been formerly celebrated for its colliers or charcoal burners. Grim, the collier of Croydon, is the subject of an old play, and there is an old tune entitled "Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coal." So great were the impositions practised by the vendeis of coals, that Greene published in his "Notable Discovery of Cozenage," 1591, "A Discourse of the Cozenage of Colliers."

²ROPEMAKER.—It seems not a little extraordinary, that in this general sarcasm on professions and trades, the *ropemaker*, which is, *as here printed*, one of the most leniently drawn, should have been conceived to point so "spitefully and villanously" at Gabriel Harvey's father, a ropemaker at Saffron Walden, as to call forth a posthumous philippic against Greene, from Harvey and his friends, under the title of "Four Letters and certain Sonnets; especially touching Robert Greene and other Poets by him abused: but incidentally of divers excellent Persons, and some Matters of Note. London, J. Wolfe, 1592." This was most sarcastically replied to by Thomas Nash, in his "Strange News, &c. ; or, The Apology of Pierce Penniless: London, 1592," and

halts : I guess him to be some evil spirit, that, in the likeness of a man, would, (since I have passed the pillory,) persuade me to hang myself for my old offences, and, therefore since I cannot bless me from him with *Nomine Patris*, I lay *Spiritus Sanctus* about his shoulders with a good crab-tree cudgel, that he may get out of my company. The ropemaker replied. "That, honestly journeying by the way, he acquainted himself with the collier, and for no other cause pretended."—"Honest with the devil! (quoth the collier,) how can he be honest, whose mother, I guess, was a witch? For I have heard them say, that witches say their prayers backward, and so doth the ropemaker earn his living by going backward, and the knave's chief living is by making fatal instruments, as halts and ropes, which divers desperate men hang themselves with.

Well, (quoth I,) what say you to these, shall they be on the jury? Velvet-breeches said nothing ;

led to a personal pen-and-ink conflict that continued during the space of five years, and occupied no small share of public curiosity. The late Rev. Dyce was of opinion—also agreed to by J. Payne Collier—that the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" has not come down to us in the state in which it originally issued from the press, and that the page containing the passage respecting Gabriel Harvey was cancelled at the instance of Greene. If so, it renders Harvey's rancour less pardonable, especially recollecting that it did not break out in full force until after the premature death of Greene. A most amusing and well-digested account of the dispute between Greene, Nash and Harvey, may be found in Mr. Disraeli's "Calamities of Authors."

but Cloth-Breeches said, "in the ropemaker he found no great falsehood in him, therefore he was willing he should be one; but for the collier, he thought it necessary, that as he came, so he should depart:" so then I bade the ropemaker stand by till more came, which was not long, for there came three in a cluster. As soon as they drew nigh, I spied one, a fat churl, with a side russet coat to his knee, and his hands all-to,¹ tanned with shifting his ouse²; yet would I not take notice what they were, but questioned with them of their several occupations. "Marry, (quoth the first,) I am a tanner:" the second, "a shoemaker;" and the third, "a currier." Then, turning to the plaintiff and defendant, I asked them, if they would allow of those parties? "No, by my faith, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I make challenge unto them all; and I will yield reasons of import against them: and first, to you, master tanner; Are you a man worthy to be of a jury, when your conscience cares not to wrong the whole commonwealth? You respect not public commodity, but private gains; not to benefit your neighbour, but for to make the proud princox, your son, an upstart gentleman; and because you would marry your daughter, at the least to an esquire, that she may (if it be possible) be a gentlewoman, and how

¹ ALL-TO.—Entirely; very much.

² OUSE.—The liquor in a tanner's vat,

comes this to pass ; By your tan-fats, forsooth : for whereas, by the ancient laws and statutes of England, you should let a hide lie in the ouse, at the least nine months ; you can make good leather of it before three months : you have your dove's dung, your marl, your ashen bark, and a thousand things more, to bring on your leather apace ; that it is so badly tanned, that when it comes to the wearing, then it fleets away like a piece of brown paper ; and whereas, your backs, of all other, should be the best tanned, you bring them so full of horn to the market, that did you not grease the sealers of Leadenhall thoroughly in the fist, they should never be sealed, but turned away, and made forfeit by the statute. I cannot at large, lay open your subtle practices, to beguile the poor communalty with bad leather ; but let this suffice ; you leave no villany unsought, to bring the block-head, your son, to go afore the clown his father, trimly tricked up in a pair of velvet-breeches.

Now, master currier, to your cozenage ; you cannot be content only to burn the leather you dress for fault of liquor, because you would make the shoemaker pay well, and you put in little stuff ; and beside, when as, in backs, you should only put in tallow hard and good, you put in soft kitchen stuff mixed, and so make the good and well tanned leather, by your villany, to fleet and

waste away : but also you grow to be an extorting knave, and a forestaller of the market ; for you will buy leather, sides, backs, and calf-skins, and sell them to the poor shoemakers at an unreasonable rate, by your false retailing, getting infinite goods by that excessive price ; both undoing the poor shoemaker, and causing us, that we pay extremely for shoes. For, if the currier bought not leather by the whole of the tanner, the shoemaker might have it at a more reasonable price ; but the shoemaker, being poor, is not, perhaps, able to deal with a dicker of hides,¹ nor, perhaps with a couple of backs, and the tanner will not trust him : then the extorting and cozening currier comes up with this, I will lend you for a day ; and so pincheth him, that he is scarce able to find his children bread. But well hath the prince and the honourable lords of the privy-counsel provided by act of parliament, ‘ That no currier shall buy leather, either backs or hides, of the tanner ;’ so to bridle the extorting and forestalling cozenage : but craftier and subtler hath the knave currier crossbitten the statute, in that he deals thus with the tanner, he makes him hold his leather unreasonably to the shoemaker ; and so, when he cannot sell it, he lays it up in the currier’s house, under a colour, whereas, indeed, he hath

¹A DICKER OF HIDES.—Ten hides.

sold it him. Suppose this shift be spied and prevented, then compoundeth he with some knave shoemaker, some base rakehell, without a conscience, (that neither respecteth God, the commonwealth, nor his company,) and, forsooth, he is half with the currier, who leteth him have some hundred marks, to lay out for leather, every mouth; whereas he spends not in his shop a hundred marks worth in a year: so the shoemaker buys it to abuse the statute, for the currier; and the currier, by that means undoeth the other shoemakers. Thus two crafty knaves are met, and they need no broker.

“Now to you, gentle craft, you master shoemakers: you can put in the inner sole, of a thin calf’s skin, when as the shoe is a neat’s leather shoe, which you know is clean contrary both to conscience and the statute. Beside, you will join a neat’s leather vampey to a calf’s leather heel: is not here good stuff, master shoemaker? Well, for your knavery, you shall have those curses which belong unto your craft: you shall be light footed to travel far, light witted upon every small occasion to give your masters the bag, you shall be most of you unthrifths, and almost all perfect good fellows. Beside, I remember a merry jest, how Mercury brought you to a dangerous disease, for he requested a boon for you, which fell out to your great disadvantage: and, to recreate us here a little, gentle

craft, what fell to your trade by that winged God ? As it happened on a time that, Jupiter and Mercury travelling together upon earth, Mercury was wonderfully hungry, and had no money in his purse to buy him any food, and at last, to his great comfort, he spied where a company of tailors were at dinner with buttered peas, eating their peas with their needles points one by one : Mercury came to them, and asked them his alms ; they proudly bade him sit down and do as he saw they did, and with that delivered him a needle. The poor god, being passing hungry, could not content his maw with eating one by one, but turned the eye of his needle and eat two or three together ; which the tailors seeing, they start up and said, “ What, fellow, a shovel and spade, to buttered peas, hast thou no more manners ? Get out of our company ; and so they sent him packing with many strokes. Mercury coming back, Jupiter demanded of him what news ? And he told him how churlishly he was used amongst the tailors. Well ; wandering on further, Mercury espied where a company of shoemakers were at dinner, with powdered beef and brewis¹ : going to them, before he could ask them any alms they said, ‘ Welcome, good fellow ; what, is thy ‘ stomach

BREWIS.—Broth, bread soaked in fat pottage.

“ What an ocean of *breviis* shall I swim in.”

Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Dioclesian*.

‘up, wilt thou do as we do, and taste of beef?’ Mercury thanked them and sat down and eat his belly-full, and drank well of double beer; and when he had done, went home to his master. As soon as he came Jupiter asked him, what news? And he said, ‘I have lighted amongst a crew of shoemakers, ‘the best fellows that ever I met withal; they have ‘frankly fed me without grudging; and therefore ‘grant me a boon for them.’ ‘Ask what thou wilt, ‘Mercury, (quoth he,) and it shall be done.’ ‘Why ‘then, (quoth he,) grant that, for this good turn they ‘have done me, they may ever spend a groat afore ‘they can earn two-pence.’ ‘It shall be granted;’ quoth he. Mercury, as soon as Jupiter had said the word, he bethought himself, and said, ‘Nay but ‘that they may earn a groat afore they spend two-pence; for my tongue slipped at the first.’ ‘Well, ‘Mercury, (quoth he,) it cannot be recalled, the first ‘wish must stand.’ and hereof, by Mercury’s boon it grew, that all of the gentle-craft are such good-fellows and spendthrifts. But howsoever, none of those three, neither shoemaker, tanner, nor currier, shall be accepted to be of the jury.”

As they went away with fleas in their ears, being thus taunted by Cloth-Breechss, we might see where there came a troop of ancient gentlemen, with their serving-men attending upon them. The foremost was a great old man, with a white beard,

all in russet, and a fair black cloak on his back, and attending on him he had some five men ; their cognizance,¹ as I remember, was a peacock without a tail ; the other two, that accompanied him, seemed meaner than himself, but yet gentlemen of good worship. Whereupon, I went towards them and saluted them, and was so bold as to question what they were, and of their business.

The most ancient answered, " He was a knight, and those two his neighbours ; the one an esquire, the other a gentleman ; and that they have no urgent affairs, but only to walk abroad to take the fresh air." Then did I show them both Cloth-Breeches, and Velvet-Breeches, and told them the controversy, and desired their aid to be upon the jury. They smiling answered, " They were content : " and so did Cloth-Breeches seem to rejoice, that such honest, ancient, English gentlemen, should be triers of his title. But Velvet-Breeches, storming, stepped in and made challenge to them all. I demanded reason why he should refuse gentlemen of so good calling ? And he made me this answer : " Why, you may guess the inward mind by the outward apparel, and see how he is addicted by the homely robes he is suited in. Why, this knight is mortal enemy to pride, and so to me ; he

¹COGNIZANCE —In a *general sense*, a badge worn by a retainer or dependant, to indicate the person or party to which he belongs.

regardeth hospitality, and aimeth at honour, with relieving the poor : you may see, although his lands and revenues be great, and be able to maintain himself in great bravery, yet he is content with homespun cloth and scorneth the pride that is used now-adays amongst young upstarts ; he holdeth not the worth of his gentry to be and consist in velvet-breeches, but valueth true fame by the report of the common sort, who praise him for his virtue, justice, liberality, housekeeping and alms deeds. *Vox populi vox Dei* ; his tenants and farmers would, if it might be possible, make him immortal with their prayers and praises. He raiseth not rent, racketh no lands, taketh no incomes, imposeth no merciless fines, envies not another, buyeth no house over his neighbour's head ; but respecteth his country and the commodity thereof, as dear as his life. He regardeth more to have the needy fed, to have his board garnished with full platters, than to famous himself with excessive furniture in apparel. Since then he scorneth pride, he must of force proclaim himself mine enemy, and therefore he shall be none of my jury ; and such as himself I guess the squire and the gentleman, and therefore I challenge them all."

"Why, (quoth I,) this is strange, that a man should be drawn from a quest for his godliness. If men for virtue be challenged ; whom shall we have

upon the jury ? Your objection helps not, Master Velvet-Breeches : for, if he be a man of so godly a disposition, he will neither speak for fear or favour ; he will regard neither the riches of the one, nor the plain poverty of the other : whereupon, since you have made me trier, I allow them all three to be of the jury :” and so I requested them to sit down till our jury was full, which they courteously did, although Velvet-Breeches frowned at it ; when I, looking for more, saw where there came a troop of men, in apparel seeming poor honest citizens ; in all they were eight. I demanded of them what they were, and whither they were going ? One of them that seemed the wealthiest, who was in a furred jacket, made answer, “ That they were all friends going to the burial of a neighbour of theirs, that yester-night died ; and, if it would do me any pleasure to hear their names, they were not so dainty but that they would tell them :” and so then he began to tell me, that by his art he was a skinner, the second said he was a joiner, the third was a saddler, the fourth a waterman, the fifth was a cutler, the sixth was a bellows mender, the seventh a plaisterer, and the eighth a printer.” “ In good time, (quoth I,) it is commendable when neighbours love so well together ; but, if your speed be not overmuch, I must request you to be of a jury :” so I discoursed unto them the controversv between

Cloth-Breeches and Velvet-Breeches, and to what issue it must grow by a verdict: they seemed all content; and I turned to the plaintiff and defendant, and asked if they would make challenge to any of these? “I scorn, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) to make any great objection against them, since they be mechanical men; for I almost hold them indifferent: for this I know, they get as much and more by me than by him; the skinner I use for furs whereas this base Cloth-Breeches hath scarce a gown faced once in his life; the saddler for costly embroidered saddles, the joiner for seeling¹ my house, the cutler for gilt rapiers; the waterman I use continually, ten times for his once, and so likewise the plaisterer; for the bellows-mender, alas! poor snake, I know him not; for the printer, by our Lady, I think I am some ten pounds in his debt for books; so that, for my part, let them all pass.” “And for me, (quoth Cloth-Breeches;) but yet, a little to put them in remembrance of their follies, let me have about with them all: and first with you, master skinner, to whom I can say little but only this, that, whereas you should only put the backs of skins into facing, you taw² the wombs and so deceive the buyer: beside, if you have some fantastic skin brought you not

¹SEELING.—To wainscot.

²TAW.—To dress leather, to soften and make supple; also to twist or entangle.

worth two-pence, with some strange spots, though it be of a libbard¹, you will swear 'tis a most precious skin, and came from Moscow, or the furthest part of Calabria. The saddler he stuffs his pannels with straw or hay, and overglazeth them with hair, and makes the leather of them of morts, or tanned sheep's, skins. The joiner, though an honest man, yet he maketh his joints weak, and putteth in sap in the mortices, which should be the heart of the tree, and all to make his stuff slender. And you, cutler, you are patron to ruffians and swash-bucklers,² and will sell them a blade that may be thrust into a bushel; but, if a poor man, that cannot skill of it, you sell him a sword or rapier new overglazed, and swear the blade came either from Turkey or Toledo. Now, master waterman, you will say there is no subtlety in you, for there is none so simple but that knows your fares, and what is due between Greenwich and London, and how you earn your money painfully with the sweat of your brows: all this is true; but let me whisper one thing in your ear, you will play the goodfellow too much, if you be well greased in the fist; for if a young gentleman and a pretty wench come to you and say, 'Waterman my friend and I mean to go by water,

¹LIBBARD.—A leopard.

²SWASH-BUCKLER.—A sword player; a bully or braggadocio.

“Young as I am, I have observed these three *smashers*.”

King Henry V, iii, 2.

‘and to be merry a night or two ; I care not which way nor whither we go, and therefore, where thou thinkest we may have best lodging, thither carry us.’ Then off goes your cap, and away they go to Brentford, or some other place ; and then you say, ‘Hostess, I pray you use this gentleman and his wife well ; they are come out of London to take the air and mean to be merry here a night or two, ‘and to spend their money frankly.’ when, God wot, they are neither man nor wife ; nor perhaps, of any acquaintance before the match made in some bawdy-tavern : but you know no such matter, and therefore, waterman, I pardon you. And for you, plaisterer and bellowsmender, I pass you over ; and, so do I the printer too : only this I must needs say to him, that some of his trade will print lewd books, and bawdy pamphlets ; but,

Auri sacra fames, quid non——?

And therefore I am content they shall be all of the jury.”

I was glad there were so many accepted of at once, and hoped that now quickly the jury would be full. Looking about me, straight I might see one alone come running as fast as he could. I wondered what he should be, that made such haste ; and the skinner told me he was an honest man, and one of their company, by his occupation a bricklayer.

“Oh, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) a good honest simple man, he hath been long in my work, in building me a sumptuous house.” “But I challenge him, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) for he is a juggler.” “How, (quoth I,) can it be? See he goeth very homely in leather, and hath his ruler in his hand, and his trowel at his side; and he seemeth not as one that were given to such qualities.” “Yes, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) he hath this policy, when he maketh a stately place all glorious to the eye, and full of fair chambers and goodly rooms, and about the house, perhaps, some three-score chimneys; yet he can so cunningly cast by his art, that three of them shall not smoke in the twelvemonth, and so spoils he so much good mortar and brick.” “Why, (quoth I,) the fault is not in the workman but in the housekeeper; for now-a-days men build for to please the eye, not to profit the poor; they use no roast, but for themselves and their household, nor no fire but a little court chimney in their own chamber. How can the poor bricklayer then be blamed, when the niggardness of the lord or master is the cause no more chimneys do smoke? For, would they use ancient hospitality as their forefathers did, and value as lightly of pride as their great-grandfathers, then should you see every chimney in the house smoke, and prove that the poor artificer had done his part.” “Why then,

(quoth Cloth-Breeches,) as you please, admit him on the quest." "But what be those, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) that come here so soberly? I hope they be honest men, for they look very demure." "I will enquire," said I: and with that, stepping to them, I demanded their names, and [very courteously the one said he was a brewer, the other a butcher, the third a baker, and the fourth a victualler. Hearing what they were, I was glad; guessing, since they were so honest substantial men, that they would help to make up the jury; when Velvet-Breeches, with a grim and sour countenance, gave them this challenge. "I hold it not necessary (quoth he,) that these have anything to deal in my cause, since I am at odds with them all at least in forty pounds a piece; for this seven years I have been indebted unto them for bread, beef, beer, and other victuals; then, since they have credited me long, and I have had so little care to pay them, I doubt not they will revenge themselves, and pass against me in the verdict." "Nay, (quoth I,) the rather will they hold on your part; for, if they be honest wise men, as they seem to be, they will be careful of your preferment; seeing, the more highly you are advanced, the more like are they to come by their own. If therefore you can object no other points of dishonesty against them, I see no reason why they should be put by." "If you do

not, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) then hear me, and I will prove them unfit to have any dealings here ; and first for the butcher. I pray you, Goodman killcalf, what havoc play you with puffing up of meat, and blowing with your pricker, as you flay it? Have you not your artificial knaveries to set out your meat with pricks,¹ and then swear he hath more for money than ever you bought ; to sell a piece of an old cow for a chop of a young ox ; to wash your old meat, that hath hung weltering in the shop, with new blood ; to truss away an old ewe instead of a young wether ; and although you know it is hurtful and forbidden by the statute to flay your hides, skins, backs, with cuts and slashes, to the impoverishing of the poor shoemaker when he buys it ; yet I pray you, how many slaughters do you make of the poor calf's-skin? Oh butcher, a long Lent be your punishment ; for you make no conscience in deceiving the poor. And you, master brewer, that grow to be worth forty-thousand pounds by selling of sodden water, what subtlety have you, in making your beer, to spare the malt, and put in the more of the hop to make your drink, be barley never so cheap, not a whit the stronger, and yet never sell a whit the more measure for money? You can, when you have taken all the heart of the malt away, then clap

¹PRICKS.—Skewers.

on store of water, 'tis cheap enough ; and mash out a tunning of small beer, that it scours a man's maw like Rhenish wine. In your conscience, how many barrels draw you out of a quarter of malt? Fie, fie, I conceal your falsehood, least I should be too broad in setting down your faults.

“And for you, Goodman baker, you that love to be seen in the open market-place upon the pillory ; the world cries out of your wiliness ; you crave but one dear year to make your daughter a gentlewoman ; you buy your corn at the best hand, and yet will not be content to make your bread weight by many ounces ; you put in yeast and salt to make it heavy, and yet all your policy cannot make it, but you fine for the pillory ; the poor cry out, the rich find fault, and the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs, like honourable and worshipful magistrates, every day walk abroad and weigh your bread, and yet all will not serve to make you honest men ; but, were extremity used, and the statute put in the highest degree in practice, you would have as few ears on your heads as the collier.

“Last to you Tom Tapster, that tap your small cans of beer to the poor, and yet fill them half full of froth ; that card your beer, if you see your guests begin to be drunk, half small and half strong : you cannot be content to pinch with your small pots and your ostrie [?] fagots, but have your

trugs to draw men on to villany, and to bring customers to your house, where you sell a joint of meat for twelve pence, that cost you scarce six ; and if any chance to go on the score, you score him when he is asleep, and set up a groat a day more than he hath, to find you drinking pots with your companions. To be short, thou art a knave, and I like not any of the rest ; the way lies before you, and therefore you may be gone, for you shall be none of the quest.”

I smiled to see Cloth-Breeches so peremptory ; when I saw five fat fellows, all in damask coats and gowns, welted with velvet very brave, and in great consultation, as if they were to determine of some weighty matter : drawing near, I saw they were wealthy citizens ; so I went and reverently saluted them, and told them, how we needed their aid about the appeasing of a controversy ; showing them where the knight, esquire, and other stayed, till we might find men to fill up the jury. They were contented ; but Velvet-Breeches, excepted against four of them, and said, “they were none of his friends :” that was the merchant, goldsmith, mercer, and draper. His allegations were these, that they were all feathered of one wing, to fetch in young gentlemen by commodities, under the colour of lending of money. For the merchant he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oils, brown

paper, or whatsoever else, from six months to six months, which, when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred, beside the usury. The mercer he followeth the young upstart gentleman that hath no government of himself, and he feedeth his humour to go brave; he shall not want silks, satins, velvets, to prank abroad in his pomp, but with this provision, that he must bind over his land in a statute merchant or staple, and so at last forfeit all unto the merciless mercer, and leave himself never a foot of ground in England; which is the reason that, for a few remnants of velvets and silks, the mercer creepeth into old lordships. The goldsmith is not behind: for most of them deal with usury, and let young gentlemen have commodities of plate for ten in the hundred; but they must lose the fashion, in selling it again, which cuts them sore: beside, they are most of them skilled in alchemy, and can temper metals shrewdly, with no little profit to themselves, and disadvantage to the buyer; beside puff-rings, and quaint conceits, which I omit. And so for you, draper, he fetcheth them off for livery cloth, and cloth for six months and six; and yet hath he more knacks in his budget, for he hath so dark a shop that no man can well choose a piece of cloth: it so shadows the dye and the thread, a man shall be deceived in the wool and the nap, they cause the

clothworker so to press them ; beside, he imposeth this charge to the clothworker, that he draw his cloth, and pull it passing hard when he sets it upon the tenters,¹ that he may have it full breadth and length till thread and all tear and rent a-pieces. What care they for that ; have they not a drawer to serve their turn, to draw and seam up the holes so cunningly, that it shall never be espied ? Myself have seen, in one broad cloth, eighteen score holes, torn, racked, and pulled by the clothworker ; only to please the draper, and deceive the commonwealth. To be short, the clothworker, what with rolling and setting in a fine nap ; with powdering it, and pressing it ; with shearing the wool to the proof of the thread ; deal so cunningly, that they prove themselves the draper's minister to execute his subtleties : therefore, if he chance to come, let him be remembered.

“ Now, sir, for the vintner : He is an honest substantial man, a friend to all good-fellows, and truly, my friend for my money, and worthy to be of the jury.” “ Why no, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I am of another mind ; for I hold him as deceitful as any of the rest. What, the vintner ! Why, he is a kind of necromancer ; for, at midnight, when all men are in bed, then he, forsooth, falls to his charms and

¹TENTER —A machine for stretching cloth by means of hooks called *tenter-hooks*.—*To be on the tenters*, to be on the stretch.

spells, so that he tumbles one hogshead into another, and can make a cup of claret, that hath lost his colour, look high with a dash of red wine at his pleasure; if he hath a strong Gascoigne wine, for fear it should make his guests too soon drunk, he can allay it with a small Rochelle wine; he can cherish up white wine with sack; and, perhaps, if you bid him wash the pot clean, when he goes to draw you a quart of wine, he will leave a little water in the bottom, and then draw it full of wine. And what and if he do? 'Tis no harm; wine and water is good against the heat of the liver. It were infinite to rehearse the juggling of vintners, the disorder of their houses, especially of the persons that frequent them; and therefore, since Velvet-Breeches hath put by the merchant, goldsmith, mercer, and draper, the vintner shall go with them for company."

As these were going away in a snuff, for being thus plainly taunted, we might see a mad merry crew come leaping over the field, as frolicly as if they owed not the world two-pence; and, drawing nearer, we might perceive, that either bottle-ale, or beer, had made a fray with them; for the lifting of their feet showed the lightness of their heads: the foremost was a plain country Sir John, or vicar, that proclaimed, by the redness of his nose, he did oftener go into the alehouse than into the pulpit; and him I asked, "What they were, and whither they

were going ?” “What are you ? (quoth the Priest,) that stand by the highway to examine me and my friends ; here’s none in my company, but are able to answer for themselves.” I, seeing they were all set on a merry pin, told the cause, and how the controversy grew betwixt Cloth-Breeches and Velvet-Breeches, and that we needed them to be of the quest. “Marry, (quoth Sir John,¹) a good motion : know, these all are my parishioners, and we have been drinking with a poor man, and spending our money with him, a neighbour of ours, that hath lost a cow. Now for our names and our trades : This is a smith, the second a weaver, the third a miller, the fourth a cook, the fifth a carpenter, the sixth a glover, the seventh a pedlar, the eighth a tinker, the ninth a waterbearer, the tenth a husbandman, the eleventh a dyer, and the twelfth a sailor, and I their vicar ; how could you, sir, have a fitter jury, than me and my parishioners ?” “You are a little too brief, (quoth Cloth-Breeches ;) are you not some puritan, master parson ? or some fellow that raiseth up new schisms and heresies amongst your people ?” “A plague on them all, (quoth Sir John,) for the world was never in quiet ; devotion, neighbourhood, nor hospitality, never flourished in this land, since

¹SIR JOHN was anciently the common designation of one in holy orders as well as of knights.

“*Sir*, me no *sirs* ; I am no knight nor *churchman*.”

A New Trick to Cheat the Devil.

such upstart boys and shittle-witted fools became of the ministry. I cannot tell, they preach Faith, faith, and say that doing of alms is papistry: but they have taught so long *Fides solum justificat*, that they have preached good works quite out of our parish; a poor man shall as soon break his neck, as his fast, at a rich man's door: for me, friend, I am, indeed, none of the best scholars, yet I can read an homily every Sunday and holyday, and I keep company with my neighbours, and go to the alehouse with them, and, if they be fallen out, spend my money to make them friends; and on Sundays, sometime, if good fellowship call me away, I say both morning and evening prayer at once, and so let them have a whole afternoon to play in. This is my life: I spend my living with my parishoners, I seek to do all good, and I offer no man harm."

"Well, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I warrant thou art an honest vicar, and therefore stand by, thou shalt be one of the quest. And, for you, smith, I see no great fault in you; you earn your living with the sweat of your brows, and there can be no great knavery in you; only I would have you mend your life for drinking, since you are never at quiet, unless the pot be still at your nose. But, you weaver, the proverb puts you down for a crafty knave; you can filch and steal almost as ill as the tailor; your woof¹

¹WOOF.—The threads that cross the warp in weaving; the weft.

and warp is so cunningly drawn out, that you plague the poor country housewives for their yarn, and daub on so much dregs, that you make it seem both well wrought, and be near weight, when it is slenderly woven, and you have stolen a quarter of it from the poor wife. Away, be packing, for you shall be cashiered. What, miller, shake hands with your brother the weaver for knavery; you can take toll twice, and have false hoppers¹ to convey away the poor man's meal; be gone, I love not your dusty looks: and, for company, Goodman cook, go you with them; for you cozen the poor men and country teamers with your filthy meat; you will buy of the worst and cheapest, when it is bad enough for dogs, and yet so powder it and parboil it, that you will sell it to some honest poor men, and that unreasonably too. If you leave any meat over night, you make a shift to heat it again the next day: nay, if on the Thursday at night there be any left, you make pies of it on Sunday mornings, and almost, with your slovenly knavery, poison the poor people. To be short, I brook you not, and therefore be walking. For the carpenter, glover, and waterbearer, the husbandman, dyer, and sailor, since your trades have but petty sleights, stand you with master vicar, you are like to help to give in the verdict: but, for the pedlar and

¹HOPPER.—A wooden trough, or funnel, through which grain passes into a mill.

the tinker, they are two notable knaves, both of a hair, and both cousin-germans to the devil. For the tinker, why, he is a drowsy, bawdy, drunken companion, that walks up and down with a trug after him, and, in stopping one hole, makes three; and if in convenient place he meets with one alone, perhaps rifles him or her of all that ever they have; a base knave, without fear of God, or love to any one, but to his whore and to himself. The pedlar, as bad, or rather worse, walketh the country with his doxsy at the least, if he have not two, his mort dell and autem mort¹: he passeth commonly through every pair of stocks, either for his drunkenness, or his lechery. And, beside, it is reported, you can lift, or nip a boung, like a Quire Cove,² if you want pence, and that you carry your pack but for a colour to shadow your other villanies. Well, howsoever, you are both knaves, and so be jogging.” “Well, (quoth I,) I suppose the jury is almost full; I believe we want not above three or four persons; look you where they come to make up the number; and they should be men of good disposition, for they seem to be all of the country.”

¹MORT DELL.—An unmarried wench. AUTEM MORT, a married woman.—*Autem* signifying a church in the Canting language.

²QUIRE OR CHOIR COVE OR BIRD —A complete rogue; one that has sung in different choirs or cages; from whence we have gaol birds.

As soon as they came to us, I met them, and told them the matter, and they were content. The one said he was a grazier, the other a farmer, the other a shepherd to them both. "What think you of these three?" quoth I. "Marry, (saith Velvet-Breeches,) two of the men are honest men, but the other is a base knave: but 'tis no matter, shuffle him in amongst the rest." "Nay by your leave, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) I will shuffle out these two; for they are the very cormorants of the country, and devour the poor people with their monstrous exactions. And, first, I allege against the grazier, that he forestaleth pastures and meadow grounds for the feeding of his cattle, and wringeth leases of them out of the poor men's hands; and, in his buying cattle, he commiteth great usury; for, if it prove a wet year, then he maketh havoc, and selleth dear; if it be a dry year, then he buyeth cheap, and yet, having pasture, keeps them till he may come to his own price. He knoweth, as well as the butcher, by the feed of the bullock, how much tallow he will yield; what his quarters will amount unto, what the tanner will give for the hide; nay, what the souse-wives are able to make of the inwards; so that he sells it so dear to the butcher, that he can scarce live of it: and therefore what subtlety the butcher useth cometh from the grazier; so that I exempt him from the quest,

as a bad member, and a ill friend to Cloth-Breeches. And, for you, master farmer, you know how, through you, covetous landlords raise their rents; for, if a poor man have bought a plough land, if you see his pastures bear good grass, and his arable ground good corn, and that he prospereth, and goeth forward on it, and provideth and maintaineth his wife and servants honestly; then

*Invidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.*

Then straight envy pricks the farmer forward, and he bids the landlord far more than the poor man pays yearly for it: so that, if he be a tenant at will, he puts him out to beg in the street; or when his lease comes out, he overloads him in the fines; and thus bloodsucketh he the poor for his own private profit. Besides, the base chuff, if he sees a forward year, and that corn is like to be plenty, then he murmureth against God, and swear-eth and protesteth he shall be undone; respecting more the filling of his own coffers by a dearth, than the profit of his country by a general plenty. Besides, sir, may it please you; when new corn comes into the market, who brings into relieve the state? Not your mastership, but the poor husband-man, that wants pence; for you keep it till the back end of the year: nay you have your garners. which

have corn two or three years old, upon hope still of a dear year, rather letting the weasels eat it, than the poor shall have it at any reasonable price. So that, I conclude, you are a cormorant of the commonwealth, and a wretch that lives of the spoil of the needy; and so I leave you to jet with the grazier. Marry, for the shepherd, (unless it be, that he killeth a lamb now and then, and says the fox stole him,) I know little craft in his budget; therefore let him be among the honest men of the jury."

"Well, Cloth-Breeches, (quoth I,) you are very peremptory in your challenges; what say you, here comes three or four citizens, will any of these serve turn?" "I cannot tell, (quoth he,) till I know their names and conditions." With that, I stepped afore the company, and inquired what they were? The eldest of them, being a grave citizen, said he was a grocer; the rest his good and honest neighbours, a chandler, a haberdasher, a cloth-worker, and two strangers, one a Walloon,¹ the other a Dutchman. "How like you of these?" (quoth I, to Velvet-Breeches). "Well enough, (quoth he,) for I am little acquainted with them; yet I know

¹WALLOONS.—Descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the Low Countries. Some of them fled to England from the persecution of the Duke of Alva, the Governor of the Low Countries for Philip II of Spain, 1566. A church was given them by Queen Elizabeth. Their language is considered to be based on that of the ancient Gauls.

they favour me, because I have on a Sunday seen them all in their silks." "I marry, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) but they never get that bravery with honesty; for the clothworker his faults were laid open before, when we had the draper in question, and therefore let him be packing. For you, chandler, I like not of your tricks; you are too conversant with the kitchen-stuff wives; you after your wick or snaft is stiffened, you dip it in filthy dross, and after give him a coat of good tallow, which makes the candles drop and waste away, to the great hindrance of the poor workmen that watcheth in the night. Beside, you pinch in your weights, and have false measures, and many other knaveries that I omit; but this be sure, you shall not meddle in my matter. Neither the haberdasher, for he trims up old felts, and makes them very fair to the eye, and faceth and edgeth them neatly, and then he turns them away to such a simple man as I am; and so abuseth us with his cozenage. Beside, you buy gummed taffata, wherewith you line hats that will straight asunder, as soon as it comes to the heat of a man's head. To be brief; I am not well skilled in your knaveries, but indeed you are too subtle for poor Cloth-Breeches, and therefore you shall be none of the jury. Marry, the grocer seems an honest man, and I am content to admit of him: only take this as a caveat by the way, that

you buy, of the garblers of spices, the refuse that they sift from the merchant, and that you mix again and sell it to your customers. Besides, in your beaten spices, as in pepper, you put in bay berries, and such dross, and so wring the poor; but these are slight causes; and so I overpass them, and vouchsafe you to be of the quest. But I pray you, what be those two honest men?" Quoth the grocer. "The one a Dutchman and a shoemaker, the other a Frenchman and a milliner in St. Martins, and sells shirts, bands, bracelets, jewels, and such pretty toys for gentlewomen.

"Oh they be of Velvet-Breeches' acquaintance, upstarts as well as he, that have brought with them pride and abuses into England: and first to the milliner. What toys deviseth he to feed the humour of the upstart gentleman withal, and of fond gentlewomen? Such fans, such owches, such broaches, such bracelets, such craunces,¹ such perriwigs, such paintings, such ruffs and cuffs, as hath almost made England as full of proud fopperies as Tyre and Sidon were. There is no seamster can make a band or a shirt so well as his wife: and why, forsooth? Because the filthy quean wears a craunce, and is a Frenchwoman, forsooth; whereas our English women of the Exchange are

¹CRAUNCE.—A chaplet, or garland.

both better workwomen, and will afford a better pennyworth. And so for the drunken Dutchman, this shoemaker, he and such as he is, abuseth the commonwealth, and the poor mechanical men and handicrafts men of London : for our new upstart fools, of Velvet-Breeches' fraternity, liketh nothing but that the outlandish ass maketh. They like no shoe so well as Dutchman maketh, when our English men pass them far. And so for chandlers, and all other occupations, they are wronged by the Dutch and French. And therefore, since the commons hates them, they cannot be my friends, and therefore let them be launching to Flushing, for they shall be no triers of my controversy." "Well, (quoth I,) now I suppose the jury is full, and we see no more coming, let us call them and see how many we have." So they appeared to their names as followeth :

The Names of the Jury to be empanelled.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Knight. | 9. Carpenter. [See over.] |
| 2. Esquire. | 10. Saddler. |
| 3. Gentleman. | 11. Joiner. |
| 4. Priest. | 12. Bricklayer. |
| 5. Printer. | 13. Cutler. |
| 6. Grocer. | 14. Plaisterer. |
| 7. Skinner. | 15. Sailor. |
| 8. Dyer. | 16. Ropemaker. |

17. Smith.	21. Waterman.
18. Glover.	22. Waterbearer.
19. Husbandman.	23. Bellowsmender.
20. Shepherd.	

“What, is it not possible (quoth I) to have one more, to make up the four-and-twenty?” As I was thus speaking, I espied, afar off, a certain kind of an overworn gentleman, attired in velvet and satin, but it was somewhat dropped and greasy; and boots on his legs, whose soles waxed thin, seemed to complain of their master, which, treading thrift under his feet, had brought them unto that consumption. He walked not as other men in the common beaten way, but came compassing *circum circa*, as if we had been devils, and he would draw a circle about us; and at every third step he looked back, as if he were afraid of a bailee or sergeant.

CARPENTER, &c.—In the old copy and subsequent reprints the ninth Juryman is put down as a Pewterer. This is a mistake, as no Pewterer is presented to, or admitted on, the Jury. A Carpenter is presented to—*vide* page 72, and admitted on—page 74. It is noteworthy that in Thynn’s “The Debate between Pride and Lowliness” there is no *Ropemaker* mentioned as a Juryman. The Jury in that work is composed of 15, and recorded thus:—

“So I called them, as ye shall here,
The Knight the Squire and the Gentleman,
The Baker, Brewer, and the Vittaller,
The Turner, Graisier, and Husbandman.

The Haberdasher, and the Vintener,
The Bricklayer, and the Smyth also,
The Weaver, and with him the Shoomaker;
So was our Jury full complet, and mo.”

After him followed two pert apple-squires¹; the one had a murrey² cloth gown on, faced down before with grey coney,³ and laid thick on the sleeves with lace, which he quaintly bare up, to show his white taffata hose and black silk stockings; a huge ruff about his neck wrapt in his great head like a wicker cage; a little hat with brims like the wings of a doublet, wherein he wore a jewel of glass, as broad as the chancery seal. After him followed two boys in cloaks like butterflies, carrying one of them his cutting sword of choler, the other his dancing rapier of delight. His comrade, that bare him company, was a jolly light timbered jackanapes, in a suit of watchet⁴ taffata cut to the skin, with a cloak all-to bedaubed with coloured lace. Both he and my gowned brother seemed, by their pace, as if they had some suits to Monsieur Boots. At length coming near, I might discern the first to be a poet, the second a player, the third a musician, *alias* the usher of a dancing school. "Well met, master poet, (quoeth I,) and welcome, you friends also, though not so particularly known. So it is; though none of you three be commonwealthsmen, yet upon urgent ne-

¹APPLE SQUIRE.—A kept gallant, or pimp.

²MURREY.—A dark reddish brown.

³GREY CONEY.—Rabbit skin.

⁴WATCHET.—Light blue.

cessity we must be forced to employ you. We have a jury to be empanelled immediately, which one of you three must help to make up; even he which approves himself the honestest man." "They are all honest men and good fellows, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) therefore, it is no great matter whether of them we choose."

"The doctors doubt of that, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) for I am of a different opinion. This first, whom by his careless slovenly gait at first sight I imagined to be a poet, is a waste-good and an unthrift; that he is born to make the taverns rich and himself a beggar; If he have forty pounds in his purse together, he puts it not to usury neither buys land nor merchandise with it, but a month's commodity of wenches and capons. Ten pound a supper, why 'tis nothing, if his plough goes and his inkhorn be clear: Take one of them worth twenty thousand pound and hang him. He is a king of his pleasure, and counts all other boors and peasants, that, though they have money at command, yet know not, like him, how to domineer with it to any purpose as they should. But to speak plainly, I think him an honest man, if he would but live within his compass, and, generally, no man's foe but his own. Therefore I hold him a man fit to be of my jury." Nay, (quoth Velvet-Breeches,) I have more mind to these two, for this poet is a proud

fellow, that, because he hath a little wit in his budget, will contemn and mistake us that are the common sort of gentlemen, and think we are beholden to him, if he do but bestow a fair look upon us. The player, and the usher of the dancing school are plain, honest, humble men, that play for a penny, or an old cast suit of apparel." "Indeed, (quoth Cloth-Breeches,) you say truth; they are but too humble, for they be so lowly, that they be base minded: I mean not in their looks nor apparel, for so they be peacocks and painted asses, but in their course of life, for they care not how they get crowns, I mean how basely, so they have them; and yet, of the two, I hold the player to be the better Christian, although he is, in his own imagination, too full of self-liking and self-love, and is unfit to be of the jury, though I hide and conceal his faults and fopperies, in that I have been merry at his sports; only this I must say, that such a plain country fellow as myself, they bring in as clowns and fools to laugh at in their play, whereas they get by us, and of our alms the proudest of them all doth live. Well, to be brief, let him trot to the stage, for he shall be none of the jury. And for you, Master Usher of the dancing school, you are a leader into all misrule; you instruct gentlemen to order their feet, when you drive them to disorder their manners: you are a bad fellow, that stand

upon your tricks and capers, till you make young gentlemen caper without their lands ; why, sir, to be flat with you, you live by your legs as a juggler by his hands, you are given over to the pomps and vanities of the world, and, to be short, you are a keeper of misrule, and a lewd fellow, and you shall be none of the quest."

"Why then, (quoth I,) you are both agreed that the poet is he that must make up the twenty-four." They answered both, "He, and none but he." Then I, calling them all together, bade them lay their hands on the book ; and first I called the knight, and after, the rest as they followed in order ; then I gave them their charge¹ thus :

"Worshipful sir, with the rest of the jury, whom we have solicited of choice honest men, whose consciences will deal uprightly in this controversy ; you and the rest of your company are here upon your oath and oaths, to enquire whether Cloth-Breeches have done disseison unto Velvet-Breeches ; yea, or no, in or about London, in

¹The Charge to the Jury is given thus in Thynn's "The Debate between Pride and Lowliness :"—

"I read them over all the whole record,
Every point and article at large,
And eke the sense and meaning of eche word
I shewd, and therewithall what was their charge.
And bad them for a tyme to go aside,
And ripely of the matter to debate,
And pray to God therein to be their guide,
That they ne did but right to none estate."

putting him out of frank tenement wronging him of his right, and embellishing his credit: if you find that Cloth-Breeches hath done Velvet-Breeches wrong, then let him be set in his former estate, and allow him reasonable damages." Upon this, they laid their hands on the book and were sworn, and departed to scrutinize of the matter, by enquiry amongst themselves; not stirring out of our sight, nor staying long; but straight returned, and the knight for them all, as the foremost, said thus: "So it is, that we have with equity and confidence considered of this controversy between Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches, as touching the prerogative of them both, which are most worthy to be rightly resident and have seisson in frank tenement here in England; and we do find that Cloth-Breeches is by many hundred years more ancient, ever since Brute, an inhabitant in this island, one that hath been *in diebus illis* a companion to kings, an equal with the nobility, a friend to gentleman and yeomen, and a patron of the poor; a true subject; a good house-keeper, and generally as honest as he is ancient. Whereas Velvet-Breeches is an upstart, come out of Italy, begot of pride, nursed up by self-love, and brought into this country by his companion New-fangleness; that he is but of late time raiser of rents, and an enemy in the commonwealth, and one that is not any way to be preferred in equity before

Cloth-Breeches : therefore, by general verdict we
 adjudge Cloth-Breeches to have done him no
 wrong ; but that he hath lawfully claimed his title
 of frank tenement, and in that we appoint him for
 ever to be resident.” At this verdict, pronounced
 by the knight, all the standers-by clapped their
 hands, and gave a mighty shout ; whereat I
 started and awaked : for I was in a
 dream and in my bed,¹ and so
 rose up, and writ in a
 merry vein what
 you have
 heard.

¹“ And looked all my chamber round about,
 And called to remembraunce all my sweven [dream] ;
 And yf I were at home yet gan I doubt,
 I meane, where as I layd me downe at even.
 So when I had a whyle consydered,
 And viewed well the wyndowe and the wall,
 And found my selfe betweene my sheetes in bed,
 I gan to sigh, and thanked God for all.”

Thynn's *The Debate between Pride and Lowliness*, edited with an Intro-
 duction and Notes by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.



Notes and Observations

ON

A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____



THE TRIMMING
OF
THOMAS NASH, GENTLEMAN



THE TRIMMING
OF
THOMAS NASH, GENTLEMAN,
BY THE HIGH-TITULED PATRON
DON RICHARDO DE MEDICO COMPO,
BARBER CHIRURGEON TO TRINITY COLLEGE,
IN CAMBRIDGE.

Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestet—.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

BY

A. M. ROBINSON. "BRIGHTON DAILY NEWS" GENERAL PRINTING OFFICE,
3A, DUKE STREET, BRIGHTON.



INTRODUCTION.



THE tract with which the reader is here presented has a double claim to attention, as being the last of a literary controversy between Thomas Nash and Dr. Gabriel Harvey, which began in 1592 in anger, and ended in 1597 in coarse and personal abuse; and as a "LITERARY RARITY"—so rare that only one single copy is believed to be in existence: and all the other tracts of this most virulent, keen-edged, and long-standing paper war are of the rarest occurrence, and as costly as if they consisted of leaves of gold, as it became necessary to dry up the floodgates of these rival ink horns by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The order is a remarkable fragment of our literary history, and is thus expressed: "That all Nash's books and Dr. Harvey's books be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the said books be ever printed hereafter."

In his "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors," Disraeli, in a chapter on "Literary Ridicule, illustrated by some account of a literary satire," says that "The literary reign of Elizabeth, so fertile in every kind of genius, exhibits a remarkable instance, in the controversy between the witty Tom Nash and the learned Gabriel Harvey. It illustrates the nature of *the fiction of ridicule*, exposes the materials of which its shafts are composed, and the secret arts by which ridicule can level a character which seems to be placed above it."

"Gabriel Harvey was an author of considerable rank, but with two learned brothers, as old Anthony à Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* tells us, 'had the ill luck to fall into the hands of that noted and restless buffoon Tom Nash. He twisted the many foibles of the pedantic Doctor into the most ludicrous and grotesque shapes, and exposed him to ridicule.'

"Harvey," continues Disraeli, "is not unknown to the lover of poetry, from his connexion with Spenser, who loved and revered him. He is the *Hobynol* whose poem is prefixed to the 'Faery Queen,' who introduced Spenser to Sir Philip Sidney: and, besides his intimacy with the literary characters of his times, he was a Doctor of Laws, an erudite scholar, and distinguished as a poet, such a man could hardly be contemptible; and yet, when some little peculiarities became aggravated, and his works are touched

by the caustic of the most adroit banterer of that age of wit, no character has descended to us with such grotesque deformity, exhibited in so ludicrous an attitude."

"Harvey was a pedant, but pedantry was part of the erudition of an age when our national literature was passing from its infancy; he introduced hexameter verse into our language, and pompously laid claim to an invention which, designed for the reformation of English verse, was practised till it was found sufficiently ridiculous. His style is infected with his pedantic taste; and the hard outline of his satirical humour betrays the scholastic cynic, not the airy and fluent wit. He had, perhaps, the foibles of a man who was clearing himself from obscurity; he prided himself on his family alliances, while he fastidiously looked askance on the trade of his father—a rope-manufacturer."

The humour of making "*The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman*," proceed from so unlikely a source as "by the high-titled patron Don Richardo de Medico Campo, Barber Chururgeon to Trinity College in Cambridge"—the same person to whom Nash in mockery had dedicated his "Have with you to Saffron Walden"—J. Payne Collier says, "Would never have occurred to Harvey, had not Nash originated the introduction of the barber, which constitutes the chief merit of Harvey's performance. The *Trimming* was not published until after the date of Nash's renewed attack, in 1594; and one excuse for its coarseness and abuse may be, that the whole was put into the mouth of so humble, yet familiar a personage. How the barber became so out-of-the-way learned, as he is sometimes represented in the pamphlet, might puzzle us, if we did not know who was the real author of the many references and elucidations: some mistakes in Latin quotations were clearly intentional. Harvey was probably ashamed to put his name upon the title page, or at the close of the preliminary matter; but the work was well known to be his at the time the order was issued for the cessation of the libellous controversy, which in various forms had continued for more than five years."

"It is true, Harvey was allowed the last word, but it was of such a character that he would have been glad to recall it; and although he lived many years afterwards, he did not, as a literary man, survive the blow he had inflicted on his own reputation."

THE
TRIMMING

OF THOMAS NASHE GENTLEMAN,

by the high-tituled patron *Don*
Richardo de Medico campo, Barber
Chirurgion to Trinitie Col-
ledge in Cambridge.

Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestat.



LONDON,
Printed for Philip Scarlet.

1597.

TO THE LEARNED :

Eme, perlege, 'nec, te precii pænitebit.

TO THE SIMPLE :

Buy me, read me through, and thou wilt not repent
thee of thy cost.



TO THE GENTLE READER.

PROFACE,¹ gentle Gentlemen. I am sorry I have no better cates² to present you with; but pardon, I pray you, for this which I have here provided was bred in Lent, and Lent (you know) is said of *lean*, because it macerates and makes lean the body: if therefore this dish be lean, and nothing answerable to your expectation, let it suffice 'twas bred in Lent: neither had it any time wherein it might gather anything unto itself, to make it more fat and delightful. His Epistle I expected any time these three years, but this mine answer, *sine fuco loquar*, though it be not worthy to be called the work of one well spent hour, I have wrought forth out of the stolen hours of three weeks: for although occasion hath been offered ever since the epistle hath been extant to answer it, yet held in suspense, considering the man and

¹PROFACE.—An exclamation equivalent to “Much good may it do you.”

²CATES.—Viands, delicious food, dainties.

matter, whether I should take it upon me or no. At last, concluding him easily answerable, I have undergone it : therefore, however you see it crept abroad, Gentles, receive it well in worth : your favours, happily, might add strength unto it, and stir up the fain creeping steps to a more lively pace ; it, by hard hap being denied of the progress, keeping at home, hath grown somewhat greater. To tell you what the man is, and the reason of this book, were but trivial and superfluous, only this ; you may call it *The Trimming of Thomas Nash*, wherein he is described. In trimming of which description, though I have found out, and fetched from the mint, some few new words to colour him, grant me pardon, I think them fit for him who is so limned and coloured with all new found villany ; for, if they be etymologized, they no whit disagree from his properties. Slender labour hath sufficed to weave this thin superficial veil to cover his crimson Epistle, and shadow it forth unto the world. For as a garment of too bright a colour is too evil an object for the eyes (as is the sun), and is nothing gazed after, no not of those who never saw it before ; yet new things are desired, because 'twould prove pernicious to their eyes, but once o'er-clouded and covered with a lawn vesture, through that it shines and becometh a less hurting object and draws the people's sight after it : so his Epistle, in its own

colour being too resplendent and hurtful to the readers, is laid apart and is nothing in request, for that 'twould prove as a burning glass unto their eyes; but vested with this caul and rare-wrought garment it loseth part of its hurting vigour, and therefore is called to be seen again.

Loathed tediousness I also eschewed, as no less hurtful than too bright an object. The book which he dedicateth to me is so tedious, that, had I read it through, it so loathsome would have wrought more on me, both upward and downward, than three drams of pills: his Epistle is not behind hand; to that I might say as said *Diogenes* to the men of *Minda* (whose gates were greater in analogical proportion than their city) O, ye men of *Minda*, look to your city, that it flies not out at your gates: so his book might well, for the largeness of the Epistle, have flown out at it; and surely I think, had his book any wings, that is, any quaint device flying abroad to please withal, it would never have stayed till this time. Therefore I think it providently done of him (though out of doubt the fool had no such drift) to make the gates so big, that when we have passed through the gates, supposing all the city to be suitable to the stateliness of them, but after we are entered, finding ourselves merely gulled, and that all the city is not worth the gates, we may the more readily find the way out of the city again.

the gates being so great: and this remedy I found once, when I took my journey into his city.

But to return. If this be not so well set forth as you could wish it were, blame me not; for as the moon, being naked and bare, is said once to have gone to her mother and asked of her a coat to clothe her, but she answered, there could be no coat made fit for her for her instability, sometime she being in the full, and sometime in the wane; so he, being a man of so great revolution, I could not fit him; for if I had undertaken to speak of, one of his properties, another came into my mind and another followed that, which bred confusion, making it too little for him: therefore, were it not too little, it might be 'twould be fit: but, howsoever, pardon (Gentlemen) my boldness in presenting to your favourable views this little and confused coat.

Yours in all courtesy, *Richard Lichfield.*





THE TRIMMING OF THOMAS NASH.

SIR, here is a gentleman at the door would speak with you. Let him come in.

Mr. Nash! welcome. What! you would be trimmed; and I cannot deny you that favour. Come, sit down, I'll trim you myself. How now? What makes you sit down so tenderly? you crinch in your buttocks like old father *Pater Patriæ*, he that was father to a whole country of bastards. Dispatch, sir boy! set the water to the fire; but, sirrah, hark in your ear; first go provide me my breakfast, that I go not fasting about him; then go to the apothecary and fetch me some repressive *antidotum*, to put into the bason, to keep down the venomous

vapours that arise from his infectious excrements : for (I tell you) I like not his countenance ; I am afraid he labours of the venereal murr.

Muse not (gentle *Thomas*) that I come so roughly upon you with Sit down, without any dedicatory epistle, which (I know) you expected ; for that your Epistle (in some wise) brought forth this small work, which purposely I omitted, scorning patronage against you. For if (by an Epistle) I had made some lord or knight my patron, it would have menaged and given courage to you, that (not sufficient of my self) I should get some protector to stand out with you. As in a cock-fight, if the cock-master takes off his cock when they are buckled together, it encourageth the other cock (deeming his adversary to fly to his master for refuge) so that he crows forth the triumph before the victory. Therefore, forsooth, if for orders sake (that of custom, might be made a necessary law) you would have an epistle, I thought it best, respecting the subject matter, as near as possibly I could to pattern it with the like patron. Then, not knowing where to hear of some miscreant, polluted with all vices, both of body and mind, and viewing over all the impressed images of men in the memorial cell of my brain, at last I espied your self more lively engraven than the rest, and, as it were, offering your self to this purpose. Then

presently I made choice of you, that like an ass you might bear your burden, and patronize your own scourge; as doth the silly hedge-sparrow, that so long fostereth up the cuckoo in her nest, till at length she be devoured of her; or the viper, that is destroyed of her own whelps. All *England* for a patron! But to this sudden joy (for sudden joy soon Item for you. ends) this cross happened; that knowing it to be my duty to gratulate my patron with the first hereof, but not knowing where to find you, for that you (the worlds citizen) are here and there, you may dine in this place, and go supperless to bed if you know Well put in. where to have your bed; you may be in one prison to day, and in another to morrow; so that you have a place but as a fleeting incorporeal substance circumscribed with no limits, that of your own you have not so much as one of *Diogenes* his poor cottages. You have indeed a *terminus a quo* (as we logicians speak) but no *terminus ad quem*. Now, sir, for the uncertainty of your mansion house, How hardly I leave this cave or place. you having all the world to keep court in, and being so haunted with an earthquake that in what house soever you are one day, you are shaken out the next, my little Book might kill three or four porters, that must run up and down *London* to seek you, and at the last might die itself for want of succour before it comes to your hands. Yet it might be,

that in your request you are insatiable; you will
take no excuse, your will is your reason,
nay may not be admitted. Well,
it shall be yours : for your
Epistle's sake, have at
you with an
Epistle.





*To the polypragmatical, parasitupocritical, and pan-
tophainoudendecontical Puppy, Thomas Nash,
Richard Lichfield wishes the continuance of that
he hath: that is, that he want not the want of
health, wealth, and liberty.*

*Mitto tibi Nashum propra N. puppi humque Nashum.
carentem.*

GOD save you (right glossomachical *Thomas*),
the virtuous riches, wherewith (as broad
spread fame reporteth) you are induced,
though *fama malum* (as saith the poet) which I
confirm, for that she is *tam ficti pravique tenax,*
quam, nuncia veri, as well saith Master *William*
Lilly in his *adjectiva verbalia in ax*. I say, the
report of your rich virtues so bewitched me toward
you, that I cannot but send my poor book to be
virtuously succoured of you, that when both yours
and my friends shall see it, they may (for your sake)
virtuously accept of it. But it may be you deny

the epistle : the book is of you, the epistle must be to some other. I answer, you are desirous of an epistle. Did not *Cæsar* write those things himself which himself did? And did not Lucius, that golden ass, speak of himself which was the ass? and will not you (though an ass, yet neither golden nor silver) patronize that which others took pains to write of you? *Cæsar* and *Lucius* for that shall live for ever: and so shall you as long as ever you live. Go to, I say; he is an ill horse that will not carry his own provender. But chiefly I am to tell you of one thing, which I choose to tell you of in my epistle, both because of epistles some be denunciatory, as also considering that wise saying elsewhere of the precise schoolmaster, If thy friend commit any enormous offence toward thee, tell him of it in an Epistle. And truly this is a great and enormous offence, at which my collar stands upright, neither will I put it up. Therefore in sadness provide your lawyer; I have mine : it will bear as good an action as if you should have come into another man's house, and never say, Hoe! God be here : that is, you wrote a foul epistle to me, and never told me of it before. You might have said, By your leave, sir. I warrant you, I write but this small epistle to you, and I tell you of it as long before as the epistle is long. But now I remember me, there was no

hatred between us before, and therefore it would be proved but chance-medley. Let it even alone, it cannot be undone; for a thing easily done never can be undone, and a man may quickly become a knave, but hardly an honest man. And thus (malevolent *Tom*) I leave thee. From my chamber *Where can you tell?* in *Camb.* to your.

Yours in love, *usque ad aras*,

*That is, that
would follow
thee even to
the gallows.*

RICH. LICHFIELD.





YOU see how lovingly I deal with you in my epistle, and tell of your virtues, which (God forgive me for it) is as arrant a lie as ever was told ; but to leave these paregastrical speeches, and to come to your trimming. Because I will deal *All your parts.* roundly with you I will cut you with the round cut, in which I include two cuts : first, the margin cut ; secondly, the perfect cut. The margin cut is nothing else but a preparation to the perfect cut, whereby I might more perfectly discharge that cut upon you ; for as in a deep standing pool, the brinks thereof, which are not unfitly called the margins, being pared away, we may the better see thereinto ; so the margins, which fitly we may term the brinks of your stinking standing pool (for it infects the ear as doth the stinking pool the smell) being cut away, I may the better finish this perfect cut, and rid myself of you. To the margin cut.

When first your epistle came into my hands,¹ I boldly opened it, and scaling the margins of it, I espied a silly note, *quasi conversant about heads*.^{*} I said not a word, but turning over a leaf or two more, to see if you continued in those simple animadversions, and, indeed, I saw you to be no changeling, for there I espied *barbers knocking of their fingers, and lousy naperie*, as foolish as the other: *semper idem* (thought I) might be your motto, and so you will die. Then I began to mark the note, which you adjoined to your notes that they might be noted: there tossing and turning your book upside down, when the west end of it happened to be upward, methought your note seemed a *d*: ah! *dunce, dolt, dotterell*, quoth I; well might I be a *d*, and, for my life, for the space of two hours could not leave railing of thee all in *ds*.

¹In 1596 Nash published "HAVE WITH YOU TO SAFFRON-WALDEN; OR, GABRIEL HARVEY'S HUNT IS UP. *Containing a full answer to the eldest son of the Halter-maker; or* NASH HIS CONFUTATION OF THE SINFUL DOCTOR. With the following ludicrous dedication—

"To the most Orthodoxal and reverent Correytor of staring hairs, the sincere and *finigraphical rarifier of proluxious rough barbarism, the thrice egregious and censorial animadvertiser of vagrant moustachios, chief scavenger of chins, and principle Head-man of the parish wherein he dwells,* special supervisor of all excremental superfluties for Trinity College in Cambridge, and (to conclude) a not able and singular benefactor to all beards in general.* Don Richardo Barbarossa de Cæsana, Tho. Nash *wisheth the highest top of his contentment and felicity, and the shortning of all his enemies.*"

* *Quasi conversant about heads.*

Now to the perfect cut. I cannot but admire you in the title you allow me, seeing we admire monsters as well as virtuous men, and a fool (as oft I have heard scholars dispute in mine office) as a monster : other barbers like not the title : it pleaseth me, and all the dukes in *Spain* cannot show the like, and I think that half a year's study did not bring it out of thy dunstical hammer-headed scalp, but thou dost to disgrace me, and thinkest thy title decketh a barber, and that a barber with thy title is as a rotten chamber hanged with cloth of arras ; but it is not so : alas ! thy reading affords thee not to know the ancient and valorous power of barbers.

I could speak how they flourished amongst the *Abants*, a fierce and warlike people ; and by the barbers *perpolite* cunning, as it were amending nature and shaping their faces to more austerity, they became more victorious, as *Plutarch* recordeth in the life of *Theseus* : and young striplings, newly fit for arms, first were brought to *Delphos*, and there offered the first fruits of their hair to *Jupiter* ; next him the barbers were served and they cut them, and went as *Joves Vices* to make them fit for war. They flourished before with the *Arabians*, the *Mysians*, the *Dacians*, the *Dalmatians*, the *Macedonians*, the *Thracians*, the *Servians*, the *Sarmacians*, the *Valachians*, and the *Bulgarians*, as saith *Polydorus Virgil* : afterward *Alexander* enter-

tained into his camps barbers, as the spurs and whetstones of his armies.

Dionysius, that blood-thirsty tyrant, that feared no peers, stood always in fear of barbers, and rather would have his hair burnt off, than happen into the barber's hands.

Therefore, in a barber's shop (as *Plutarch* reporteth) where some few were talking of the tyranny of the tiger *Dionysius*, What (said the Barber) are you talking of king *Dionysius*, whom within these two or three days I must shave? When *Dionysius* heard of this, he got the barber secretly to be put to death, for fear of after-claps. The barber's chair is the very Royal-Exchange of news, barbers the head of all trades. I could speak of their excellency, for that a man's face (the principal part of him) is committed only to barbers. All trades adorn the life of man, but none (except barbers) have the life of man in their power, and to them they hold up their throats ready.

*None but
barbers meddle
with the
head.*

If they be happy whom pleasure, profit and honour make happy, then barbers with great facility attain to happiness. For pleasure, if they be abroad, they are sought too of the best companions : knights, and esquires send for them. If at home and at work, they are in pleasing conference ; if idle, they pass that time in life-delighting music.

For profit a barber hath living in all parts of England; he hath money brought in, as due as rents, of those whom he never saw before. For honour, kings and ruling monarchs (to whom all men crouch with cap in hand, and knee on ground) only to barbers sit barehead, and with bended knees. But for all this, thou sparest not to rail on barbers (as on all others), and being full of botches and boils thyself, spewest forth thy corruption on all others: but I nought respect it, thy railings rather profit me. For (as *Antisthenes* was wont to say) a man might as well learn to live well of his ill-willing and abusive enemies, as of his honest friends; of these by following their virtues, of the others by eschewing their actions, by seeing the effects that followed those actions in his enemies. And as *Telephus* (being wounded and destitute of a saving remedy at home) went even to his enemies, and sworn foes, to get some sovereign medicine, so if of my friends I could not learn temperance, I might learn of thee by seeing the effects of thy cankered convicious tongue; for by that thou are brought into contempt: thy talking makes thee be accounted as a purse that cannot be shut, and as an house whose door stands always open; and as that open purse containeth no silver, and in that house is nothing worthy the taking away, so out of thy mouth proceedeth nothing but noisome and ill-

favoured vomits of railings. Wherefore draw together the strings, and lock up the door of thy mouth, and before thou speakest such ill corrupted speeches again, let it be lifted off the hinges : rule, I say, that little and troublesome vermin, that small tongue of thine, which in some is not the smallest part of virtue, but in thee the greatest art of vice ; not unlike the purple fish which, whilst she governs her tongue well, it getteth her food and hunteth after her prey, but when she neglects it, it bringeth her destruction, and she is made herself a prey unto the fisher : so that in that small parcel all virtue and vice lies hidden, as is recorded of *Bias*, whom king *Amasis* commanding to send home the best and most profitable meat from the market, he sent home a tongue : the king demanding a reason, he answered that of a tongue came many profitable and good speeches, and this tongue thou hast not. Then the king sent him to buy the worst and most unprofitable meat, and he likewise bought a tongue : the king also asking the reason of this ? from nothing (said he) issueth worse venom than from the tongue, and this tongue thou hast ; and this tongue cross with the bar of reason, lest thou seem more foolish than those geese in *Cilicia* which, when they fly in the night time by the hill *Taurus* that is possest of eagles, are said to get stones into their mouths, by which, as by a bridle, they rein in their

cryings, and so quietly pass the greedy talons of the eagles. But, alas! why invest I so against thy tongue? *lingua* a *lingendo*, and you know we use always to lick in, and so thou shouldest keep in thy poison: or a *ligando*, which is to bind, for so thou shouldest bind up, and not disperse abroad that rancour in thee. Thy tongue doth but in duty utter that which is committed unto it, and nature hath set before it a double bulwark of teeth to keep in the Mark the
secret allegory vagrant words, which straying abroad and being surprised, may betray the whole city: and the upper bulwark sometimes serves for a portcullis, which when any rascally word having not the watch-word, that is, *reason*, shall but enter out of the gates, is presently let down, and so it cuts it off before it worketh wreck to the whole castle. Therefore I must of necessity find out another cause of thine infected speech, and now I have found it, fie on thee! I smell thee, thou hast a stinking breath; but a stinking breath (some say) cometh of foul teeth, and if it be so, wash thy teeth, Tom; for if thou wouldst draw forth good and clean words out of thy mouth, thou wouldst wash thy teeth, as every tapster that goeth to draw good beer will wash the pot before he goeth. But it may be, the filth hath so eaten into thy teeth that washing cannot get it away; then, do as that venom-biting beast, that Nile-bred crocodile, which,

to purge her teeth of those shivered reeds that are wreathed between by feeding in the water, cometh to the shore, and there, gaping, suffereth some friendly bird without danger to creep into her mouth, and with her bill to pick away the troubling reeds: so come you but to some shore, and I'll be that *Trochilus*; I'll pick your teeth and make a clean mouth, or I'll pick out tongue and all; but of this stinking breath I speak not. *Tædet* *anima*, saith the comedian, and this I mean, not meaning as he meant, for he meant a stinking breath, but by *anima* I mean the form by which thou art what thou art, by which also thy senses work, which giveth use to all thy faculties, and from which all thy actions proceed; and this *anima*, if thou termost a breath, this breath stinketh, and from this breath (as little rivers flow from a fountain) all the words flow forth, and the fountain being corrupted (as you know) likewise all the lesser rivers needs must be corrupted, and this *anima*, this breath, or fountain, thou must cleanse. But how to cleanse this breath it passeth my cunning to tell, for though (as I am a chirurgeon) I could pick your teeth, for the other stinking breath, yet this I durst not meddle with: this hath need of a metaphysician, and let it suffice for me rudely to take up the bucklers and lay them down again, only to tune the lute, but to leave to the more cunning to play

Trochilus.

Philosophy.

*How I bewitch
thee with
fecundity.*

thereon. Count it enough for me, that am but an adjunct to a scholar, that have nothing of myself but what I glean up at the disputation of some scholars in mine office, let it be sufficient for me (I say) only to tell the reason of this stinking breath, and to leave to more sound philosophers to determine and set down the remedy of it. But now, it may be, *teipsum noscis*; you smell your own breath, and find it to be so intoxicated with poison that, unless you have present help, you are quite undone, you perish utterly; and knowing me to be a man of such excellent parts, yea, far better parts than *in speech be* Ha ha! a rag borrowed from your own dunghill. *these eight parts*, are very instant with me to unbind the bundle which I gathered at disputations, and give you some remedy for this stinking breath. Lo! how virtue in the friend casteth forth her beams ever upon her enemy. I am overcome, blushingly I undertake it, and, like a bashful maid, refuse, yet deign you that favour. Then mark, A medicine for a stinking breath. first go get some strong hemp, and work it and temper it so long together, till there arise out of it an engine which we call *capistrum*; then carry this *capistrum* to some beam that lieth across, for none else will serve when it must be strained and the one end of it fastened to the beam, and one the other make a noose of as round a figure as you can, for the roundest figure is the most retentive: let the noose be always ready to slide, for man's breath is

slippery ; then, when everything is fitted, boldly put through thy head ; then work the *capistrum* over new again, swing up and down twice or thrice that it may be well strained, and so in short time your old breath will be gone. Despair not yet, man, *probatumest*: old *Æson* was dead awhile, but revived again and lived many a year after. But mark ; now to the pinch : if *Plato's* transmigration hold (which some men hold) that the *animæ* and breaths of men that be dead do fleet into the bodies of other men which shall live, then I hold that some breath, seeing thy young body without an *anima*, and it would be hard luck if some breath or other should not be yet straying about for a body, their being continually so many let loose at Tyburn ; I say, some unbespoken vagrant breath will go in and possess thy body. Now, if this remedy help not, surely thou art unrecurable ; if also thy new breath happen to be as stinking as thy old, thou wilt never have a sweet breath in this world, nor then neither. And thus much of my title.

You know, or at the least ought to know, that writers should eschew lies as scorpions ; but your lies that you devised of one are the greatest part of the matter of your Epistle ; as, *My shop in the town, the teeth that hang out at my window, my painted may-pole,* with many others, which fill up room in the Epistle in abundant manner, and which are nothing

else but mere lies and fictions to yield thee matter ; whereby I perceive how thread-bare thou art waxen, how barren thy invention is, and that thy true amplifying vein is quite dried up. Repent, repent, I say, and leave off thy lying, which, without repentance, is very heinous ; that one lie I make of thee in this book is presently washed away with repentance. Another lie I cannot but tell you off, which you clap in my teeth in the very beginning of your Epistle, which nothing grieveth me, for that I suppose it to be committed of ignorance : that is, you tell me that you came upon me with a dicker of Dicks,¹ but you came upon me with seventeen or eighteen Dicks, whereby I see thy ignorance in the Greek tongue ; thou knowest not what a dicker is : a dicker is but ten of anything, for it cometh of the Greek word *déka*, which is by interpretation ten.

Thou objectest that old *Tully* and I differed : I confess it, I am a man alone ; I scorn such ragged rent-forth speech, yet thou mayest well pray for the dual number, thou scabbed, scald, lame, halting adjective as thou art, in all thy guiles thou never hadst that guile as alone to get thee one crust of

¹A DICKER OF DICKS.—“I am sure thou wonderest not a little what I mean, to come upon thee so strangely with such a huge dicker of Dicks in a heap altogether ; but that’s but to show the redundancy of thy honourable family, and how affluent and copious thy name is in all places, though *Erasmus*, in his *Copia Verborum*, never mentions it.” See the Epistle dedicatory to Nash’s “Have with you to Saffron-Walden.”

bread : no, I know not who had a hand with you in this silly Epistle ; go to, he is not a minister, he had but small reason for it : again, you remember the time when your fellow, *Lusher*, and you lay in Cole-harbour together, when you had but one pair of breeches between you both, but not one penny to bless you both, and how by course he wore the breeches one day, and went coney-catching about for victuals, whilst you lay in bed, and the next day you wore the breeches to go beg whilst he lay in bed, for all the world like two buckets in one well. Now suppose when *Lusher* wore the breeches, that then thou shouldest have been carried to prison where now thou art ; verily I think thou shouldest have escaped prison for want of breeches, or suppose that at that time thou shouldest have been hanged, I cannot but think that the want of a pair of breeches would have been better to thee than thy neck-verse, for the hangman would have his breeches ; no fee, no law : but put case that with much ado, by great extraordinary favour, some good hangman had done thee this last benefit, that thou mightest never trouble him again, and should have given thee thy hanging frank and free (as indeed happy for thee had it been, if this good hap had happened, for then thou shouldest not have lived thus miserably in this vain and wicked world) I say, plainly, put case thou hadst been hanged, the

hangman not sticking with thee for thy breeches, then *Charon* would have come upon you for his ferry-penny : fie out ! money and breeches as ill as a rope and butter, for if one slip the other hold, with him no *naulum*, no wastage, and then thou hadst been in worse case than ever thou wert. Thus you see how the want of a pair of breeches might have been the means to have made thee escape prison, death and utter damnation : and, O thrice happy *Lusher* ! that shouldest have been away with the breeches at that happy time ; but when thou wert in thy chiefest pride, if thou hadst but lent out one pair of breeches, thou shouldest have been thus happy.

Praise from the praiseworthy, and he is not praised whose praiser deserveth not praise ; therefore, in those places of the Epistle where thou praisest me, I take myself most to be dispraised, for that thou the praiser art worthy no praise ; for whosoever thou lead in a fool's paradise, like the fish called a *mugil*¹ which is said to feed herself with her own snot, for thereof she takes her name, thou *Mucus*, snot. feedest thyself with self conceit, that whatsoever cometh from thee is the very quintessence of true wit, and that all the ribaldry that ever thou settest forth, exceeded in pleasant mirth that so thou hast embraced true *Minerva*, when as (God knows) thou

¹MUGIL.—The mullett tribe.

art as far deceived as ever was poor *Ixion*, that embraced a cloud instead of *Juno*, or that gulled-god monstrous arcadian *Pan*, who, instead of that sweet Nymph *Syrinx*, sumpt a bunch of reeds. Yet I must confess thou hast something; thou art as a bundle of straw that, being set on fire, consumes itself all in smoke, but no warmth cometh from it; so thou hast no true fire in thee, all smother, nothing that can warm a man: thou art as many ciphers without an I, which they wanting are of themselves nothing; and thou hast much apparence of wit, which is as ciphers, but thou hast not this same I. Iota is wanting to thy ciphers; thou hast not one jot nor tittle of true wit. Again, as some soldiers that were at *Cales* [Cadiz], breaking into a shop for pillage, and there seeing many great sacks ready trussed up, they with great joy made haste away with them; and so with light hearts carried away their heavy burdens, and when they brought them into the streets, opening them to see their booties, found in some of them nought but red caps, of which afterwards they made store of fires, and in the rest nought but earthen pitchers, chafing-dishes and pisspots, and such like: so whosoever shall see thee trussed up and in thy clothes, might happily take thee for a wise young man; but when thou shalt be opened, that is, when he shall see but some work of thine, he shall find in thee nought but

rascality and mere delusions: and for this cause thou mayest be called the very *Chærilus* of our time, of whom the proverb was raised, more fool than *Chærilus*, who was a silly idiot, but yet had the name of a wise man; for he might be called *Chærilus*, *quasi chæri phos*, the light of every company into which he came: so thou hast only the name of a wise man, and that is *Nash*. O wise name! I pray, let me christen you anew, and you shall be called *Chærilus*, *quasi chæri bos*, the very bull-head of all the troop of pamphleteers. Thou goest about to gather jests, and to barrel them up into thine ale-house index, that when occasion shall serve thou mightest be a *Democritus*, always to laugh thyself, or to cause others to laugh by the idiotism. Thus to conclude: as *Daphne* chastity was turned into a laurel tree, and so kept her chastity, even so I wish that for thy wit thou mightest be turned into an ass, that so thou mightest keep thy wit to thyself, and not defile the world withal. But this thou scornest, and wilt prove that thou hast a good wit; and thus submissively in eloquence, to make us believe thee, at the first word thou beginest, Nature, that never wont to be unequal in her gifts, with me hath broke her wont, and endowed me with a dowry above the rest of her children; but every commodity hath his discommodity, and we cannot always please all; and

though all my books did not take as I wished they should, yet most of them did take, as *Pierce Penniless*¹ and others, which I will not name to avoid suspicion of vain glory. *Argus*, that had an hundred eyes, sometimes slept, or else he had not died for it: and when *Mercury* came he had no power to hold ope his eyes.—O, fine speech! By this I gather that thou confessest thyself to be *Argus*, and me *Mercury*; and if you be *Argus*, hold ope your eyes, with a pox to ye; I mean ye no harm yet, yet I pipe not to you: but I think it will be my luck to be as ill a scourge to you as ever *Mercury* was to *Argus*. But if you will dispute and prove that you have a good wit, away with your confused bibble-babble: bind up your arguments into syllogisms and I will answer you directly. Content, say you, and thus you begin: If my fame be spread far abroad, and all the country confirm that I have a good wit, then 'tis true that I have a good wit. But the first proposition is true; therefore I have a good wit. I answer, Poor and illiterate opponent! to context no firmer argument against so firm a logician as I am, a double response, or answer extempore, I can

¹Query.—Does not Master Richard here mean *Pierce's Supererogation*? or, is he merely bantering Nash for having translated his work into the Macaronical language, as he calls it. *Vide* Footnote at page 4 of Nash's "Lenten Stuff," Part i "Old Book Collector's Miscellany," and Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden."

afford you. First, though your name be blazed abroad, it follows not that you should have a good wit ; for as an empty vessel will sound far that hath nothing in it, so you may crack yourself abroad, and get to be reported the man you are not.

Secondly, I grant that you are famous, and that the country reports you wise. Sententiously I answer, that by a figure the country is taken here for the common rout only ; for none that can but write and read will ever agree to it; and *turba malum argumentum*, as much as to say, the troublesome Common's assertion never goes for currant. Thus, leaving no hole for you to creep in with a second objection, you betake you to your second argument.

If my wit (say you) were not excellent and unanswerable, many who are accounted to have good wits (to whom I have oft given particular occasion) would have answered me : but they have not answered me ; therefore my wit is excellent. Therefore I will answer thee.

I would to God thou and I were to dispute for the best mayorship in *Spain*; faith! thou mightest even cast thy cap at it. Dost thou not know that the lion scorns combat with the base? Wise men (though moved) will not work revenge on every object ; and the more stately oak, the more hardly set on fire. More plainly, in a similitude, the like reason is to be gathered of the nettles.

Even as the nettle keepeth her leaf cleanest, for that no man purgeth his post-pendence (there your nose, *Thomas*) with it, not because they cannot but because it would sting them if they should; and so, for that small good turn, it would work them a more displeasure. So thou art suffered to be quiet, and not wrote against, not for that thou canst not be answered, but that by answering thee they should but give more fodder to thy poison, put more casting to thy gorge; and he that intends to meddle with dung must make account to defile his fingers.

Thus thou art quite put down: thou art drawn dry. Methinks I perceive thee with for some moderator, that should cry, *Egregie Nash* (or, you great ass), *satis fecisti officium tuum*. And now, for want of a moderator, myself (for fault of a better) will supply that room, and determine of our disputation. And herein it shall not be amiss (the question so requiring, and you also requiring it in that place of your Epistle, where you lay wit to my charge) first to tell what a good wit is. And whereas thou burthenest me to say, that *much extraordinary descant cannot be made of it*, thou liest; for how unjust were men's wits, not to afford us extraordinary descant of that, which giveth us descant for everything?

A good wit (therefore) is an affluent spirit, yielding invention to praise or dispraise, or any-ways to discourse (with judgment) of every subject, mistake me not I pray you, and think not that I think all those to have good wits that will talk of every subject and have an oar (as we say) in every man's boat ; for many fools do so, and so doest thou. These talk not with judgment ; they be like the fellow who, swearing by God, and one standing by, correcting him, said, Fie on thee, how thou talkest ! What skills it, said he, so long as I talk of God ? So I say, Thou carest not how, without judgment, thou talkest on everything.

A good, good wit it is that maketh a man, and he is not a man that hath not a good wit. The very brutish and savage beast have wit : oxen and asses by their wit choose out the best pasture to feed in, and thou art no better : for divers men will say, and especially Northern men, to one that doth anything unhandsomely, Whaten a Nash it is ! for What an ass it is ; and an ass, all men know, hath not a good wit.

Thus (by these descriptions) the definitive sentence of my determination is this : *Nash*, thou hast not a good wit ; thou art a silly fellow, and more silly than Sir *Thomas of Carleton*, who being a little sick, and the bell tolling to have him go read service, the clerk of the parish going to him, and

telling him that the bell tolled for him, meaning to go read, he went presently and made his will, because the bell tolled for him. And so do thou; pray thee, make thy will, and die betimes before thou beest killed, for thine own wit will kill thee; and call you that a good wit that kills a man? All the wife men of *Greece* and *Gotham* never came to the misery that thy good wit hath brought thee to. My mind presageth the great confusion that thy good wit will bring upon thee; for as the camel that (come he into never so clear a fountain) cannot drink of the water, till he hath roiled and fowled it with his feet, so whatsoever thy wit goeth about, it first defiles it, and so brings destruction to thine own body. Thy wit, thy wit, *Tom*, hath rods in piss for thee: 'twill whip thee, 'twill work thine overthrow, 'twill quite destroy thee. *Actæon* (as wise a man as you) no ways could escape it, for all his love to his hounds and swift flight when he saw their fellness, but was devoured of his own dogs.

But why then (mayest thou say) do I oppose myself against an ass, seeing now I do no more than all could do, for all the beasts in the field can insult and triumph over the silly ass, as well the creeping snail, to her power, as the fiercest tiger? *Asinus a sedendo*, because every child can ride an ass; therefore 'tis rather a reproachful shame for me to meddle with thee, and by that I get more discredit

than the two gods got dishonours, that conspired the downfall of one silly, weak, unable woman. The reason is, I only am left to tell thee thou art an ass, and if thou shouldest not be told it, thou wouldest not believe that thou art an ass. Therefore now, at length, know thine own strength, and knowing that thou art feeble and hast no strength, blush and be ashamed; and then thou shalt see that all the country hath seen thy ignorance, though kept it in silence, and how this many a year thou hast gulled them; but they (gentle minded auditors) still, still, expecting better, took all in good part, whilst thou, like a cowardly unskilful horseman mounted on a jade, curvettest and showest thy cranks among a company of valorous famous captains, whose stirrup thou art not worthy to hold. Alight and listen unto me, and I, even I, that never till now was acquainted with the press, and acknowledge myself far unfit for those things thou professest, I (I say) will read thee a lecture: hearken, in my gibberish (as thou termost it) I will construe thee this short distich which, though it wants an author, wants no authority.

*Thaïda te credis duxiffe sed illa Diana est,
Namque Actæoneum dat tibi Cervi caput.*

*Ingenuously thou thee complainest an Irus poor
to he;*

*But thou art Midas, for thou art an ass, as well
as he.*

Or thus :

*Some says Nash is lascivious, but I say he is chast.
For he by chasing after whores his beard away hath
chast.*

Otherwise :

*Who says Nash riots day and night about the streets
doth lie,
For he in prison day and night in fetters fast doth
lie.*

Again :

*You say I am a fool for this, and I say you say
true :
Then what I say of you is true, for babes and fools
say true.*

Now, I give not every word their literal sense, and by that you may see how I presume of your good wit, to see if by allusions you can pick out the true meaning ; but I use a more plain demonstration, and apply it to yourself : for if you will understand anything aright, you must ever apply it to yourself. It may be thou likest not these verses, for that they want rhyming words, and I end both the verses with one word : no, *Tom*, no ; think not so, bewray not so thy poetry, for that distich is best contrived, and most elegant, that ends both verses with one word, if they import a divers sense. But now I see thou art no versifier ; thou hast only a prose tongue, and with that thou

runnest headlong in thy writing, with great pre-meditation had before, which any man would suppose, for the goodness, to be extempore, and this is thy good wit. Come, I say, come learn of me; I'll teach thee how to put verses an hour together.

Thou nothing doubttest (as thou sayest) of the *patronage and safe conduct of thy book*; and, indeed, thou needest not doubt, for I never meant it harm, but always wished it might safely pass by me: yet as I was patron to it, I could not but read some of it, but I think if I had read it though, it would have poisoned me, it stunk so abominably: therefore all the while I was reading of it, holding my nose, fie, out said I: had I but known this cockatrice whilst it was in the shell, I would have broken it; it never should have been hatched by my patronage: but 'tis no matter; thy eye-beams will reflect upon thyself, and will be burning glasses to thine own eyes.

And so in a fury (the countries coming down upon me) I, like a stout patron, out of all the countries that pressed me sore, challenged out the most valiant warrior of them all, *Monsieur Ajax*,¹ to single combat: him I overcame, and of him I

¹AJAX.—Nash, in his "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," has a rude wood-cut which he calls "The picture of Gabriel Harvey as he is ready to let fly upon Ajax"—The same cut was afterwards used by the printer of one of the Roxburghe Ballads, *viz.*, "The Countryman's new Care, Away!"

got safe conduct; and he hath promised safe conduct; and he hath promised safe conduct to all comers of that race; and moreover, he, as another patron hath gotten for them all safe conduct from hence to *Ely* by water.

The good admonition thou givest me, that is, to commence, I thankfully take and willingly would undergo, had I but one with whom I might keep mine acts.

As for mine answer, I nothing doubt that is kept (as I hope) with credit, but my reply is it I stand on: I can get none to answer me. Alas! thou art not able, neither fit, for thy want of a beard¹ taketh away half the subject of our disputation; not that I say a beard would make thee wise, and so by that thou shouldest be fit to dispute. And because in what art thou wouldest have me commence, in that I would dispute with thee: therefore suppose I should demand of thee the reason why thou hast so much hair on thy head, and so thin, or rather almost none at all, on thy face? thou couldest not quaintly answer, because the hair on thy head is twenty years older than that on thy beard; nor in natural reason, because the brain seated in the head yieldeth more

¹FOR THY WANT OF A BEARD.—Nash himself speaks of his beardless years, in “Pierce Penniless;” and Gabriel Harvey, in his “Pierce’s Supererogation,” 1592, calls him “a gosling of the printing house;” and in another place, “a proper young man,”

moisture about it than any way downward, by which moisture hair cometh ; but thou hast too moist a brain that cannot hold and remember these things, or rather, thou hast too hard and dry a brain, and so these things were never impressed into it.

But this is thine answer : 'Tis God's will it should be so, thou wert never born to have a beard : 'tis true ; indeed, thus thou mightest answer to all the arguments in the world ; but the want of a beard makes thee thus cold in answering, for a beard is a sign of a strong natural heat and vigour : but the true answer is, thou seekest too many ways to cast out thine excrements ; thou art too effeminate, and so becomest, like a woman, without a beard. Again, if I should demand of thee why the hair of a man's head groweth downward and not upward ? *idem revolvitur* ; this would be thine answer, Because it pleaseth nature. Dost thou not know that hair is the cover of the head ? and therefore, if it will cover, it must lie down : and do not all the parts of a man grow downward, though the whole man grows upwards ? And therefore the philosophers say that a man turned downwards is a plant ; that as a plant hath all her boughs, branches, and leaves grow upward, so all the parts of a man are upward when he standeth on his head ; as his feet, legs, arms, nose, fingers, and the rest : but in faith, thou, turned upward or downward, art but a plant, or

stock, to be ignorant in those things : why I marvel of what art thou didst commence Batchelor : if I had but the question that thou hadst at thy sophister's act, I would dispute on that ; but now I see I cannot commence for want of an answerer, and I scorn to keep mine acts *in tenebris*.

In this thy trimming, thou being so fit for it, I will work a wonder on thee, and I will hold any man a wager that I will perform it ; that is, whilst I am washing you, I will request your *connivance*, and put myself to *connivance*, and shave you quite through ; and when I have done, you shall not be a hair the worse. You may make a riddle of the same if you will, but I will do it, and when I have done, raising myself on my tiptoes, I will so hunt thee for my pay, that thou shouldest be in worse case than the beaver, who bites off his stones, and lays them in the way for the hunter ; for which otherwise he should be hunted to the death. I think verily, and in my conscience, *I should break thy head, and not give thee rest again.*

*Leaning on a
jest.*

Thou rude wretch ! thou wilt be so *cosmologized* if thou beest caught here, for calling our masters of art first *stigmatical* ; that is, burnt with an hot iron. Didst thou ever know any of our masters of arts burnt with any irons ? then thou callest them *sinckanthers*, which is a proper epithet unto thyself ; for *sinckanter* cometh of *sincke* and *antrum*, a hole ;

and as all the puddle and filth in the channel still runs all along till it comes to a hole or *antrum*, and there it sinks in, so all wickedness and abhorred villainy, still straying abroad and seeking for an *antrum*, at last it finds thee, which art the very sink and centre, where it rests. And surely if thou shouldest have termed me so, I would never have suffered it unrevenged ; for as the *torpedo*, being caught and laid on the ground, striketh a torpor and numbness into the hand of him that doth pour but water on her, so, I do not think but that in thy Epistle thou callest me but *Dick*, which is my name contract, and other adjuncts, which in their own nature are neither good nor bad, the very remembrance of me struck such a fear and numbness into thy joints, that yet thou shakest as not dispossessed of that fearful fever. I will stir thee up and make thee seething hot, and when thou art in thy heat, I will then quell thee by moving of thee more and more ; as when a pot seetheth, if we lade it and move the liquor up and down, even while it seetheth, we shall make it quiet. Thou little wotest of what a furious spirit I am ; for I, keeping among such spirits in this place, as thou sayest, am myself become a spirit, and go about with howling cries, with my lance in my hand, to torture thee, and must not return home, till *Ignatius*-like thou shalt be carbonadoed, and I shall be carried on my lance-point

thy bones to hang at my shop window, instead of a coronet of rotten teeth, as the trophies of my victory. And this shall be done, comest thou never so soon into my swinge.

Spirit walk.

Therefore keep out of my haunt, I have a walk ; thou mayest be blasted before thou comest near my walk : if thou dost but look back and see me in my walk, thy neck will stand awry, thy mouth distorted, thy lips ugly wrested, and thy nose hang hook-wise. But rather I take thee to be a spirit, for that I, talking with thee all this while, cannot have a glance on thee.

But see ! what art thou here ? *lupus in fabula*, a lop in a chain ? Now, sirrah, have at you ; thou art in my swinge. But soft ! fettered ? thou art out again ; I cannot come near thee, thou hast a charm about thy legs, *no man meddle with the Queen's prisoner* : now therefore let us talk friendly ; and as *Alexander* said to his father *Philip*, who being sorely wounded in the thigh in fight, and hardly escaping death, but could not go on the ground without halting, Be of good courage, father ; come forth, that every step thou sets on the ground may put thee in mind of thy manly courage and virtue : so say I to thee, *Nash*, Come forth ; be not ashamed of thyself ; stretch out thy legs, that every step thou goest, thy shackles, crying clink, may remember and put thee in mind of all thy goodness

and virtue. I am glad to see thee in this prosperity; thou never wert so rich as now; thou never hadst



so much money as would buy so fair a pair of fetters: in very deed, thou art beholden to thy keeper that will trust thee with so fair a pair of fetters: neither would he, if he had thee not by the leg: but now thou art in good case, thou art no vagabond, now thou servest a master, and hast a house to go to, and a couch to lie in: thou must be thriving and provident where thou art, and 'twill be a good saving for thee. Now thou hast clog at thy heel, as the proverb is, thou must learn

of *Æsop's* dog to do as he did : that is, thou must crinch up thyself round in thy couch all winter time, and dream of a goodly large chamber, fair lodgings and soft beds ; and in the summer time thou must stretch out thyself, lie all abroad snoring upon thy couch, and think that thy silly lodging (seeing thou feelest no cold) a stately chamber built of free stone, laid out with stately bay windows for to take the air at. But what need I tell thee of these things ? Thou knowest better than I how to lie in prison ; for what a shame were it else for thee, that hast many a day ago been free of all the prisons in London, now to learn thine occupation ? Thou art a journey man long since : I do not think but that thou art able to set up shop in that trade, for if thou wert but a novice in it, this dear year would quite kill thee.

*Holes in the
top.*

But say, how dost thou for victuals ? do not they of thy old acquaintance help thee ? if ever thou hadst true friend, now let him show himself, for a friend is tried in adversity ; and though the Romans were wont to say, that a true friend was but the salt and sauce of a banquet, yet I say, that a true friend to thee must be salt, sauce, bread, and all the meat beside. But thou hast never a true friend, yet thou hast enough of those friends that would be sauce to thy meat ; that is, if thou couldest bid them to a supper, they would come to eat up thy meat and sauce it with fine talk. But (God knows) thou hadst no

need of those friends: thou couldst be sauce to thine own meat. Fie on friendship! what is become of it? not one drop nor crumb of friendship between them all? A true friend (as they say) were more necessary than water and fire; for unless he come and call for it, thou canst not have so much as fire and water; that is, a fire with a cup of small drink by it to nourish thy body. What is become of those true friends, *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, *Pylades* and *Orestes*, *Nisus* and *Eurypylus*, *Pirithous* and *Theseus*, whom death itself could never separate? Dead? Then *Jove* raise some deadly tyrant to massacre that cankered brood of thy companions, that leave their jester desolate in the winter of his affliction. I curse them with more vehemency, because I see some hope in thee, in that thou now seemest simply to betake thee to the truth: for whereas thou wert wont to crack and brag abroad, and endeavourest to show that there was no learning in which thou wert not expert, and how that thou wert endowed with plenty of the liberal sciences, which thou knowest to be nothing so, now thou recantest, and in simple truth sayest, thou hast no learning, no, not such much as one of the liberal sciences; which thou showest unto us by coming forth in thy fetters, for none of the sciences are bond-slaves, or kept in chains: they are called liberal, *quasi liberi*, because they make men free. If

these are not sufficient motives for thee, happily let this move thee; that by thy proficiency in philosophy since thou camest into prison, thou, hearing of *Æsop*¹ that dwelt in a tub, of *Anaxagorus*(?), who in prison wrote his special book *Of the quadrature of the Circle*, of *Socrates*, who in prison studied philosophy, and wrote verses, and yet (as *Cardan* saith) slept sweetly, so as *Socrates* gave more light to the prison, than the prison gave darkness to *Socrates*: and, lastly, of him that put out his own eyes, and so eclipsed himself of the sight of the world, that he might have a more clear insight into the light of nature, keep thou thyself still in prison, eclipse thee from the sight of the world, gaze only on thyself, that so thou, more clearly seeing thine own deformed nature, mightest labour to reform it, and bring thyself into light again. But (sayest thou) you are a merry man, Mr. *Dick*: it befits not the wise to mock a man in misery. In truth thou sayest true, *Tom*; and for my mind's sake I would not for a shilling but that thou hadst been in prison; it hath made my worship so merry: but because thou continuest my precepts that am a Cambridge-man, from whence all virtue flows, and is the very fountain and conduit-head of all learning—O! here I could praise Cambridge an hour by the clock.

¹Here the Learned (!) "Dick the Barber" has designedly written *Æsop* and *Anaxagorus* for *Diogenes* and *Metroum*, to expose Nash's ignorance?

Therefore, I say, for thy contempt of me I will call thy keeper, and tell how thou art stolen out of prison, and come to me to help thee off with thy shackles. No, *Thomas*, no ; I am no pick-lock ; I thank God, I live without picking, though thou livest not without locks. But are you gone ? thou wert afraid of thy keeper ; go to the place from whence you came, &c., with a knave's name to you. Ha, ha ! if I had but followed this matter even a little more, I could have persuaded thee to live and die in prison.

Alas ! I could do anything with thee now, all thy senses are so taken down. Happy (quoth I) in prison ? hapless, indeed ! how happy is the owl caught fast in a lime-bough, when all the smaller birds do chatter at her for joy ? How happy the rat caught in a trap and there dies a living death ? How happy the tired hart stricken of the hunter, who runs panting, consuming her breath, and at last faints for want of breath ? How happy the wearied hare, pursued with dogs, ever looking when they shall tear her in pieces ? And how happy the coney-catching weasel ensnared in the parker's net, and hanged upon a tree ? Thus happy art thou ; with the owl thou art limed and wondered at, with the rat thou art sore pressed, with the hart thou art in a consumption, with the hare thou always expectest a tearing, and with the weasel thou shalt be hanged. All these torments are in prison, a

demi-hell, where (like fiends) the prisoners crawl about in chains, every one perplexed with his several pain ; a darksome labyrinth, out of which thou canst never pass, though guided by a thread.

O! double unhappy soul of thine, that lives so doubly imprisoned, first in thy body, which is a more stinking prison than this where thou art ; then, that it accompanieth thy body in this prison. Were it not sufficient that one prison should torture thy soul enough ? No ; first, because thy soul hath too deep a hand in all thy knaveries, 'tis so imprisoned and fettered to thy body that it cannot go without it. Poor soul! more miserable than the king's daughter captivated and long time kept imprisoned in the thieves' houses, at last, offering to break away, was condemned to be sewn into the ass's body and there to die ; for the ass's body was dead, and nothing alive in the ass (the prison) to trouble the maid, the prisoner. But thy prison is alive, and all the affections in thy body are as stinking vermin and worms in it, that crawl about thee, gnawing thee, and putting thee to misery. She in short time was sure to die, and so to be free again ; thou art still in dying, and hoping for freedom, but still livest, and this augments thy calamity : she should have had her head left out to breathe into the 'air, but thou breathest into thy prison thy body, that corrupts within thee, and so returns to be thine own

*Apostrophe
Apuleus.*

poison. Thus much misery (poor soul!) thine own body affords thee, and by being with thy body in the second prison, all this is doubled. Now, if thou wouldst be free from thy prisons make a hole in thy first prison; break out there, and so thou escapeth both, thou never canst be caught again: and by this thou shalt cry quittance with thy body, that thus hath tormented thee, and shalt leave him buried in a perpetual dungeon.

*Continuata
metaphora.*

Here let me give a cut or two on thy latest bred excrements, before I go to the finishing of the perfect cut.

A little lump of lead while it is round will lie in a small room, but being beaten it will spread broad and require a larger place to contain it; and a rope, bound fast up, might easily be covered, but unfolded and drawn out at length it hardly can be hidden: so you (simply considered) are of no report, but if you be untrussed, and beaten out, and your actions all unfolded, your name cannot be limited. And now you, having a care of your credit, scorning to lie wrapt up in oblivion, the moth of fame, have augmented the stretched-out line of your deeds, by that most infamous, most duncical and thrice opprobrious work, *The Isle of Dogs*,¹ for which you

¹THE ISLE OF DOGS.—See footnote, page 1 of "Nash's Lenten Stuff, or the Praise of the Red Herring," in Part 1 of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany."

are greatly in request. That as when a stone is cast into the water, many circles arise from it, and one succeedeth another, that if one goeth not round, the other following might be adjoined to it, and so make the full circle; so, if such infinite store of your deeds are not sufficient to purchase to you eternal shame and sorrow, there arise from you more under them to help forward: and last of all cometh this your last work, which maketh all sure, and leaveth a sign behind it. And of this, your last work, I must needs say somewhat; for seeing that this, my first work and offspring, hath remained in my womb beyond the time allotted, it must needs be grown greater; and if it become a monster, it must needs be in excess.

Cropt ears.

A Proclamation for T. Nash.

O YES, O YES! IF THERE BE ANY MANNER OF MAN, PERSON, OR PERSONS, CAN BRING ANY TIDINGS OF THO. NASH, GENTLEMAN, LET HIM COME AND GIVE KNOWLEDGE THEREOF, AND HE SHALL BE PLENTHOUSLY REWARDED.

Hark you, *Thomas!* the crier calls you. What! a fugitive? How comes that to pass, that thou, a man of so good an education, and so well backed by the muses, should prove a fugitive? But, alas! thy muses brought thee to this misery: you and your muses may even go hang yourselves. Now you may wish that he that first put the muses into your head had knocked out your horns. But

seeing it hath so happened, call for your *Thalia* among your muses; let her play some music, and I will dance at your hanging. But 'twas providence in thee to foresee thy woe, and to labour to eschew it, if not by averring what you have said, and standing to it, yet by showing your heels; for as is the proverb, *ubi leonina pellis insufficiens est, vulpina astutia assuenda est*: if by strong hand you cannot obtain it, light heels are to be required: for one pair of legs are worth two pair of hands. And as of all the parts of thy body thy legs are thy most trusty servants, in all thy life, when as thou couldest not obtain of any of the parts of thy body to effect thy will, yet legs thou hadst to command for to walk and flee whithersoever was thy pleasure: neither now, in this extremity, do they deceive thee. O! how much art thou beholden to thy legs! *Banks* was not so much beholden to his horse, that served to ride on, and to do such wonderful cranks, as thou art to thy legs, which have thus cunningly conveyed thee. If every beggar by the highway's side (having his legs corrupted and half destroyed with botches, boils, and fistulas,) maketh much of them, getteth stilts and creepeth easily on them, for fear of hurting them, because they maintain them, and prove better unto them than many an honest trade; then, why shouldest not thou (by argument *a malo in pejus*) make much of thy legs which, by speedy

carriage of thee from place to place to get thee victuals, do not only maintain thy life, but also at this time have saved thy life by their true service unto thee? Wherefore (these things considered) thou canst not choose but, in all humility, offer thy old shoes for sacrifice to *Thetis* for thy swift feet. And 'twas wisely done of that high dread leech, *Apollo*, to appoint *Pisces* the sign to the feet, to show that a man should be as swift as a fish about his affairs. Nevertheless can I accuse you of laziness; for all this time of your vagation, with you I think the sign hath been in *Pisces*. Now, in this thy flight thou art a night-bird, for the day will bewray thee: the bat and the owl be thy fellow travellers. But to come roundly unto you, this cannot long continue: the owl some time is snared in the day season, and old father Time at length will bring you to light. Therefore, were you as well provided to continue your flight as is the beast *Ephemeron*, which, because she hath but one day to live, hath many legs, four wings. and all what Nature can afford, to give her expedition to see about the world for her one day's pleasure; or as *Pegasus*, that winged horse, which in swiftness equalleth the horses of the sun, which in one natural day perambulate dill the world; or as the beast *Alce*, which runneth on the snow with such celerity that she never sinketh unto the ground;

were you (I say) as swift as any of these, you shall be caught; such is your destiny, and then your punishment shall be doubled on you, both for your flying and your other villany.

Since that thy *Isle of Dogs* hath made thee thus miserable, I cannot but account thee a dog, and chide and rate thee as a dog that hath done a fault. And yet do not I know why I should blame dogs? For *Can* which signifieth a dog, is also a most trusty servant: for that dogs are faithful servants, to whom their masters in the night time give in charge all their treasure. They are at command to wait upon their masters, whether they bend their journey, to fight for them against their enemies, and to spend their lives to defend them, and to offend their adversaries; as we read of king *Cazament*, who, being exiled, brought with him from banishment two hundred dogs, which (with wonderful fierceness) warred against their resistants: in whom he reposed much more confidence and hope of victory, again to be seated in his throne, than if he had been defended by a mighty host of armed men. And *Jason's* dog, his master being dead, never would eat any meat, but with great grief and hunger died for company. *Tycius*, the *Sabine*, had a dog which accompanied him to prison, and when he was dead he remained howling by the carcass; to whom when one cast meat, he laid it to the

mouth of his dead master, to revive him again ; and when his corpse was thrown into the river *Tybris*, the dog leapt after it, so that all the people wondered at the love of this faithful creature. *Pirrhus*, the king, going a journey, came by a dog which kept the body of a dead man ; which when he saw, he commanded the body to be buried, and the dog to be brought home with him : this done a few days after came soldiers before the king, among whom the dog espied them which killed his master, and barked incessantly at them ; sometime looking and fawning on the king, and then barked again : at which sign the king, astonished, examined them, and upon light examinations they confessed the murder, and took punishment for it. Further, we read of a dog called *Capparus*, in *Athens*, which in the night pursued a thief that robbed a church, and being driven back with stones by the thief, followed him a loof off, but always kept him in sight, and at last came to him and sat by him while he slept. The next morn, so soon as ever the sun's golden crown 'gan to appear, and his fiery steeds, trappered in their caparisons, set on their wonted race, the thief fleeing, the dog still kept his chase, and complained in his lagnage to the passengers of the thief. At last he was taken and brought back, before whom the dog came all the way, leaping and exulting for joy, as to whom all the praise was due for this deed.

The *Athenians* decreed that for this public good the dog should be kept by public charges, and the care of his keeping was always afterward laid upon the priest. And I fear me, and almost divine so much, that the very dogs (wheresoever thou playest least in sight) will bewray thee, and bring thee to thy torture. Again (among the *Aegyptians*), *Saturn* was called *Kyon*, because, as a pregnant woman, he begat all things of himself, and in himself; and in antique time they worshiped dogs, and had them in great account, till on a time, when *Cambyses* killed a man and cast him away, no other beast but a dog ravened in the dead carcase.

Lastly, to come nearer to yourself, you shall hear of a dog that was an excellent actor. In Rome there was a stage-player which set out a history of divers personages, among whom there was a dog to be poisoned and revive again; a part of no less difficulty than the king or the clown, and was as well performed; for (at his time) he eat the poison, and presently (drunkard like) staggered up and down, reeling backward and forward, bending his head to the ground as if it were too heavy for his body, as his part was, and at last fell down, stretched himself upon the stage, and lay for dead. Soon after, when his cue was spoken, first by little and little he began to move himself, and then stretching forth his legs, as though he awaked from a deep sleep, and lifting

up his head, looked about him. Then he arose, and came to him to whom his part was he should come ; which thing (besides the great pleasure) moved wonderful admiration in old *Vespasian*, the emperor there present, and in all the other that were spectators.

These pretty tales of dogs might keep me from chiding of thee, but thou art no such dog : these were all well nurtured when they were whelps, you not so : the worm was not plucked out from under your tongue, so that you have run mad, and bit venom ever since ; for these are the properties of a mad dog.

First, the black choler which reigneth in them turneth to madness, most commonly in the spring time and in autumn : and you, though you are mad all the year, yet have showed the sign of it especially this last autumn : they always run with their mouths open and their tongues hanging out : we know how wide your mouth is, how long your tongue, your mouth is never shut, your tongue never tied : slaver and foam fall from their jaws as they run, and 'tis but slaver that proceedeth from thy mouth : though their eyes be open, yet they stumble on every object ; so thou seest who offends thee not, yet thou all offendest : they whosoever are bitten with a mad dog also run mad ; and they whom thy ulcered tongue did bite are so stirred up

by it that, till they have got you and wormed you, they cannot be well : thus you may see to what misery you were born. Woe to the teats of thy dam, that gave thee suck ! and woe to the blind fortune, that she opened not her eyes to see to afford thee better fortune ! and woe to the dog-days, for in those thou wroughtest that which now works thy woe ! Take heed hereafter what you do in dog-days. The natures secretaries record of that kind of goat called *Oryx*, that all the year her throat is shut, the strings of her voice tied till dog-days come ; and then, that very day and hour in which the dog-star first appeareth (at which time dog-days begin) she openeth her voice and crieth : the like miracle these last dog-days have done of thee ; for what all the whole year could not bring to pass, and all the country long have expected, that is thy confusion these dog-days by thine own words have effected. Therefore happy hadst thou been if thou hadst remained still in London, that thou mightest have been knocked on the head with many of thy fellows these dog-days, for now the further thou fleest the further thou runnest into thy calamity : there is watch laid for you, you cannot escape : though art in as ill a taking as the hare, which, being all the day hunted, at last concludes to die ; for (said she) whither should I fly to escape these dogs ? if I should fly to heaven, there is *canis fidus celeste* ; if I *The Dog-star.*

The Dog-fish

should run into the sea, there is *canis piscis marinus*, and here on earth millions of dogs seek to torment me. Aye me! heaven, earth, and sea conspire my tragedy. And as woeful as the coney which, escaping the weasel, fell into the hunter's net; of which was that pithy epigram, Would to God the weasel with my blood had sucked out my life, for now I am kept a prey for the ravening dogs, and cruel-hearted man sits laughing, whilst my body is broken up, and my guts divided into many shares! And though yet thou hast escaped thy snares, it will not be long ere thou beest taken, and then there is laughing work for all the country; for though thy body were shared into infinite individuals, yet every one could not have his part whom thou hast abused, for recompense for thy injury done unto him.

Now let me see thy punishment for thy *Isle of Dogs*. 'Tis an ancient custom in our country, when we take a dog that hath done a fault, presently to crop his ears, and this surely for thy fault is thy punishment. But why (might some say) are thine ears punished for thy tongue's fault?

I answer, thine ears are worthy to be punished for not discharging their office; for whereas they should hear before thou speakest, as they that be skilful at the ball first receive the ball before they cast it forth again; and into a vessel there is first infusion before there be effusion out of the same,

The over pregnant dog (we see) bringeth forth blind puppies ; and the spider, that prepares her matter and weaves her web together at the same time, makes but slender work of it, and easy to be broken of every fly. I say, whereas thou shouldest first have heard thou first speakest, thy tongue was in thy ear's place : and for this cause thine ears are justly punished.

Nature gave thee two ears and but one tongue, because thou shouldest hear more than thou shouldest speak ; but because thou hast spoke more than ever thou heardest, thine ears shall be taken from thee. She set thine eyes and thine ears both of equal highness and always open, that they might be ready to hear and to see, but thy tongue she put into a case that it might be slow to speak ; but thine ears were dull to hear, and thy tongue too quick of speech. Therefore thine ears deserve their punishment. Then, to be short, to have thine cropped is thy punishment. What, *Tòm !* are thine ears gone ? *O, fine man, will you* Ha, he, ha ! *buy a fine dog ?* Why thou art in the fashion, thou art privileged to wear long locks by ancient charter ; Crop eared first wore locks. but now if the fashion were as hot as ever 'twas to wear rings in their ears, faith, thou must wear thine even in thy tongue, because that cozened thee of thine ears. Are thy ears so moveable ? Art thou a monster ? Indeed, all beasts have free moving of their ears granted to them, but for men, I never

knew any but thee have their ears moving ; and thine I see to have the gentle quite remove. I think 'tis a disease, for I am assured, 'tis a horrible pain to be troubled with the moving of the ears. I conjecture no goodness by this strange accident of moveable ears this year : I hope shortly we shall have ballads out of it. I am afraid, I tell you, by this strange sign, that we shall have a wet winter this year, for if it be true (which the philosophers affirm) that when an ass's ears hang down towards the ground, 'tis a certain sign of rain instant : then, seeing thine ears not only hang toward the ground, but even drop down to the ground, how can it choose but be a sign of great wet at hand ? and to thee it should be a cause of perpetual showers that should flow from thine eyes ; but thou art dry, no drop of grace from thine eyes. If taking away of thine ears could take away thy hearing too, 'twere some profit for thee, for then thou shouldest not hear thyself railed on, laughed at, nor know thy self to be a mocking stock to all the country. But there is a more plain way made to thy hearing organs, so that thou shalt more lightly hear thy self every where called crop-eared cur. What wilt thou give me if I (I am a chirurgeon) make a new pair of ears grow out of thy head, which passeth *Apollo's* cunning, that so thou mayest still live with fame in thine own country ? or if I heal them as though

thou never hadst any, that I may go with thee into Germany, and there show thee for a strange beast bred in England, with a face like a man, with no ears, with a tongue like a venomous serpent, and a nose like no body? The last I care not if I consented to, if thou wouldest live in good order but one half year; but to the first, that is to give thee new ears, I never will grant, though thou shouldest be inspired to live orderly all the residue of thy life; no, though I had wax and all things ready: for long ago hast thou deserved disgrace to be earless, ever since thou beganst to write, for libels deserve that punishment, and every book which yet thou hast written is a libel; and whomsoever thou namest in thy book hath a libel made of him, thou purposing to speak well of him: such is the malice of thy cankered tongue. Therefore, thou deservedest to lose thine ears for naming the Bishop of *Ely* and of *Lincoln*, and for writing of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*¹: how darest thou take such holy matters into thy stinking mouth, so to defile and pollute them? Your dildoe and such subjects, are fit matter for you, for of those you cannot speak amiss;

¹CHRIST'S TEARS OVER JERUSALEM, whereunto is annexed a comparative Admonition to London. By Thomas Nash, London, 1593, with prefatory Epistle, containing an offer of amends and reconcilment to Gabriel Harvey. This was at once rejected, and for that rejection he was repaid by Nash in a second issue of "Christ's Tears," bearing date 1594.

the more you rail of them the nearer you touch the matter. But because you were not punished for those libels, you began your old course again *canis ad vomitum*, you began to chew the cud of your villany, and to bring more libels into light. But I hope this last libel will revenge the rest.

We hear how you threatened to spoil our stirring Satirist: alas! have thy writings such efficacy? indeed they are poisoned, but poison will not work on every subject; and if thou shouldest but name him, so that it might give but any blemish to his fame, assure thyself to be met withal of troops of scholars, which will soon make thee be one of *Terence* his parasites: in wounds thou shalt exceed *Cassiodorus*, which was so pitifully pinked of his own scholars. And now, whilst I am in the hot invective, I have a message to do to you: the townsmen of *Cherrihinton* send you commendations, and they demand a reason of you why you call them clowns? They say, they never offered you any wrong; wherefore if ever you come that way, they will send all the dogs in the town after you, to pluck off your ears if they be not gone before you come. Now I think it be time to remember my promise to the readers, that is, that I be not irksome to them with tediousness, that so they might with good acceptance digest what hitherto they have read: therefore I will draw toward an end, and so finish

this perfect cut. Where thou commendest thy Epistle to me as a garment for a fool, and therefore that it should be long, I (as is thy desire) have cut it with my scissors, laid it open, and according to that pattern have made a coat for thyself; but it is so short that thou shalt not need to curtail it, for some fools have long coats, for that cause only, that they might the better hide their folly and cover their nakedness, which else all should see: yet I have made thy coat short and little, that by thy behaviour in it thou mayest bewray to others thy simplicity; and if I had took in hand to have made it great enough to cover all thy folly, this is not the twentieth part of stuff that would have served, neither possibly couldest thou have had thy new coat against this time: but seeing thy garment is despatched for thee, wear it and use it well, for the fashion of long clothes is wearing away, and short clothes will shortly be in request again, and then thou shalt be a fool of the fashion as soon as the proudest of them all.

Again, this coat for thy body, and the cool irons for thy legs, will be a most cooling suit for thee all this summer time: therefore make much of it; let it not be thy every day suit, but as the *Utopians* were wont to make them suits of leather, which lasted seven years, in which they did all their labour, and when they went abroad they cast on

their cloaks, which hid their leather clothes, and made them seem comely and handsome, so if thou canst but jet some old, greasy, cast fustian suit to wear within doors, this coat will serve thee to cast on to get abroad in, and do thee credit. Wherefore (good *Tom*) I exhort thee to keep thee (whilst thou art) in good case: thou art well apparelled; it may be thou presently mayest bestow a coat of me: do not so; all thy coats are threadbare and I need them not, though thou hast many, for I know thou hast three or four coats ready made (like a saleman) for some body. Then, to which soever thou sowest but a patch or two concerning me, that coat shall serve me: thou putttest divers stuff into one coat, and this is thy use in all thy confutations, as is in this thy book thou bringest into the party against whom thou writest, his brothers, which argueth (as I said before) want of invention; but it skills not, thou art privileged never to go from the matter, it might as well be permitted in thee as in the historian that, promising to speak of the faith of the Jews, made a long tale of *Nilus*: but (as I said) be a good husband, *Tom*, and keep thy coats to thyself, thou wilt need them all; and when this coat which I bestow on thee shall wax threadbare, I will dress it for thee the second time and give it thee again. This I speak not to wage discord against thee, but rather to make an end of all jars; that as wife and

husband will brawl and be at mortal feud all the day long, but when board or bed time come they are friends again, and lovingly kiss one another, so, though hitherto we have disagreed, and been at odds, yet this one coat shall contain us both ; which thou shalt wear as the cognisance of my singular love towards thee, that we, living in mutual love may so die, and at last loving like two brothers, *Castor* and *Pollux*, or the two sisters *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*, we may be carried up to heaven together, and there translated into two stars.

Finally, these things considered aright, in love I beseech thee (that thou mayest see I am not past grace) to suffer me to retort thy grace, and so to end, which myself will follow for you ; you suing *sub forma pauperis*.

A Grace in the behalf of Thomas Nash.

To all ballad-makers, pamphleteers, press-hunters, boon pot poets, and such like, to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Whereas *Tho. Nash*, the bearer hereof, born I know not where, educated sometime at *Cambridge*, where (being distracted of his wits) he fell into divers misdemeanors, which were the first steps that brought him to this poor estate. As namely, in his fresh-time how he flourished in all impudency towards scholars, and abuse to the townsmen ; insomuch that, to this day,

the towns-men call every untoward scholar, of whom there is great hope, *a very Nash*. Then, being Batchelor of Art, which by great labour he got, to show afterward that he was not unworthy of it, had a hand in a show called *Terminus et non Terminus*, for which his partner in it was expelled the college : but this foresaid *Nash* played in it (as I suppose) the Varlet of Clubs, which he acted with such natural affection, thall all the spectators took him to be the very same. Then suspecting himself that he should be stayed for *egregie dunsus*, and not attain to the next degree, said he had commenced enough, and so forsook *Cambridge*, being Batchelor of the third year. Then, he raised himself unto an higher clime ; no less than *London* could serve him : where somewhat recovered of his wits, by the excrements thereof (for the space of nine or ten years) he hath got his belly fed and his back clothed. As also I hope you are not ignorant how he hath troubled the press all this time, and published sundry works and volumes, which I take with me as humble fellow-suitors to you, that you being all in one strain (and that very low, he in a higher key), you would vouchsafe to take him as your graduate captain general in all villany : to which villany conjoin your voices, and in which villany, pray and say together, *Vivat moriatur Nash*. To these premises, that they are true, and that he, among you

all, is only worthy this title, I (as head lecturer) put to my hand.

RICHARD LICHFIELD.

But, *Tom*, thyself art past grace ; for some of thine own faction, envying thy proficiency and honour to which thou aspirest, hath pocketed thy grace. O, envy ! caterpillar to virtue ! But let him know that thou hast a patron will stick to thee, and that thou art gracious in more faculties than one, I will put up another grace for thee, wherein he shall have no voice, and one only man, an old friend of thine, shall strike it dead.

A grace, in the behalf of Thomas Nash, to the right worshipful and grand Commander of all the superrants and subtercubants of England's great Metropolis, the Provost Marshal of London.

Forasmuch as *Thomas Nash*, sundry and oftentimes, hath been cast into many prisons (by full authority) for his misbehaviours, and hath polluted them all, so that there is not one prison in *London* that is not infected with *Nash's evil* ; and being lately set at liberty, rangeth up and down, gathering poison in every place, whereby he infecteth the common air ; I am to desire you, that as you tender the common good of the weal public, and as the virtue of your office requireth,

which is to cleanse the city of all vicious and unruly persons, when this above named *Nash* shall happen into your precincts or diocese of your authority, you would give him his unction in the highest degree, and cleanse us quite of him; which you shall effect thus: Send him not to prisons any more which are corrupted by him already, but commit him to the *Proctor of the Spital*, where he shall not stay long, least he breed a plague among them also; but pass from him to Bull,¹ who, by your permission, having full power over him, and being of such amiable and dexterous facility in discharging his duty, will soon knit the knot of life and death upon him, stronger then that gordian knot never to be loosed; and by that pretty trick of fast and loose will loose your city from him, and him from all his infections, and will hang him in so sweet and clear a prospect, as that it will be greatly to your credit to see the great concourse thither of all sects of people: as first, I with my brethren, the barber chirurgeons of London, will be there, because we

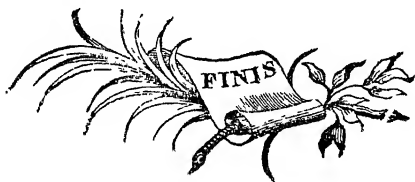
¹BULL is the earliest hangman whose name has descended to us, as far as that accomplished antiquarian writer, Dr Rimbault, has been able to trace. Bull was succeeded by the more celebrated Derrick, who appears to have been a "prime villian" and well adapted for his odious occupation. Derrick cut off the head of the unfortunate Earl of Essex in the year 1601. This circumstance is more remarkable because Derrick, on one occasion, had his own life saved by the interposition of the Earl. Both these facts are stated in a ballad of the time. For an interesting paper entitled "Some Account of Jack Ketch," see TIMBS' LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, vol 1, p. 296

cannot phlebotomize him, to anatomize him, and keep his bones as a chronicle to show, many ages hereafter, that sometime lived such a man, our posterity having by tradition what he was ; and you in some part might be chronicled (as well as St. George) for destroying this serpent : then, there will flock all the coney-catchers of London to see the portraiture of the arch architector of their art : lastly, at the ballad-makers of London, his very enemies that stayed his last grace, will be there to hear his confession, and out of his last words will make epitaphs of him, and afterwards ballads of the ~~life and death~~ of *Thomas Nash*. Let this grace pass as soon as may be, if not for any particular love to him, yet as you are a magistrate of the city, and ought to know what 'tis to prefer a public commodity. If this grace pass not, he is like to be stayed finally to the next year : I, his head-lecturer, present him to you,

RICHARD LICHFIELD.

Thus (courteous Gentlemen) I have brought you to the end of his trimming : though he be not so curiously done as he deserveth, hold me excused ; he is the first man that ever I cut on this fashion. And if, perhaps, in this trimming I have cut more parts of him than are necessary, let me hear your censures, and in my next cut I will not be so lavish ; but as the curate, who when he was first installed

into his benefice, and, among other injunctions, being enjoined (as the order is), to forewarn his parish of holy days that they might fast for them, and thinking all those holy days which he saw in his calendar written with red letters, on a time said to his parishioners, You must fast next Wednesday for Saint *Sol in Virgo*, which is on Thursday, because he saw it in red letters. Which moved laughter to the wise of the parish ; who presently instructed him, that over what red words soever he saw *fast* written those he should bid holy days : so in short time he became expert in it. In like manner, I, having but newly taken orders in these affairs, if here I have been too prodigal in *snip-snaps*, tell me of it ; limit me with a fast, and in short time you shall see me reformed.



Notes and Observations

ON

DR. GABRIEL HARVEY'S

THE TRIMMING OF THOMAS NASH,

&c.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____

Notes and Observations.



NASH'S
LENTEN STUFF.



NASH'S LENTEN STUFF:

CONTAINING

THE DESCRIPTION AND FIRST PROCREATION AND INCREASE

OF THE

TOWN OF GREAT YARMOUTH,

IN NORFOLK:

WITH A NEW PLAY, NEVER PLAYED BEFORE,

OF THE

PRAISE OF THE RED-HERRING.

Fit for all Clerks of Noblemen's kitchens to be read; and not
unnecessary by all Serving-Men, who have short Board-
wages, and to be remembered

Pamam peto per undas.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER,

196, STRAND,

(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).

1871.



INTRODUCTION.

NASH'S LENTEN STUFF was the last written work of its author, and which the learned and industrious John Payne Collier somewhat aptly designates as a "lively paradoxical *Praise of the Red-Herring*," and a highly humorous and ingenious performance, which must—he adds—have been written when its author was in high health and spirits."

In 1598 Nash, after his return from Ireland, visited the town of Great Yarmouth, as he informs us, for five or six weeks "I arrived," he says, "at the latter end of autumn, where having scarce looked about me, my presaging mind said to itself, *Hic favonius serenus est hic auster umbricus*, this is a predestinated fit place for *Pierce Penniless* to set his staff in;" and having obtained a loan of money there, and taken a part in the festivities then going on in the town, he formed an acquaintance with one Humphrey King, "King of the Tobacconists," the author of a poem entitled "An Halfe-penny-worth of Wit in a Penny-worth of Paper, or The Hermit's Tale," to whom Nash dedicated his work, and as a return for all favours granted, writes, "Because I had money lent me at Yarmouth, I pay them again in praise of their own town and the Red-Herring—to be seen when I am dead and under ground." Yet it is to be remembered that, though inspired with new life and energy when at Yarmouth in 1598, Nash had not long to live. His "Lenten Stuff" was published in 1599, 4to, in the Black letter, containing 83 pages, including the Title, EpistleDedicatory, and Address, of which there is a very fine copy in the British Museum, "Press mark" 1029 c, 21.

THOMAS NASH, "an author by profession"—the creature of genius, of famine, and despair—the fiend and boon companion of Robert Greene, Kit Marlowe, Peele, Lodge, and that *clique*, the former of whom had been the first to attack Shakespeare on the score of his little country grammar; his education at a country grammar-school; and charged him with plucking the feathers from the wing of Learning for the purpose of beautifying himself—"for there is an upstart crow supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country"*

THOMAS NASH—he who descended from the Nashes in Hertfordshire, and received his education at St John's, Cambridge, at which College he informs us, "I once took up my inn, for seven years together lacking a quarter, and yet love it still; for it is, and ever was the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that University"—was one of the most satirical writers in the age of Elizabeth and hath proclaimed himself to the world as *Pierce Penniless*, and on a retrospect of his literary life observes, that he had "set up late and rose early, contended with the cold, and conversed with scarcity:" he says, "all my labours turned to loss—I was despised and neglected, my pains not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myself, in prime of my best wit, laid open to poverty. Whereupon I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers and raged. How many base men that wanted those parts I had, enjoyed content at will, and had wealth at command! I called to mind a cobbler that was worth five hundred pounds; an hostler that had built a goodly

* *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit; Bought with a Million of Repentance*, 1592.

inn ; a carman in a leather pilch that had whipt a thousand pounds out of his horse's tail—and have I more than these? thought I to myself; am I better brought up? yea, and better favoured? and yet am I a beggar? How am I crost, or whence is this curse? Even from hence, the men that shall employ such as I am, enamoured of their wits, though they be never so scurvy; that a scrivener is better paid than a scholar, and men of art must seek to live among cormorants, or be kept under by dunces, who count it policy to keep them bare to follow their books the better.”

Such was the miserable cry of an “author by profession” in the reign of Elizabeth. Nash not only renounces his country in despair, and hesitates on “the faulty means” which have appeased the pangs of many of his unhappy brothers, but he proves also the weakness of the moral principle among these men of genius; for he promises, “If any Mæcenas bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some round liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any poet of my beardless years shall in England; but,” he adds, “if I be sent away with a flea in my ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly; not for an hour or a day, while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to times to come of this beggarly parsimony.” He made his supplication to the Devil because he had not then found his Patron Saint. At page 90 he has found his man. He calls him “one of the bright stars of nobility, and glistering attendants on the true Diana.” He is also “the matchless image of honour, and magnificent rewarder of virtue; Jove’s eagle-born Ganymede; thrice noble Amyntas;” This description fits no one so perfectly as it does the young Earl of Southampton. It sets before us the very image of youth, which Shakespeare calls “more lovely than Adonis.” We know that Nash was under the patronage of Shakespeare’s friend. In the year 1594 he dedicated his work, *The Unfortunate Traveller; or, the Life Jack Wilton*, to the Earl of Southampton, with a reference to the difference betwixt it and earlier writings and this work; so that there is no doubt of “Pierce Penniless” being inscribed to the Earl of Southampton in person, if not by name, or that Nash’s was the “alien pen” that had followed Shakespeare in writing privately to the Earl.

At the close of Nash’s university career, about 1587, he went up to London, where he joined Greene, who had also been educated at St. John’s College, and after spending a few years in visiting the Continent, and moving about from place to place without any settled employment, he at length took up his abode in London as a literary adventurer. His pugnacious propensity hurried him at once into the contest with the Puritans in the Martin Mar-Pielate controversy. He attacked them with their own favourite weapons of ridicule and invective, and proved more than a match for them. *An Almond for a Parrot, or Cutbert Curry-Knaves Almes; Martin’s Month’s Mind; A Countereuff given to Martin Junior, &c.*, following each other in rapid succession, overwhelmed his opponents with a shower of humorous sallies and cutting jibes. Such a clever satirist could scarcely fail to attract notice. Accordingly he soon became a reigning wit at supper-tables, and a choice boon companion among literary men of pleasure.

“The materials for Nash’s biography are scanty, and the few details furnished from different sources involve contradiction. He was a native of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, where he was born 1567. The latter portion of his life was passed in profligacy and distress, and a considerable portion of it in the gaols of the metropolis. Like Greene, he became penitent towards the end, and in a pamphlet, entitled *Christ’s Tears over Jerusalem*, expressed contrition for his writings and his conduct to Dr. Gabriel Harvey and others. The cause of his death, about 1600, is unknown,

NASHE'S LENTEN STUFFE :

Containing The Description and first Procreation
and Increase of the Towne of Great Yarmouth,
in Norffolke: With a new Play,
never played before of the
Praise of the Red-Herring.
Fitte of all Clearks of Noble-
men's Kitchens to be read;
and not unnecessary by
all serving-men, that
have short Boorde-
Wages, to be
remembered.

Famam peto per undas.

LONDON :

Printed for N. L. and C. B., and are to be
Sold at the West End of Paule's.

1599.



To his worthy, good patron, Lusty Humphrey,¹
according as the townsmen do christen him;
Little Numps, as the nobility and courtiers do
name him; and Honest Humphrey, as all his
friends and acquaintance esteem him; King of
the Tobacconists hic & ubique, and a singular
Mæcenas to the Pipe and Tabor (as his
patient livery attendant can witness)
his bounden orator, T. N. most
prostrately offer up this
tribute of ink and
paper.

MOST courteous, unlearned lover of poetry,
and yet a poet thyself, of no less price
than H. S. that, in honour of Maid-
marian,² gives sweet marjoram for his empress,
and puts the sow³ most saucily upon some great

¹LUSTY HUMPHREY.—Humphrey King, a poetical writer, of whom little or nothing more is known than what may be gleaned from Nash's dedication. His choice poem of "An Halfe-penny-worth of Wit, in a Penny-worth of Paper; or, The Hermite's Tale," occurred in Doctor Farmer's collection, and was purchased for the late Duke of Roxburghe.

²MAID-MARIAN.—A popular character in the old morris dance, which was often a man in female clothes, and occasionally a strumpet. Hence the term was sometimes applied with no very flattering intention,

³Sow.—A head.

personage, whatever she be, bidding her (as it runs in the old song)

————— Go from my garden, go,
For there no flowers for thee do grow.

These be to notify to your diminutive excellence, and compendious greatness, what my zeal is towards you, that in no streighter bonds would be pounded and inlisted, than in an epistle dedicatory. Too many more lusty blood Bravemente Signiors, with Cadiz beards, as broad as sculler's maples, that they make clean their boots with, could I have turned it over, and had nothing for my labour, some fair words excepting; good sir, will it please you to come near, and drink a cup of wine? After my return from Ireland, I doubt not but my fortunes will be of some growth to requite you. In the meantime, my sword is at your command; and (before God) money so scatteringly runs here and there upon *Utensilia*, furnitures, ancients, and other necessary preparations (and, which is a double charge, look how much tobacco we carry with us to expel cold, the like quantity of staves aker¹ we must provide us of to kill lice in

¹STAVES AKER.—A species of larkspur, a native of the south of Europe, and other warm countries. The seeds were formerly imported for medical uses. They were particularly in repute for destroying vermin in the head.—“Staves-aker! that's good to kill vermin, then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy.”—*Marlowe's Dr. Faustus*.

that rugged country of rebels) that I say unto you in the words of a Martialist, We cannot do as we would. I am no incredulous Didymeus, but have more faith to believe they have no coin, than they have means to supply themselves with it, and so leave them. To any other carpet-monger, or Primrose Knight of Primero,¹ bring I a dedication; if the dice over night have not befriended him, he sleeps five days and five nights to new-skin his beauty, and will not be known he is awake till his men, upon their own bonds (a dismal world for trenchermen, when their masters bonds shall not be so good as theirs) have took up commodities,² or fresh droppings of the mint for him: and then; what then? He pays for the ten dozen of balls he left upon the score at the tennis court; he sends for the barber to depure, decurtate, and sponge him, whom having not paid a twelve-month before, he now rains down eight quarter angels into his hand, to make his liberality seem greater, and gives

¹PRIMERO.—A game at cards, said by some writers to be one of the oldest known in England.—“I never prosper’d since I foreswore myself at Primero.”—“And left him at Primero with the Duke of Suffolk.”—*Shakespeare*. In the Marquis of Worcester’s Centuary of Inventions—No. 89—is “White silk knotted in the fingers of a pair of white gloves, and so contrived without suspicion, that playing at Primero at cards, one may without clogging his memory keep reckoning of all sixes, sevens, and aces which he hath discarded.”

²COMMODITIES.—Wares taken in payment by needy persons who borrow money of usurers; Interest. DROPPINGS OF THE MINT—OR “*Mint Sauce*,” money.

him a cast riding jerkin, and an old Spanish hat into the bargain, and God's peace be with him. The chamber is not rid of the smell of his feet, but the greasy shoemaker with his squirrel's skin, and a whole stall of ware upon his arm, enters, and wrencheth his legs for an hour together, and after shews his tally. By S. Loy that draws deep, and by that time his tobacco merchant is made even with, and he hath dined at a tavern, and slept his under-meal at a bawdy-house, his purse is on the heild,¹ and only forty shillings he hath behind to try his fortune with at the cards in the presense-[chamber]; which if it prosper, the court cannot contain him, but to London again he will, to revel it and have two plays in one night, invite all the poets and musicians to his chamber the next morning, where, against their coming, a whole heap of money shall be spread upon the board, and all its trunks opened to show its rich suits, but the devil a whit he bestows on them, save bottle ale and tobacco, and desires a general meeting.

The particular of it is, that Bounty is bankrupt, and lady Sensuality licks all the fat from the seven liberal sciences ; that Poetry, if it were not a trick to please my lady, would be excluded out of Christian burial, and, instead of wreaths of laurel to crown it

¹ HEILD —Decrease ; wane.

with, have a bell with a cock's comb clapped on the crown of it by old *Johannes de Indagines*, and his choir of Dorbellists. Wherefore, the premises considered (I pray you consider of that word *Premises*, for somewhere I have borrowed it) neither to rich, noble, right worshipful or worshipful, of spiritual or temporal, will I consecrate this work but to thee and thy capering humour alone; that, if thy stars had done thee right, they should have made thee one of the mightiest princes of Germany, not for thou canst drive a coach, or kill an ox so well as they, but that thou art never well but when thou art amongst the retinue of the Muses, and there spendest more to the twinkling of an eye, than in an whole year thou gettest by some grasierly gentility thou followest. A king thou art by name¹ and a king of good-fellowship by nature, whereby I ominate this encomium of the King of Fishes was predestinated to thee from thy swaddling clothes. Hug it, ingle it, kiss it, and cull it now thou hast it, and renounce eating of green beef and garlick till Martlemas, if it be not the next style to "The Strife of Love in a Dream:" or, "The lamentable Burning of Tiverton." Give me good words, I beseech thee, though thou givest me nothing else, and thy words shall stand for thy deeds, which

¹A KING THOU ART BY NAME.—See Note I page xi.

I will take as well in worth, as if they were the deeds and evidences of all the land thou hast. Here I bring you a red-herring, if you will find drink to it, there's an end, no other detriments will I put you to. Let the can of strong ale[be] your constable, with the toast [for] his brown bill¹ and sugar and nutmegs his watchmen, stand in a readiness to entertain me every time I come by your lodging. In Russia there are no presents but of meat or drink; I present you with meat, and you, in honourable courtesy to requite me, can do no less than present me with the best morning's draught of merry-go-down² in your quarters; and so I kiss the shadow of your feet shadow, amiable donsel,³ expecting your sacred poem of "The Hermit's Tale," that will restore the golden age amongst us, and so, upon my soul's knees, I take my leave.

Yours, for a whole Last⁴ of Red-Herrings,

TH. NASH.

¹BROWN-BILL.—A brown bill was a kind of battle-axe or halbert, affixed to a long staff, and used by the English soldiery, and also by constables :

"Which is the constable's house ?

At the sign of the *Brown-Bill*."

Middleton's, Blurt, Master Constable, or the
Spaniard's Nighte-Walke, 1602.

²MERRY-GO-DOWN.—An old cant term for strong ale, or huff-cap.

³DONSEL.—A youth of good birth but not knighted.

⁴LAST OF HERRINGS.—Ten thousand.—(1871.)



To his Readers, he cares not what they be.

NASH'S Lenten Stuff! And why Nash's Lenten Stuff? Some scabbed scalled Esquire replies: Because I had money lent me at Yarmouth; and I pay them again in praise of their own town and the red-herring. And, if it were so, Goodman Pigwiggen, were not that honest dealing? Pay thou all thy debts so, if thou canst for thy life. But thou art a ninny-hammer, that is not it; therefore, Nickneacave, I call it Nash's Lenten Stuff, as well for that it was most of my study the last Lent as that we use so to term any fish that takes salt, of which the red-herring is one of the aptest. O! but, saith another John Dringle, there is a book of the Red-Herring's Tail,¹ printed four terms since, that made this stale. Let it be a

¹RED-HERRING'S TAIL.—A Herring's Tayle: contayning a poetically Fiction of diuers Matters worthie the Reading. London. For Matthew Lownes, 1598, 4to. This Fiction appears to allude to some dispute between two eminent personages of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Allusions are made to the writings of Spencer and Sydney. There is a very fine copy of this scarce poem in the British Museum, the "Press Mark" to which is 1077. b. 46. See Fry, Biblio. Memo. pp. 156 to 162.

tail of haberdine,¹ if it will, I am nothing entailed thereunto; I scorn it, I scorn it, that my works should turn tail to any man. Head, body, tail, and all of a red-herring you shall have of me, if that will please you; or, if that will not please you, stay till Easter term, and then, with the answer to the Trim-Tram,² I will make you laugh your hearts out. Take me at my word, for I am the man that will do it. This is a light friskin of my wit, like the praise of injustice, the fever quartan,³ Busiris, or Phalaris, wherein I follow the trace of the famousest scholars of all ages, whom a wantonizing humour once in their life-time hath possessed to play with straws, and turn mole-hills into mountains.

Every man can say "Bee to a battledore," and write in praise of virtue and the seven Liberal Sciences; thrash corn out of the full sheaves, and fetch water out of the Thames; but out of dry stubble to make an after-harvest, and a plentiful crop without sowing, and wring juice out of a flint, that is "Pierce a God's name," and the right trick of a workman. Let me speak to you about my huge words, which I use in this book, and then you are your own men to do what you list. Know, it is my true vein to be *Tragicus Orator*, and, of all styles, I most

¹HABERDINE.—Salted cod.

²TRIM-TRAM.—A trifle, or absurdity.

³FEVER QUARTAN.—a fourth day ague.

affect and strive to imitate Aretine's,¹ not caring for this demure, soft *mediocre genus*, that is like water and wine mixed together; but give me pure wine of itself, and that begets good blood, and heats the brain thoroughly. I had as live have no sun, as have it shine faintly; no fire, as a smothering fire of small coals; no clothes, rather than wear linsey-woolsey. Apply it for me, for I am called away to correct the faults of the press, that escaped in my absence from the printing-house.



¹TO IMITATE ARETINE'S.—Nash was a great favourite with the wits of his day. Dr. Lodge, in his “Wits’ Miserie,” calls him “our true English Aretine.” By another contemporary he is designated “Sweet satyric Nash.” A third describes his Muse as “armed with a gag-tooth (a tusk), and his pen possessed with Hercules’s furies.” He is well characterised in “The Return from Parnassus”—

“His style was witty, tho’ he had some gall;
Something he might have mended, so may all;
Yet this I say, that for a *mother’s wit*,
Few men have ever seen the like of it.”





The Praise of the Red-Herring.

THE strange turning of the "Isle of Dogs,"¹ from a comedy to a tragedy two summers past, with the troublesome stir, which happened about it, is a general rumour, that hath filled all

¹ISLE OF DOGS.—A satirical play written by Nash in 1597, which gave so much offence that Henslow's company, by whom it was acted, was silenced for a time, and the author, after having been brought before the Privy Council, was imprisoned in the Fleet. This comedy was never published, nor is any manuscript copy of it known to be extant. What the nature of the piece was, has not been discovered, but the consequences of having written it would seem to have been very serious to its satiric author. Meres, in his "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets, with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," says, "Actæon was worried of his own hounds, so is Tom Nash of his Isle of Dogs. Dogs were the death of Euripides, but he not disconsolate, gallant young Juvenal; Linus, the son of Apollo, died the same death. Yet God forbid that so brave a wit should so bravely perish; thine are but paper-dogs, neither is thy banishment like Ovid's eternally to converse with barbarous Getes. Therefore, comfit thyself, sweet Tom, with Cicero's glorious return to Rome, and with the counsel Æneas gives to his sea-beaten soldiers, Lib. i, Æneid.

"Pluck up thine heart, and drive from thence,
both fear and care away;
To think on this, may pleasure be
prehaps another day."

"*Durato, et temet rebus servato secundis.*"

Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury, 1598.

England, and such a heavy cross laid upon me, as had well near confounded me ; I mean, not so much in that it sequestered me from the wonted means of maintenance, which is as great a main to any man's happiness, as can be feared from the hands of misery, or the deep pit of despair, whereinto I was fallen, beyond my greatest friends reach, to recover me ; but that in my exile, and irksome discontented abandonment, the silliest miller's thumb, or contemptible stickle-back of my enemies,¹ is as busy nibbling about my fame, as if I were a dead man thrown amongst them to feed them. So I am, I confess, in the world's outward appearance, though perhaps I may prove a cunninger diver than they are aware ; which if it so happen, as I am partly assured, and that I plunge above water once again, let them look to it, for I will put them in brine, or a piteous pickle every one.* But let that pass, though they shall find I will not let it pass, when time serves, I having a pamphlet hot a brooding, that shall be called "The Barber's Warming-pan," and

**Quassa tamen
nostra est, non
meram nec obruta
navis.*

¹MY ENEMIES.—Nash had many adversaries : the most powerful of whom was Gabriel Harvey, *b* 1545, *d.* 1630.—A man of great learning and considerable talents. During the time of Nash's imprisonment he published in the name of Richard Lichfield a work in 4to entitled "The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman, by the high-titled patron Don Richardo de Medico campo, Barber Chirurgion to Trinity Colledge in Cambridge. *Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestat.* London, printed for Philip Scarlet, 1597. On signature E 2 is a wood-cut of Nash double-fettered.

to the occasion a fresh of my falling in alliance with this Lenten argument. That unfortunate imperfect embryo* of my idle hours, the "Isle of Dogs" before mentioned, breeding unto me such bitter throes in the teaming, as it did, and the tempests, that arose at its birth, so astonishing, outrageous, and violent, as if my brain had been conceived of another Hercules; I was so terrified with my own increase (like a woman long travailling to be delivered of a monster) that it was no sooner born, but I was glad to run from it. Too inconsiderate headlong rashness this may be censured in me, in being thus prodigal in advantaging my adversaries; but my case is now smothered secret, and, with light cost of rough cast rhetorick, it may be tolerably plaistered over, if under the pardon and privilege of incensed higher powers it were lawfully indulged me freely to advocate my own astrology. Sufficeth what they in their grave wisdoms shall prescribe, I, in no sort, will seek to acquit, nor presumptuously attempt to dispute against the equity of their judgments, but humble and prostrate appeal to their mercies.

**An imperfect embryo, I may well call it, for, I having begun but the introduction and first act of it, the other four acts without my consent, or the least guess of my drift or scope by the players were supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine, too — See footnote.*

Dr. Farmer remarks, that this is not Nash's only quarrel with the actors. In the "*Epistle* to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities" prefixed to Green's *Arcadia*, 1589, Tom has a lash at some "vain-glorious tragedians" and very plainly at Shakespeare in particular: but Mr. Gilchrist more accurately observes, that Nash's letter alludes to Kydd's old play of *Hamlet*; and was published in 1589, 4to, some years before Shakespeare appeared as a writer for the stage.

Avoid or give ground I did, *scriptum est*, I will not go from it, and *post varios casus*, variable knight-errant adventures, and outroads, and inroads, in great Yarmouth in Norfolk, I arrived at the latter end of autumn. Where having scarce looked about me, my presaging mind said to itself *Hic favonius serenus est, hic auster umbricus*, this is a predestinated fit place for *Pierce Penniless*¹ to set up his staff in. Therein not much diameter to my divining hopes, did the event sort itself, for six weeks first and last; under that predominant constellation of Aquarius, or Jove's nectar-filler, took I up my repose, and there met with such kind entertainment, and benign hospitality, when I was

^{*Medicus.} *Una litera plusquam medicus**, as Plautus saith, and

¹PIERCE PENNILESS.—Nash's most popular work, the title page of which runs thus: PIERCE PENILESS HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEUILL. Describing the ouer-spreading of Vice, and the Suppression of Vertue Pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights: and pathetically intermixt with conceived reprooves. Written by THOMAS NASH, Gentleman. London, Imprinted by RICHARD IHONES, dwelling at the Signe of the *Rose and Crowne*, nere *Holburne Bridge*. 1592.—The work afterwards "passed through the pikes of at least six impressions," as he informs us in "Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up." London. J. Danter, 1596, 4to.—a tract that gave the finishing stroke to Gabriel Harvey. Besides this, "Dick Litchfield, the barber of Trinity College, a rare ingenuous odd merry Greek (as I have heard), hath translated my *Pierce Penniless* into the Macaronical language, wherein I wish he had been more tongue-tied; since in some men's incensed judgments, it hath too much tongue already; being above two years since maimedly translated into the French tongue."—*Pierce Penniless* is reprinted with an Introduction and Notes by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.

not able to line to myself with my own juice ; as some of the crumbs of it, like the crumbs in a bushy beard, after a great banquet, will remain in my papers, to be seen when I am dead and under ground¹ ; from the bare perusing of which, infinite posterities of hungry poets shall receive good refreshing, even as Homer by Galatæon was pictured vomiting in a bason (in the temple that Ptolemy Philopater erected to him) and the rest of the succeeding poets after him, greedily lapping up what he disgorged. That good old blind bibber of Helicon, I know well, came a begging to one of the chief cities of Greece, and promised them vast corpulent volumes of immortality, if they would bestow upon him but a slender out-brother's annuity of mutton and broth, and pallet to sleep on ; and, with derision, they rejected him ; whereupon he went to their enemies, with the like proffer, who used him honourably, and whom he used so honourably, that to this day (though it be three thousand years since), their name and glory flourish green in men's memory through his industry. I trust you make no question but those dull-pated pennifathers, that in such dudgeon scorn rejected him, drunk deep of the sour cup of repentance for it, when the high flight of his lines in common brute was applauded. Yea in the

¹Nash died 1601-2, or about two years after the publication of this work,

word of one no more wealthy, than he was (wealthy said I, nay I will be sworn, he was a grand juryman, in respect of me) those grey beard huddled-duddles, and crusty cum-twangs, were struck with such stinging remorse of their miserable euclionism and sundgery, that he was not yet cold in his grave, but they challenged him to be born amongst them, and they, and six cities more, entered a sharp war about it, every one of them laying claim to him as their own : and to this effect hath Buchanan an epigram :

*Urbes certarunt septem de patria Homeri,
Nulla, domus vivo patria nulla fuit.*

Seven cities strove, whence Homer first should
come,
When living, he no country had nor home.

I allege this tale to show how much better my luck was than Homer's (though all the Kings of Spain's Indies will not create me such a niggling hexameter-founder, as he was) in the first proclaiming of my bankrupt indigence and beggary, to bend my course to such a courteous compassionate clime as Yarmouth ; and to warn others that advance their heads above all others, and have not respected, but rather flatly opposed themselves against the friar mendicants of our profession, what their ameracements, and unreprieveable penance, will be, except they tear

open their oyster-mouthed pouches quickly, and made double amends for their parsimony. I am no Tiresias or Calchas to prophesy, but yet I cannot tell, there may be more resounding bell-metal in my pen, than I am aware ; and, if there be, the first peel of it is Yarmouth's ; for a pattern or tiny sample, what my elaborate performance would be in this case, had I a full-sailed gale of prosperity to encourage me ; whereas, at the dishumoured composing hereof, I may justly complain with Ovid :

Anchora jam nostram non tenet ulla ratem.

My state is so tossed and weather-beaten, that it hath now no anchor-hole left to cleave unto. I care not, if, in a dim fair of landscape, I take the pains to describe this supereminent principal metropolis of the red fish. A town it is, that, in rich situation exceedeth many cities, and without the which, *Caput gentis*, the swelling battlements of Gurguntus, a head city of Norfolk and Suffolk, would scarcely retain the name of city, but become as ruinous and desolate as Thetford or Ely, out of an hill or heap of sand, reared and forced from the sea most miraculously, and by the singular policy and incessant inestimable expence of the inhabitants, so firmly piled and rampired against the furious waves battery, or suing the least action of recovery, that it is more conjectural of the twain, the land, with the writ of an *Ejectio*

firma, will get the upper hand of the ocean, than the ocean one crow's skip prevail against the continent. Forth of the sands, thus strugglingly as it exalteth and lifts up its glittering head: so of the neighbouring sands, no less semblably (whether, in recordation of their worn out affinity, or no, I know not) it is so inamorately protected and patronised, that they stand as a trench or guard about it in the night, to keep off their enemies. Now, in that drowsy empire of the pale-faced queen of shades, maugre letting drive upon their barricadoes, or impetuously contending to break through their chain or bar, but they intomb and balist¹ with sudden destruction. In this transcursive reportory, without some observant glance, I may not overpass the gallant beauty of their haven, which having but as it were a welt of land, or as Mr. Camden² calls it *lingulam terræ*, a little tongue of the earth, betwixt it and the wide main, sticks not to manage arms, and hold its own undefeasably against that universal unbounded empire of surges, and so hath done for these hundred years. Two miles in length it stretches its winding current, and then meets with a spacious river or back-water, that feeds it. A

¹BALIST.—An ancient engine, or kind of ordnance for projecting stones.

²Nash borrowed—as he candidly avows—much of the Historical portion of his “Lenten Stuff” from Camden, Bede, &c.

narrow channel or isthmus, in rash view, you would opionate it; when this I can devoutly aver, I beholding it with both my eyes this last fishing, six hundred reasonable barks and vessels of good burthen, with advantage, it hath given shelter to, at once, in her harbour, and most of them riding abreast before the quay betwixt the bridge and the south-gate. Many bows length beyond the mark, my pen roves not, I am certain; if I do, they stand at my elbow that can correct me. The delectablest lusty sight and movingest object methought it was, that our Isle sets forth, and nothing behind in number with the Invincible Spanish Armada, though they were such Gargantuan boisterous gulliguts¹ as they; though ships and galleasses² they would have been reckoned in the navy of King Edgar, who is chronicled and registered, with three thousand ships of war, to have scoured the narrow seas, and sailed about England every summer. That which especially nourished the most prime pleasure in me, was after a storm, when we were driven in swarms, and lay close pestered together as thick as they could pack; the next day following, if it were fair, they would cloud the whole sky with canvas, by spreading their drabbled sails in the full clue abroad a drying, and make a braver shew with them, than

¹GULLIGUTS.—Gluttons.

²GALLEASSES.—A large kind of galley.

so many banners and streamers displayed against the sun, on a mountain top. But how Yarmouth, of itself so innumerable populous and replenished, and in so barren a spot seated, should not only supply her inhabitants with plentiful purveyance of sustenance, but provide and victual moreover this monstrous army of strangers, was a matter that egregiously puzzled and intranced my apprehension. Hollanders, Zealanders, Scots, French, Western-men Northern-men, besides all the hundreds, and wapentakes, nine miles distance, fetch the best of their viands and mangery from her market. For ten weeks together, this rabble-rout of outlandishers are billeted with her, yet, in all that while, the rate of no kind of food is raised, nor the plenty of their markets one pint of butter rebated; and at the ten weeks end, when the camp is broken up, no impression of any dearth left, but rather more store than before. Some of the town dwellers have so large an opinion of their settled provision, that if all her Majesty's fleet at once should put into their bay, within twelve days warning, with so much double beer, beef, fish, and biscuit, they would bulk them as they could wallow away with.

Here I could break out into a boundless race of oratory, in shrill trumpeting and concelebrating the royal magnificence of her government, that for state and strict civil ordering, scarcely admitteth any rivals.

But I fear it would be a theme displeasing to the grave modesty of the discreet present magistrates ; and therefore consultively I overslip it ; howsoever I purpose not in the like nice respect to leap over the laudable pedigree of Yarmouth, but will fetch her from the swaddling clouts or infancy ; and reveal to you when and by whom she was first forced out of ocean's arms, and started up and aspired to such starry sublimity ; as also acquaint you with the notable immunities, franchises, and privileges she is endowed with, beyond all her confiners, by the descending line of Kings from the Conquest.

There are of you, it may be, that will account me a palterer for hanging out the sign of the Red-Herring in my title page, and no such feast towards, for ought you can see. Soft and fair, my masters ; you must walk and talk before dinner an hour or two, the better to whet your appetites to taste of such a dainty dish as the Red-Herring ; and, that you may not think the time tedious, I care not if I bear you company, and lead you a sound walk round about Yarmouth, and shew you the length and breadth of it.

The masters and bachelors commencement dinners, at Cambridge and Oxford, are betwixt three and four in the afternoon, and the rest of the antecedence of the day worn out in disputations. Imagine this the act or commencement of the

Red-Herring, that proceedeth bachelor, master, and doctor, all at once; and therefore his disputations must be longer. But to the point: May it please the whole generation of my auditors to be advertised, how that noble earth, where the town of Great Yarmouth is now mounted, and where so much fish is sold, in the days of yore hath been the place where you might have caught fish, and as plain a sea, within these six hundred years, as any boat could tumble in; and so was the whole level of the marshes betwixt it and Norwich. Anno Domini 1000, or thereabouts (as I have scraped out of worm-eaten parchment) and in the reign of Canutus, he that died drunk at Lambeth, or Lome-hith, somewhat before, or somewhat after, not an apprenticeship of years varying,

———— *Caput extulit undis,*

The sands set up shop for themselves; and, from that moment to this sextine century (or, let me not be taken with a lie, five hundred ninety-eight, that wants but a pair of years to make me a true man) they would no more live under the yoke of the sea, or have their heads washed with his bubbly spume, or barber's balderdash, but clearly quitted, distetermined, and relegated themselves from his inflated capriciousness of playing the dictator over them.

The northern wind was the clanging trumpeter, who, with the terrible blast of his throat, in one yellow heap, or plump-clustered, or congested them together, even as the western gales in Holland, right over-against them, have wrought unruly havock, and thrashed and swept the sands so before them, that they have choaked or clammed up the middle walk, or door of the Rhine, and made it as stable a clod-mould, or turf ground, as any hedger can drive stake into. Castor, two miles distant from this New Yarmouth we treat of, is inscribed to be that Old Yarmouth, whereof there are specialties to be seen in the oldest writers, and yet, some visible apparent tokens remain of a haven that ran up to it, and there had its entrance into the sea, by aged fishermen commonly termed Grub's Haven, though now it be gravelled up, and the stream, or tide-gate, turned another way. But this is most warrantable, the Alpha of all the Yarmouths it was, and not the Omega correspondently, and, from her withered root, they branch the high ascent of their genealogy. *Omniū rerum vicissitudo est*, one's falling is another's rising; and so it fell out with that ruined dorp, or hamlet, which, after it had relapsed into the lord's hands for want of reparations, and there were not men enough in it to defend the shore from invasion, one Cerdicus, a plashing Saxon, that revelled here and there with

his battle-axe, on the bordering banks of the decrepid overworn village now surnamed Gorlstone, threw forth his anchor, and, with the assistance of his spear instead of a pike-staff, leaped aground like a sturdy brute, and his yeomen bold cast their heels in their necks and frisked it after him ; and thence sprouted that obscene appellation of Sarding Sands, with the draff of the carterly hoblobbs thereabouts, concocted or digested for a scripture verity, when the right Christendom of it is Cerdick Sands, or Cerdick Shore, of Cerdicus so denominated, who was the first May-lord, or Captain of Morris-dance, that, on those imbenched shelves, stamped his footing where cods and dog-fish swam not a warp of weeks forerunning, and, till he had given the onset, they baulked them as quicksands. By and bye, after his jumping upon them, the Saxons, (for that Garianonum, or Yarmouth, that had given up the ghost,) in those slimy plashy fields of Gorlstone trouled up a second Yarmouth, abutting on the west-side of the shore of this Great Yarmouth, that is ; but, feeling the air to be unwholesome and disagreeing with them, to the overthwart brink or verge of the flood, that writ all one style of Cerdick-Sands, they dislodged, with bag and baggage, and there laid the foundation of a third Yarmouth, *Quam nulla potest abolere vetustas*, that I hope will hold up her head till Doomsday. In this Yarmouth, as Mr. Camden

saith there were seventy inhabitants, or householders, that paid scot and lot in the time of Edward the Confessor; but a chronographical Latin table, which they have hanging up in their Guildhall, of their transmutations from their cradlehood, infringeth this a little, and flatters her she is a great deal younger, in a fair text hand, texting unto us, how, in the sceptredom of Edward the Confessor, the sands first began to grow into sight at low water, and more shallow at the mouth of the river Hirus or Ierus, whereupon it was dubbed Iernmouth, or Yarmouth; and then there were two channels, one on the north, another on the south, where through the fishermen did wander and waver up to Norwich, and divers part of Suffolk and Norfolk, all the fenny Lerna betwixt, that, with reed, is so imbristled, being, as I have forespoken, or spoken before, *Madona*, *Amphitrite*, fluctuous demesnes, or fee-simple.

From the city of Norwich on the east part, it is sixteen miles disjunct and dislocated; and, though betwixt the sea and the salt flood it be interposed, yet in no place about it can you dig six feet deep, but you shall have a gushing spring of fresh or sweet water for all uses, as apt and accommodated as St. Winifred's well, or Tower-Hill water at London, so much praised and sought after. My tables are not yet one quarter emptied, of my notes out of their table, which because it is, as it were, a sea rutter

diligently kept amongst them from age to age, of all their ebbs and flows, and winds that blew with or against them, I tie myself to more precisely, and thus it leadeth on ;

In the time of King Harold and William the Conqueror, this sand of Yarmouth grew to a settled lump, and was as dry as the sands of Arabia, so that thronging theatres of people (as well aliens as Englishmen) hived thither about the selling of fish and herring, from St. Michael to St. Martin, and there built sutlers booths and tabernacles, to canopy their heads in from the rheum of the heavens, or the clouds dissolving cataracts. King William Rufus having got the golden wreath about his head, one Herbertus, bishop of the See of Norwich, hearing of the gangs of good fellows that hurtled and bustled thither, as thick as it had been to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, or our lady of Walsingham, built a certain chapel there for the service of God, and salvation of souls.

In the reign of King Henry the First, King Stephen, King Henry Second, and Richard de Cœur de Lion, the apostacy of the sands from the yelping world was so great, that they joined themselves to the main land of Eastflege, and whole tribes of males and females trotted, barged it thither, to build and inhabit, which the said kings, whilst they wielded their swords temporal, animadverted

of, assigned a ruler or governor over them, that was called the King's Provost; and that manner of provostship or government remained in full force and virtue of all their four throneships, *alias* a hundred years, even till the inauguration of King John, in whose days the forewritten of Bishop of Norwich, seeing the numerous increase of souls of both kinds, that there had framed their nests, and meant not to forsake them till the soul-bell tolled them thence, pulled down his chapel, and, what by himself and the devout oblations and donatives of the fishermen upon every return with their nets full, re-edified and raised it to a church of that magnitude, as, under-minsters and cathedrals, very queasy; it admits any, hail, fellow, well met; and the church of St. Nicholas, he hallowed it, whence Yarmouth road is nicknamed the road of St. Nicholas. King John, to comply and keep consort with his ancestors, in furthering of this new water-work, in the ninth year of the ingirting his anointed brows with the refulgent Ophir circle, and Anno, 1209, set a fresh gloss upon it, of the town or free borough of Yarmouth, and furnished it with many substantial privileges and liberties, to have and to hold the same of him, and his race, for fifty-five pounds yearly. In Anno 1240, it perched up to be governed by bailiffs, and, in a narrower limit than the forty years under meal of the seven sleepers, it had so much

tow, to her distaff, and was so well lined and bombasted, that, in a sea-battle, her ships and men conflicted the Cinque Ports, and therein so laid about them, that they burnt, took, and spoiled the most of them; whereof such of them as were sure flights, (saving a reverence of their manhoods) ran crying and complaining to King Henry the Second, who, with the advice of his council, set a fine of a thousand pounds on the Yarmouth men's heads for that offence, which fine, in the tenth of his reign, he dispensed with, and pardoned.

Edward the First, and Edward the Second likewise, let them lack for no privileges, changing it from a borough to a port town, and there setting up a custom-house, with the appurtenances for the loading and unloading of ships. Henry the Third, in the fortieth of his reign, cheered up their bloods with two charters more, and in Anno 1262, and forty-five of his court-keeping, he permitted them to wall in their town, and moat it about with a broad ditch, and to have a prison or jail in it. In the swing of his trident he constituted two lord admirals over the whole navy of England, which he disposed in two parts; the one to bear sway from the Thames mouth northward, called the Northern Navy; the other to shape his course from the Thames' mouth to the westward, termed the Western Navy; and over this northern navy, for admiral,

commissionated one John Peerbrown, burgess of the town of Yarmouth, and over the western navy one Sir Robert Laburnus, Knight.

But Peerbrown did not only hold his office, all the time of that King, doing plausible service, but was again re-admiralled by Edward the Third, and so died; in the fourteenth of whose reign he met with the French King's navy, being four-hundred sails, near to the haven of Sluys, and there so sliced and slashed them, and tore their planks to mammocks,¹ and their lean guts to kites meat, that their best mercy was fire and water, which hath no mercy; and not a victualler or a drumbler of them hanging in the wind aloof, but was rib-roasted, or had some of his ribs crushed with their stone-darting engines, no ordnance then being invented. This Edward the Third, of his propensive mind towards them, united to Yarmouth Kirtley road, from it seven miles vacant, and, sowing in the furrows that his predecessors had entered, enhanced the price of their privileges, and brought them not down one barley kernel.

Richard the Second, upon a discord betwixt Lowestoff and Yarmouth, after divers law-days, and arbitrary mandates to the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, directed about it, in proper person, 1385,

¹MAMMOCKS.—Fragments.

came to Yarmouth, and, in his parliament the year ensuing, confirmed unto it the liberties of Kirtley road, (the only motive of all their contention). Henry the Fifth, or the Fifth of the Henries that ruled over us, abridged them not a mite of their purchased prerogatives, but permitted them to build a bridge over their haven, and aided and furthered them in it. Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and King Henry the Eighth, with his daughters Queen Mary, and our *Chara Deum soboles*, Queen Elisabeth, have not withered up their hands in signing and subscribing to their requests; but our Virgin rectoress, most of all, hath showered down her bounty upon them, granting them greater grants than ever they had, besides by matters of the clerk of the marketship, and many other benevolences towards the reparation of their port. This, and every town, hath its backwinters or frosts that nip it in the blade (as, not the clearest sunshine but hath his shade, and there is a time of sickness as well as of health). The backwinter, the frost biting, the eclipse or shade, and sickness of Yarmouth, was a great sickness or plague in it, 1348, of which, in one year, seven thousand and fifty people toppled up their heels there. The new building at the west end of the church was begun there 1330, which, like the imperfect works of King's College in Cambridge, or Christ Church in

Oxford, have too costly large foundations to be ever finished.

It is thought if the town had not been so scourged, and eaten up by that mortality, of their own purses they would have proceeded with it; but now they have gone a nearer way to the wood, for with wooden galleries in the church that they have, and stairly degrees of seats in them, they make as much room to sit and hear, as a new west-end would have done.

The length and breadth of Yarmouth, I promised to shew, you have with you; but first look wistly upon the walls, which, if you mark, make a stretched out quadrangle with the haven. They are in compass, from the south chains to the north chains, two thousand one hundred and fourscore yards: They have sixteen towers upon them; mounts underfonging and inflanking them, formerly two, now three, which have their thundering tools, to compel Diego Spaniard to duck, and strike the wind-cholick into his paunch, if he prance too near them, and will not veil to the Queen of England. The compass, about the wall of this new mount is five hundred feet, and in the measure of yards eight score and seven: The breadth of the foundation nine feet, the depth within ground eleven: The height to the setting thereof, fifteen feet, and in breadth at the setting of it, five feet three inches,

and the procerous stature of it, so embailing and girdling in this mount, twenty feet and six inches. Gates (to let in her friends, and shut out her enemies), Yarmouth hath ten, lanes sevenscore: As for her streets, they are as long as threescore streets in London, and yet they divide them but into three. Void ground in the town from the walls to the houses, and from the houses to the haven, is not within the verge of my geometry. The Liberties of it on the fresh-water one way, as namely, from Yarmouth to St. Tooley's in Beckles-water, are ten miles, and from Yarmouth to Hardlie-cross another way, ten miles, and conclusively, from Yarmouth to Weybridge in the narrow north-water, ten miles: In all which fords, or meanders, none can attach, arrest, distress, but their officers; and, if any drown themselves in them, their coroners sit upon them.

I had a crochet in my head, here to have given the reins to my pen, and run astray throughout all the coast-towns of England; digging up their dilapidations, and raking out of the dust-heap, or charnel-house of tenebrous antiquity, the rottenest relick of their monuments, and bright scoured the canker-eaten brass of their first bricklayers and founders, and commented and paralogized on their condition in the present, and in the preter tense: Not for any love or hatred I bear them, but that I would not be snubbed, or have it cast in my dish,

that therefore I praise Yarmouth so rantingly, because I never elsewhere baited my horse, or took my bow and arrows, and went to bed. Which leeing, had I been let alone, I would have put to bed with a *Recumbentibus*, by uttering the best that with a safe conscience might be uttered of the best, or worst, of them all; and notwithstanding all at best, that tongue could speak, or heart could think of them, they should bate me an ace of Yarmouth. Much brain-tossing and breaking of my skull it cost me; but farewell it, and farewell the bailiffs of the Cinque-Ports, whose primordial *Gethneliaca* was also dropping out of my inkhorn, with the silver oar of their barony by William the Conqueror, conveyed over to them at that nick, when he firmed and rubricked Kentishmen's gravel-kind of the son to inherit at fifteen, and the felony of the father not to draw a foot of land from the son, and amongst the sons the portion to be equally distributed; and if there were no sons, much good do it the daughters, for they were to share it after the same tenure, and might alienate it how they would, either by legacy or bargain, without the consent of the lord.

To shun spight I smothered these dribblements, and refrained to descant, how William the Conqueror, having heard the proverb of Kent and Christendom, thought he had won a country as good as all Christendom, when he was enfeoffed of Kent;

for which, to make it sure unto him, after he was entailed thereunto, nought they asked they needed to ask twice, it being enacted before the words came out of their mouth. Of that profligated labour yet my breast pants and labours, a whole mouth's mind of revolving meditation I ravelling out therein (as *ravelling out* signifies *Penelopeæ telam retexere*, the unweaving of a web before woven and contexed.) It pities me, it pities me, that in cutting of so fair a diamond as Yarmouth, I have not a casket of dusky Cornish diamonds by me, and a box of muddy foils the better to set it forth: *Ut nemo miser, nisi comparatus, sic nihil pro mirifico, nisi cum aliis conferatur: Cedite soli, stellæ scintillantes; soli Garriano cedite, reliqua oppida veligera sedium uavaliū speciosissimo; sed redeo ad vernaculum.*

All commonwealths assume their prenomina-tions of their common divided wealth, as where one man hath not too much riches, and another man too much poverty: Such was Plato's community, and Lycurgus's and the old Roman's laws of measuring out their fields, their meads, their pastures and houses, and meting out to every one his child's portion. To this *commune bonum* (or, every horse his loaf) Yarmouth, in propinquity, is as the buckle to the throng, and the next finger to the thumb; not that it is sib, or cater-cousin to any mongrel *Democratia*, in which one is all, and all are one, but

that, in her, as they are not all one, so one or two there pocket not up all the pieces, there being two-hundred in it worth three hundred pounds a piece, with poundage and shillings to the lurcher, set aside the bailiff's four-and twenty and eight-and-forty. Put out my eye who can with such another brag of any sea-town within two hundred miles of it. But this common good within itself is nothing to the common good it communicates to the whole state. Shall I particularize unto you *quibus viis & modis*, how and wherein? There is my hand too, I will do it, and this is my *exordium*: A town of defence it is to the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk against the enemies (so accounted at the first granting of their Liberties) and by the natural strength of the situation so apparent, being both environed with many sands, and now of late, by great charge, much more fortified than in ancient times. All the realm it profiteth many ways; as, by the free fair of herrings, chiefly maintained by the fishermen of Yarmouth themselves; by the great plenty of salted fish there, not so little two years past, as four-hundred thousand; wherein were employed about fourscore sail of barques of their own.

By the furnishing forth of forty boats for mackerel at the spring of the year, when all things are dearest, which is a great relief to all the country thereabouts, and, soon after Bartholo-

mew-tide, a hundred and twenty sail of their own for herrings, and forty sail of other ships and barques, trading to Newcastle, the Low Countries, and other voyages. Norwich, at her Majesty's coming in progress¹ thither, presented her with a shew of knitters, on a high stage placed for the nonce; Yarmouth, if the like occasion were, could clap up as good a shew of netbraiders, or, those that have no clothes to wrap their hides in, or bread to put in their mouths, but what they earn and get by braiding of nets (not so little as two thousand pounds they yearly dispersing amongst the poor women and children of the country, for the spinning of twine to make them with, besides the labour of the inhabitants in working. them) and, for a commodious green place, near the sea-shore, to mend and dry them, not Salisbury Plain or Newmarket Heath (though they have no vicinity or neighbourhood with the sea, or scarce with any ditch or pond of fresh water) may overpeer, or outcrow her, there being above five thousand pounds worth of them at a time upon her dens² a sunning. A convenient quay within her haven she hath, for the delivery of nets

¹An account of this "progress" is given in a scarce tract entitled "The joyfull receyving of the Queene's most excellent Majestie into hir Highness citie of Norwich," &c. London, 1578, and is reprinted in the second volume of Nichol's valuable collection of the Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, Lond. 1788—1807, 4to, 3 vols.

²DEN.—A sandy tract near the sea.

and herrings, where you may lie a-float at low water; I beseech, you do not so in the Thames; many serviceable mariners and seafaring men she traineth up;—but of that in the Herring.

The marshes and lower grounds, lying upon the three rivers that vagary up to her, comprehending many thousand acres, by the vigilant preservation of their haven, are increased in value more than half, which else would be a *Mæotis Palus*, a mear, or lake of eels, frogs, and wild ducks. The city of Norwich, as in the *Prælude* hereof I had a twitch at, fares never the worse for her, nor would fare so well, if it were not for the fish of all sorts that she cloyeth her with, and the fellowship of their haven, into which their three rivers infuse themselves, and through which, their goods and merchandise, from beyond seas, are keeled up, with small cost, to their very thresholds, and to many good towns on this side, and beyond. I would be loth to build a labyrinth in the gatehouse of my book, for you to lose yourselves in, and therefore I shred of many things; we will but cast over the bill of her charge, and talk a word or two of her buildings, and break up and go to breakfast with the Red-Herring. The haven hath cost, in these last twenty-eight years, twenty-six thousand two hundred fifty-six pounds, four shillings, and five pence: fortification and powder, since *Anno* 1587, two thousand marks; the

sea service in *Anno* 1588, eight hundred pounds; the Portuguese voyage, a thousand pounds; the voyage to Cadiz as much.

It hath lost by the Dunkirkers, a thousand pounds; by the Frenchmen, three thousand; by Wafting, eight hundred; by the Spaniards, and other loses not rated, at the least three thousand more. The continual charge of the town, in maintenance of their haven, five hundred pounds a year, *Omnibus annis*, for ever; the fee-farm of the town fifty-five pounds, and five pounds a year above for Kirtley Road. The continual charge of the bridge over the haven, their walls, and a number of other odd reckonings we deal not with, towards all which they have not, in certain revenues, above fifty or threescore pounds a year, and that is in houses. The yearly charge towards the provision of fish for her Majesty, one thousand pounds; as for arable matters of tillage and husbandry, and grazing of cattle, their barren sands will not bear them, and they get not a beggar's noble by one or other of them, but their whole harvest is by sea.

It were to be wished, that other coasters were so industrious as Yarmouth, in winning the treasure of fish out of those profundities, and then we should have twenty eggs a penny; and, it would be as plentiful a world as when abbies stood; and now, if there be any plentiful world, it is in Yarmouth.

Her sumptuous porches, and garnished buildings, are such, as no port-town in our British circumference, nay, take some port-cities overplus into the bargain, may suitably stake with, or adequate.

By the proportion of the east-surprised Gades, or Cadiz, divers have tried their cunning to configure a twin-like image of it, both in the correlative analogy of the span-broad rows running betwixt, as also of the skirt, or lappet of earth, whereon it stands, herein only limiting the difference, that the houses here have not such flat custard-crowns at the top, as they have. But I, for my part, cast it aside, as too obscure a canton to demonstrate and take the altitude by of so Elysian an habitation as Yarmouth. Of a bouncing, side-wasted parish in Lancashire we have a flying voice dispersed, where they go nine miles to church every Sunday ; but, parish for parish, throughout Lancashire, Cheshire, or Wingandecoy, both for numbers in gross of honest householders, youthful, courageous, valiant spirits, and substantial, grave burghers, Yarmouth shall drop vie with them, to the last Edward's groat they are worth. I am posting to my proposed scope, or else I could run ten quires of paper out of breath, in further traversing her rights and dignities.

But of that freight I must not take in too liberally, in case I want stowage for my Red-

Herring, which I rely upon as my wealthiest loading. Farewell, flourishing Yarmouth, and be every day more flourishing than other, until the latter day; while I have my sense, or existence, I will persist in loving thee, and so, with this abrupt post-script, I leave thee. I have not travelled far, though conferred with farthest travellers, from our own realm; I have turned over venerable Bede, and plenteous beadrolls of friary annals following on the back of him; Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Camden's Britannia, and most records of friends, or enemies, I have searched, as concerning the later model of it; none of the inland parts of it, but I have traded them as frequently as the middle walk in Paul's, or my way to bed every night; yet for aught I have read, heard, or seen, Yarmouth, regal Yarmouth, of all maritime towns that are no more but fisher-towns, solely reigneth, *sans peer*.

Not any where is the word severelier practised, the preacher reverentlier observed and honoured, justice soundlier ministered, and a warlike people peaceabler demeanoured, betwixt this and the Grand Cathay,¹ and the strand of Prester John.²

¹CATHAY.—An old name for China.

²PRESTER JOHN.—The name given in the middle ages to a supposed Christian sovereign dwelling in the interior of Asia. The tradition disappeared soon after the Portuguese had reached India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope.

Adieu, adieu, tenth-thousand-fold delicate paramour of Neptune, the next year my standish may happen to address another voyage unto thee, if this have any acceptance. Now, it is high leaking time, and, be the winds never so easterly adverse, and the tide fled from us, we must violently tow, and hale in our redoubtable sophy, of the floating kingdom of Pisces, whom so much as by name I should not have acknowledged, had it not been that I mused, how Yarmouth should be invested in such plenty and opulence ; considering, that, in Mr. Hakluyt's English Discoveries, I have not come in ken of one mizzen-mast of a man of war bound for the Indies, or Mediterranean stern-bearer sent from her zenith or meridian. Mercurial-breasted Mr. Harborne always accepted a rich spark of eternity first lighted and enkindled at Yarmouth, or there first bred, and brought forth to see the light ; who since, in the hottest degrees of Leo, hath echoing noised the name of our island, and of Yarmouth, so Tritonly, that not an infant of the curtailed, skin-clipping pagans, but talk of London as frequently, as of their prophet's tomb of Mecca, and as much worships or maiden-peace, as it were but one sun, that shined over them all. Our first ambassador was he to the Behemoth of Constantinople ; and, as Moses was sent from the omnipotent God of Heaven, to persuade Sultan Pharaoh to let the children of

* *The adamant
mollified with
nothing but
blood*

Israel go, so, from the prepotent goddess of the earth, ELIZA, was he sent to set free the English captives, and open unto us the passage into the Red-sea and Euphrates. How impetrable he was in mollifying the * adamantiest tyranny of mankind, and hourly crucifier of Jesus Christ crucified, and rooter up of Palestine ; those that be scrutinous to pry into, let them revolve the digests of our English discoveries, cited up in the precedents, and be documentized most copiously. Of him, and none but him, who in valuation is worth eighteen huge argosies full of our present-dated misshapen childish travailers, have I took, sent, or come in the wind of, that ever Yarmouth unshelled or engendered, to weather it on till they lost the north star, or sailed just antipodes against us ; nor, walking in the streets so many weeks together, could I meet with any of these swaggering captains (captains that wore a whole ancient in a scarf, which made them go heave-shouldered, it was so boisterous) or hufty-tufty¹ youthful ruffling comrades, wearing every one three yards of feather in his cap for his mistress's favour, such as we stumble on at each second step at Plymouth, Southampton, and Portsmouth ; but, a universal merchantly formality, in habit, speech,

¹HUFTYTUFTY.—A swaggerer.—“Master Wyldgoose it is not your *huftie-tuftie* can make mee afraid of your bigge lookes.—*Breton's Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*. 1603.

and gestures, though little merchandise they beat their heads about, Queen Norwich for that going between them and home; at length, (O, that length of the full point spoils me, all gentle readers, I beseech you pardon me) I fell a communing hereupon with a gentleman, a familiar of mine, and he eftsoons¹ defined unto me, that the Red-Herring was this old ticklecob, or *Magister fac totum*, that brought in the red ruddocks² and the grummel seed³ as thick as oatmeal, and made Yarmouth for argent to put down the city of Argentine. Do but convert, said he, the slenderest twinkling reflex of your eyesight to this flinty ring that ingirts it, these towered walls, port-cullissed gates, and gorgeous architectures that condecorate and adorn it, and then perponder of the Red-Herring's priority and prevalence, who is the only inexhaustible mine that hath raised and begot all this, and, minutely to riper maturity, fosters and cherisheth it. The Red-Herring alone it is that

¹EFTSOONS.—Immediately.

²RED RUDDOCKS —The English robin, or redbreast.

³GRUMMEL, OR GROMWEL SEED.—From a plant of the genus *lithospermum*.

The altars everywhere now smoking be
 With beanstalks, savine, laurel, rosemary,
 Their cakes of *grummell*-seed they did prefer,
 And pails of milk in sacrifice to her.
 Then hymn of praise they all devoutly sung
 In those Palilia for increase of young.

Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.

countervails the burthensome detriments of our haven, which every twelvemonth devours a justice of peace's living, in wiers and banks to beat off the sand, and overthwart ledging and fencing it in ; that defrays all impositions and outward payments to her Majesty (in which Yarmouth gives not the wall to six, though sixteen moth-eaten burgess towns, that have daubers and thatchers to their mayors, challenge, in parliament, the upper hand of it) and for the vaward, or suburbs of my narration, that impails our sage senators, or Ephori, in princely scarlet, as pompous ostentive as the *Vinti quater*, or Lady Troynonant ; wherefore, quoth he, if there be in thee any whit of that unquenchable sacred fire of Apollo, as all men repute, and that Minerva, amongst the number of her heirs, hath adopted thee, or thou wilt commend thy muse to sempiternity, and have images and statues erected to her after her unstringed silent interment and obsequies, rouse thy spirits out of this drowsy lethargy of melancholy they are drenched in, and wrest them up to the most outstretched airy strain of elocution, to chaunt and carol forth the *allegrezza* and excelsitude of this monarchical floody *Induperator*.

Very tractable to this lure I was trained, and put him not to the full availing of me with any sound hammering persuasion, in that at the first sight of the top-gallant towers of and a week before he

had broken any of these words betwixt his teeth, my muse was ardently inflamed to do it some right ; and praise of the Red-Herring, whose proper soil and nursery it is. But this I must give you to wit, however I have took it upon me, that, never since I spouted ink, was I of worse aptitude to go through with such a mighty March brewage as you expect, or temper you one right cup of that ancient wine of Falernum, which would last forty year, or consecrate to your fame a perpetual temple of the pine-trees of Ida, which never rot. For, besides the loud bellowing prodigious flaw of indignation, stirred up against me in my absence and extermination from the upper region of our celestial regimen, which hath dug me in a manner down to the infernal bottom of desolation, and so troubledly bemuddled with grief and care every cell or organ-pipe of my purer intellectual faculties, that no more they consort with any ingenious playful merriments ; of my note-books, and all books else, here in the country, I am bereaved, whereby I might enamel and hatch over this device more artfully and masterly, and attire it in its true orient varnish and tincture ; wherefore, heart and good-will, a workman is nothing without his tools ; had I my topicks by me instead of my learned council to assist me, I might, perhaps, marshal my terms in better array, and bestow such costly cookery on this *marine magnifico*, as you would prefer him

how to bring it about fitter I knew not, than in the before tart and galingale,¹ which Chaucer pre-eminentest encomioniseth above all junqueties or confectionaries whatsoever.

Now you must accept of it as the place serves, and, instead of comfits and sugar to strew him with, take well in worth a farthing-worth of flour, to white him over and wamble him in, and I having no great pieces to discharge for his benvenue,² or welcoming in, with this volley of rhapsodies or small shot, he must rest pacified; and so *ad rem*, spur, cut through thick and thin,³ and enter the triumphal chariot of the Red-Herring.

Homer of rats and frogs hath heroicked it; other oaten pipers after him, in praise of the gnat, the flea, the hazel-nut, the grasshopper, the butterfly, the parrot, the popinjay, philip-sparrow, and the cuckoo; the wantoner sort of them sing descant on their mistress's glove, her ring, her fan, her looking-

¹GALINGALE.—The aromatic root of the rush cyperus, used as a drug, or as a seasoning for dishes. There is an English species.

My spice box, gentleman,
And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art on't;
Or in a *galingale*, a little does it

Beaumont and Fletcher—Bloody Brother, ii, 2.

²BENVENUE —A fee paid by a new workman

³THICK AND THIN —Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hopes her to obtain by hook or crook.

Spencer's Fairy Queen, Book iii, Canto i.

glass, her pantofle, and on the same jury, I might impanel Johannes Secundus with his book of the two hundred kinds of Kisses. Philosophers come sneaking in with their paradoxes of poverty, imprisonment, death, sickness, banishment, and baldness; and as busy they are about the bee, the stork, the constant turtle, the horse, the dog, the ape, the ass, the fox, and the ferret. Physicians deafen our ears with the *honorificabilitudinitatibus* of their heavenly *panacæa*, their sovereign guaiacum, their clysters, their treacles, their mithridates, compacted of forty several poisons, their bitter rhubarb, and torturing stibium.

The posterior Italian and German cornu-graphers stick not to applaud and canonize unnatural sodomitry, the strumpet errant, the gout, the ague, the dropsy, the sciatica, folly drunkenness, and slovenry. The *Galli gallinacei*, or cocking French, swarm every pissing while in their primer editions, *imprimeda jour duy*, of the unspeakable healthful conducibleness of the *Gomorriham* great *poco*, a *poco*, their true countryman every inch of him, the pre-script laws of tennis or balonne¹ (which is most of

¹BALONNE, OR BALOON.—A large inflated ball of strong leather, formerly used in a game called *balloon*, the ball being struck by the arm, which was defended by a bracer of wood. The game is thus described in a book entitled *Country Contents* :—

“A strong and moving sport in the open fields, with a great ball of double

their gentlemen's chief livelihoods) the commodity of hoarseness, blear-eyes, scabbed-hams, thread-bare cloaks, poached-eggs. and panado's. Amongst our English harmonious Calenzio's, one is up with the excellence of the brown bill and the long bow ; another plays his prizes in print, in driving it home with all weapons, in right of the noble science of defence : a third writes passing enamorately, of the nature of white-meats, and justifies it under his hand to be bought and sold everywhere, that they exceed nectar and ambrosia : a fourth comes forth with something in praise of nothing ; a fifth, of an inflamed heal to coppersmith's-hall, all to betimes it of the diversity of red-noses, and the hierarchy of the nose *magnificat* : a sixth sweeps behind the door all earthly felicities, and makes baker's maukins of them, if they stand in competency with a strong dozen of points ; marry, they must be points of the matter, you must

leather filled with wind, and driven to and fro with the strength of a man's arm, armed with a bracer of wood."

Strut, who quotes this description, adds that it was the same sport which was revived not many years ago at Pimlico, under the title of the *Olympic Game*, vol. iii, p. 148. That the balloon was filled with wind appears in this quotation :—

"The more that *ballones* are blown up with winde, the higher they rebounde."

Defence of the Regiment of Women, Harl. MS., 6257.

"Packe, foole to French *balloone*, and there at play
Consume the progresse of thy sullen day.

Robert Anton's Philosopher's Satyres, 1616, p. 20.

"While others have been at the *balloon*, I have been at my books."

Ben Jonson, Fox ii, 2.

consider, whereof the foremost codpiece point is the crane's proverb in painted clothes, "Fear God, and obey the King;" and the rest, and some have tags, and some have none : a seventh sets of tobacco-pipe instead of a trumpet to his mouth, and of that divine drug proclaimeth miracles : an eighth capers it up to the spheres in commendation of dancing : a ninth offers sacrifice to the goddess Cloaca, and disports himself very scholarly and witty about the reformation of close-stools, and houses of office, and spicing and balming their rank entrails, that they stink not. A tenth set forth remedies of toasted turds against famine.

To these I might wedge in Cornelius the Brabantine, who was feloniously suspected, in 87, for penning a * discourse of Tuft-mockados¹; and a country gentleman of my acquaintance, who is launching forth a treatise, as big garbed, as the French academy of the *cornucopia* of a cow, and what an advantageable creature she is, beyond all the four-footed rabblement of herbagers and grass-champers, day nor night, that she can rest for filling and tampering about it; as also a sworn brother of his, that so bangeth poor paper, in laud of bag-pudding, as a Switzer would not believe it. Neither

* See the Epistle Commendatorie, before Mr. Samuel Daniel's Translation of the Empresses of Paulus Jovius [by N. W., who says, "there is not published a flourish upon fancie, or Tarleton's toys, or the sillie enterlude of Diogenes. you professe not "artem jocandi" or "potandi": you discourse not of Apuleius' asse; you trifle not as "Cornelius the Brabantine, who published an encomion of Tuft-mockados": but you present us an order to frame devises, in shew glorious, informe plain, in title strange.]

¹ TUFT-MOCKADO.—A mixed stuff, manufactured in imitation of tufted taffeta, or velvet.

of their decades are yet stamped, but, before Midsummer term, they will be, if their words be sure payment; and then tell me, if our English sconses be not right Sheffield or no.

The application of this whole catalogue of waste authors is no more but this, *Quot capita tot sententiæ*, so many heads, so many whirligigs; and, if all these have terlery-gincked it so frivolously, of, they know not what, I may, (*cum gratia and privilegio*,) pronounce it, that the Red-Herring is wholesome in a frosty morning, and rake up some few scattered syllables together, in the polishing; excursions and circumquaques, but *totaliter appositum*.

That English merchandise is most precious, which no country can be without; if you ask Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Sussex, or Leominster, or Cotswold, what merchandise that should be, they will answer you, it is the very same, which Polydore Virgil calls, *vere aureum vellus*, the true golden fleece of our wool and English cloth, and nought else: other engrating upland cor-morants will grunt out, it is *grana paradisi*, our grain or corn that is most sought after. The Westerners and Northerners, that it is lead, tin and iron. Butter and cheese, butter and cheese, saith the farmer; but from every one of these I dissent, and will stoutly abide by it, that, to trowl in cash throughout all nations of Christendom, there is no

fellow to the Red-Herring. The French, Spanish, and Italian, have wool enough of their own, thereof they make cloth to serve their turn, though it be somewhat coarser than our's. For corn, none of the east parts but what surpasseth us ; of lead and tin is the most scarcity in foreign dominions, and plenty with us, though they are not utterly barren of them. As for iron, about Isenborough, and other places of Germany, they have quadruple the store that we have. As touching butter and cheese, the Hollanders cry, by your leave we must go before you ; and the Transalpiners, with their lordly Parmesan (so named of the city of Parma, in Italy, where it is first clout-crushed and made) shoulder in for the upper-hand as hotly : whereas, of our appropriate glory of the Red-Herring, no region, betwixt the poles artick and antartick, may, can, or will rebate from us one scruple.

On no coast, like ours, is it caught in such abundance, no where dressed in his right cue but under our horizon ; hoisted, roasted, and toasted here alone it is, and as well powdered and salted as any Dutchman would desire. If you articulate with me of the gain or profit of it, without the which, the new fanglest rarity, that no body can boast of but ourselves, after three days' gazing, is reversed over to children for babies to play with : behold, it is every man's money from the King to the courtier ; every house-

holder, or Goodman Baltrop, that keeps a family in pay, cast for it as one of his standing provisions. The poorer sort make it three parts of their sustenance : with it, for his dinner, the patchedest leather pilche¹ *laboratho* may dine like a Spanish Duke, when the niggardly mouse of beef will cost him sixpence. In the craft of catching, or taking and smudging it, (merchant and chapmanable as it should be), it sets a-work thousands, who lives all the rest of the year gaily well, by what, in some few weeks they scratch up then, and come to bear office of questman² and

¹PILCH, OR PILCHER.—An outer garment generally worn in cold weather, and made of skins of fur ; from *pylche*, a skin-coat, Saxon. The term is still retained in connected senses in our dialects. A piece of flannel or other woollen put under a child next the clout, is in Kent called a *pilch* ; a coarse shagged piece of rug laid over a saddle for ease of a rider, is in our midland parts called a *pileh*. In our old dramatists the term is applied to a buff or leather jerkin, and Shakespeare has *pilcher* for the sheath of a sword :—

“ Will you pluck your sword out of his *pilcher* by the ears ? ”

Romeo and Juliet, iii, 1.

Decker says of Ben Jonson :—

“ Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pileh*, by a play-waggon in the high-way.”

Satiromastix.

²QUESTMAN, OR QUESTMONGER.—One who laid informations, and made a trade of petty law suits. In Clitius's *Whunzies*, the 16th section contains a long character of a *questman* (page 122), which in fact was an old name for a sides-man, or assistant to the churchwardens. See Blount's “ *Glossographia*,” in the word *Sideman*. He is described accordingly, with many quaint strokes of humour :—

“ A *questman* is a man of account for this yeere. He never goes without his note-book.—He is a sworne man ; which oath serves an injunction on his

scavenger in the parish where they dwell ; which they could never have done, but would have begged or starved, with their wives and brats, had not this captain of the squamy cattle so stood their good lord and master : carpenters, shipwrights, makers of lines, ropes and cables, dressers of hemp, spinners of thread, and net-weavers it gives their handfults to, sets up so many salthouses to make salt, and salt upon salt ; keeps in earnings the cooper, the brewer, the baker, and numbers of other people, to gill, wash, and pack it, and carry it and recarry it.

In exchange of it from other countries, they return wine and woads¹, for which is always paid ready gold, with salt, canvas, nitre, and a great deal of good trash. Her Majesty's tributes and customs, this *semper Augustus* of the sea's finny freeholders, augmenteth and enlargeth unaccountably, and, to the increase of navigation, for her service, he is no enemy.

Voyages of purchase or reprisals, which are now grown a common traffick, swallow up and consume more sailors and mariners than they breed,

conscience to be honest.—The day of his election is not more ready for him than he for it." Pp. 122-3.

He was also a collector of parish rents :—

"Some treasure he hath under his hand, which he must returne ; he can convert very little to his own use, nor defeate the parish of any house rent." P. 124.

¹WOAD.—A plant formerly much used for giving a permanent blue dye, but now superseded by indigo.

and lightly not a slop of a rope-hauler they send forth to the Queen's ships, but he is first broken to the sea in the herring-man's skiff or cock-boat, where, having learned to brook all waters, and drink as he can out of a tarry can, and eat poor John out of smutty platters when he may get it, without butter or mustard, there is no oh! with him, but, once heartened thus, he will needs be a man of war, or a tobacco-taker, and wear a silver whistle. Some of these, for their haughty climbing, come home with wooden legs, and some with none, but leave body and all behind; those, that escape to bring news, tell of nothing but eating tallow and young blackamoors, of five and five to a rat in every mess, and the ship-boy to the tail; of stopping their noses when they drunk stinking water that came out of the pump of the ship, and cutting a greasy buff jerkin in tripes, and broiling it for their dinners. Divers Indian adventures have been seasoned with direr mishaps, not having, for eight days space, the quantity of a candle's-end amongst eight score to grease their lips with; and, landing in the end to seek food, by the cannibal savages they have been circumvented, and forced to yield their bodies to feed them.

** That is, for a man to be his own executioner, and, at his Prince's beck, to go up to the top of the rock and thence throw himself headlong.*
fol. xliii, page 2.

Our mitred archpatriarch, Leopold Herring, exacts no such* Muscovian vassalage of his liegemen, though he put them to their trumps other times, and scuppets not his beneficence into their mouths

with such fresh water facility, as Mr. Ascham, in his "Schoolmaster," would imply. His words are these, in his Censure upon Varro :¹ "He enters not," saith he, "into any great depth of eloquence, but, as one carried in a small low vessel by himself very nigh the common shore; not much unlike the fishermen of Rye, or herring-men of Yarmouth, who deserve, by common men's opinion, small commendation for any cunning sailing at all."² Well, he was her Majesty's schoolmaster, and a St. John's man in Cambridge, in which house once I took up my inn for seven years together lacking a quarter, and yet love it still, for it is, and ever was, the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that university. Therefore I will keep fair quarter with him, and expostulate the matter more tamely. *Memorandum non ab uno*, I vary not a minnum from him, that, in the captious mystery of Monsieur Herring, low vessels will not give their heads for the washing, holding their own pell-mell in all weathers, as roughly as vaster timber-men, though not so near the shore, as, through ignorance of the coast he soundeth; nor one man by himself alone, to do everything, which is the opinion of one man, by himself alone,

¹De Linguâ Latinâ et Analogiâ.

²"Yet nevertheless—adds Ascham—in those bookes of Varro, there is good and necessarie stuffe for that meane kinde of argument, verie well and learnedly gathered together."

and not believed of any other. Five to one, if he were alive, I would beat against him, (since one, without five, is as good as none,) to govern the most egg-shell shallop that floateth, and spread her nets, and draw them in. As stiffly could I controvert it with him about pricking his card so badly in Cape Norfolk, or *Sinus Yarmouthiensis*, and discrediting our countrymen for shore-creeper, like the Colchester oystermen, or whitingmongers and sprat-catchers. Solyman Herring, I would you should persuade yourselves, is loftier-minded, and keepeth more aloof than so; and those that are his followers, if they could seek him where he is, more than common danger they must incur in close driving under sands, which alternately, or betwixt times, when he is disposed to ensconce himself, are his intrenching rendezvous, or castle of retiring; and otherwhile, forty or threescore leagues in the roaring territory, they are glad, on their wooden horses, to post after him, and scour it, with the Ethiopian pitchboards, till they be windless in his quest and pursuing. Returning from waiting on him, have with you to the Adriatick, and abroad every where far and near, to make port-sail of their perfumed smoky commodities, and, that toil rocked asleep, they are for *Ultima Thule*, the North seas, or Iceland, and thence yerk overt that worthy Palamede Don Pedro de Linge, and his worshipful

nephew Hugo Haberdine, and a trundle-tail tike¹ or shark or two; and, towards Michaelmas, scud home to catch herring again. This argues they should have some experience of navigation, and are not such halcyons to build their nests all on the shore, as Mr. Ascham supposeth.

Rye is one of the most ancient towns belonging to the Cinque Ports, yet limpeth cinque ace behind Yarmouth, and it will sink when Yarmouth riseth, and yet, if it were put into the balance against Yarmouth, it would rise when Yarmouth sinketh; and, to stand thrashing no longer about it, Rye is Rye, and no more but Rye and Yarmouth wheat compared with it. Wherefore, had he been a right clerk of the market, he would have set a higher price on the one than the other, and set that one of the highest price above the other.

Those, that deserve by common men's opinion small commendation for any cunning sailing at all, are not the Yarmouthers; however, there is a foul fault in the print escaped, that cursedly squinteth and leereth that way; but the bonny northern cibles² of his country, with their Indian canoes, or boats like great beef trays, or kneading troughs, firking as flight swift through the glassy fields of

¹TIKE.—*i. e.*, dogfish.

²COBLES.—A peculiar kind of boat, very sharp in the bow, and flat-bottomed, and square at the stern, navigated with a lug-sail.

Thetis, as if it were the land of ice, and sliding over the boiling desert so early, and never bruise one bubble of it, as though they contended to outstrip the light-foot tripper in the Metamorphosis, who would run over the ripe-bending ears of corn, and never shed or perish one kernel. No such iron-fisted Cyclops to hew it out of the flint, and run through any thing as these frost-bitten crab-tree faced lads, spun out of the hards of the tow, which are donsel herrings lackies at Yarmouth every fishing.

Let the careeringest billow confess and absolve itself, before it prick up its bristles against them ; for, if it come up on their dancing horse, and offers to tilt it with them, they will ask no trustier lances than their oars, to beat out the brains of it, and stop his throat from belching.

These rubs removed, on with our game as fast as we may, and to the gain of the Red-Herring again, another crash. *Item*, if it were not for this Huniades of the liquid element, that word Quadregesima, or Lent, might be clean sponged out of the calendar, with Rogation Week, Saints'-Eves, and the whole ragman roll of fasting days ; and fishmongers might keep Christmas all the year, for any overlavish takings they should have of clowns and clouted shoes, and the rubbish menialty ; their best customers, and their bloody adversaries, the

butchers, would never leave cleaving it out in the whole chines, till they had got a Lord Mayor of their company as well as they. Nay out of their wits they would be haunted with continual takings, and stand cross-gagged, with knives in their mouths, from one Shrove-Tuesday to another, and wear candles-ends in their hat at Midsummer, having no time to shave their pricks,¹ or wash their fly-blown aprons, if Domingo Rufus or Sacrapant Herring, caused not the dice to run contrary.

The Romish rotten Pythagoreans, or Carthusian Friars, that mump on nothing but fish, in what a phlegmatic predicament would they be, did not this counter-poison of the spitting-sickness (sixty-fold more restorative than bezer) patch them out and preserve them, which being double roasted and dried as it is, not only sucks up all the rheumatick inundations, but is a shoeing-horn for a pint of wine overplus.

The sweet smack that Yarmouth finds in it, and how it hath made it *lippitudo Attica* (as it was said of Ægina, her near adjacent confronter) the blemish and stain of all her salt-water sisters in England, and multiplied it from a mole-hill of sand, to a cloud-crowned Mount Teneriffe, abbreviately and meetly, according to my old Sarum plain song I have harped upon; and that, if there were no other

¹PRICKS.—Skewers.

certificate, or instance of the inlinked consanguinity betwixt him and Lady Lucar, is *instar mille*, worth a million of witnesses, to exemplify the riches of him. The poets were trivial, that set up Helen's face for such a top-gallant summer maypole for men to gaze at, and strutted it out so in their buskin brags of her beauty, whereof the only Circe's pass, and repass, was that which drew a thousand ships to Troy to fetch her back with a pestilence. Wise men in Greece, in the mean while, to swagger so about a whore.

Eloquious hoary beard, Father Nestor, you were one of them, and you Mr. Ulysses, the prudent dwarf of Pallas, another, of whom it is Iliadized, that your very nose dropped sugar-candy, and that your spittle was honey. Natalis Comes, if he were above ground, would be sworn upon it.

* In old time they used to ring out at any miracle.

As loud a ringing* miracle, as the attractive melting eye of that strumpet, can we supply them with of our dapper Piedmont Huldrick Herring, which draweth more barques to Yarmouth bay, than her beauty did to Troy. O! he is attended upon most Babylonically, and Xerxes so evercloyed not the Hellespont, with his frigates, gallies, and brigantines, as he mantleth the narrow seas with his retinue, being not much behind in the checkroll¹ of his

¹CHECKROLL.—A roll or book containing the names of the servants in a palace or large mansion. "To put out of *checkroll*," to dismiss a servant.

janiraries¹ and contributories, with eagle-soaring Bolingbroke, that at his removing of household into banishment, as Father Froissart threaps² down, was accompanied with forty-thousand men, women, and children weeping, from London to the Land's end, at Dover.(?) A colony of critical Zenos, should they sinew their syllogistical cluster-fists in one bundle, to confute and disprove moving, were they but, during the time they might lap up a mess of buttered fish, in Yarmouth one fishing, such a violent motion of toiling myrmidons they should be spectators of, and a confused stirring to and fro of a * Lepanto like host of unfatigable flood-bickerers, and foam-curbers, that they would not move or stir one foot, till they had disclaimed and abjured their bedrid spittle positions. In truth and sincerity, I never crowded through this confluent Herring fair, but it put me in memory of the great year of Jubilee, in Edward the Third's time, in which it is sealed and delivered under the hands of a publick notary, three-hundred thousand people roamed to Rome, for purgatory pills, and paternal venial benedictions, and the ways beyond sea were so bunged up with your daily orators or beads-men, and your crutched and crouched friars or cross-creepers and bare-foot

**The sea battle
at Lepanto,
fought in the be-
ginning of her
Majesty's reign.*

¹JANIRARIES.—Turkish soldiers.

²THREAPS.—To maintain.

penitentiaries, that a snail could not wriggle in her horns betwixt them. Small things we may express by great, and great by small; though the greatness of the Red-Herring be not small, as small a hop on my thumb as he seemeth. It is with him, as with great personages, which from their high estate, and and not their high statures, propagate the elevated titles of their Gogmagogs. Cast his state, who will, and they shall find it to be very high-coloured, as high-coloured as his complexion, if I said there were not a pimple to be abated. In Yarmouth, he hath set up his state-house, where, one quarter of a year, he keeps open court for Jews and Gentiles.

**The fatal
wooden horse at
Troy, fetched in
with such pomp.*

To fetch him in, in * Trojan equipage, some of the Christ-cross alphabet of outlandish cosmopoli furrow up the rugged brine, and sweep through his tumultuous ooze, will or nill he, rather than, in tendering their allegiance, they should be benighted with tardity. For our English Microcosmos or Phænician Dido's hide of ground, no shire, country, count palatine, or quarter of it, but rigs out some oaken squadron or other to waft him along Cleopatræan† Olympickly, ‡ and not the least nook or crevice of them, but is parturient of the like superofficiousness||, arming forth, though it be but a catch or pink no capabler than a rundlet or washing-bowl, to imp the wings of his convoy. Holy St. Taurbard, in what droves, the gouty-bagged Lon-

*†Cleopatra's
glorious sailing
to meet Anthony.*

*‡The solemn
bringing of the
champions at
Olympus.*

*||Tugging forth
by the strength of
their arms.*

doners hurry down, and dye the watchet air of an iron russet hue with the dust, that they raise in hot spurred roweling it on to perform compliments unto him? One beck more, to the bailiffs of the Cinque-Ports, whom I were a ruder barbarian than Smill, the prince of the Crims and Nagayans, if in this action, I should forget; having had good cheer at their tables, more than once or twice, whilst I loitered in this paragonless fish-town, city, town or country. Robin Hood and Little John, and who not, are industrious and careful to esquire and safe conduct him in; but in ushering him in, next to the bailiffs of Yarmouth, they trot before all, and play the provost marshals, helping to keep good rule, the first three weeks of his ingress, and never leave roaring it out with their brazen horn, as long as they stay, of the freedoms and immunities sourcing from him. Being thus entered or brought in, the consistorians, or settled standers of Yarmouth, commence intestine wars amongst themselves, who should give him the largest hospitality, and gather about him, as flocking to hansom him, and strike him good luck, as the sweetening madams did about valiant Sir Walter Manny, the martial tutor unto the Black Prince, he that built the Charter-House; who being upon the point of a hazardous journey into France, either to win the horse, or lose the saddle (as it runs in the proverb) and taking his leave at court, in a suit of

mail from top to toe, all the ladies clung about him, and would not let him stretch out a step, till they had fettered him, with their variable favours, and embroidered over his armour, like a gaudy summer mead, with their scarfs, bracelets, chains and ouches;¹ in generous regard whereof he sacramentally obliged himself, That had the French King as many giants in his country, as he hath pears or grapes, and they stood all enraged on the shore to interdict his disembarking, through the thickest thorny quickset of them, he would pierce, or be tost up to heaven, on their spears; but, in honour of those debonair Idealian nymphs and their spangled trappings, he would be the first man should set foot in his kingdom, or unsheath steel against him. As he promised, so was his * Manly blade's execution; and, in emulation of him, whole herds of knights and gentlemen closed up their right eyes with a piece of silk every one, and vowed never to uncover them, or let them see light, till, in the advancement of their mistresses beauties, they had enacted with their brandished Bilboa blades² some chivalrous Bellerophon's trick at arms, that, from Salomon's

* *Manny quasi Manly, and from him, I take it, the Mannys of Kent are descended.*

OUCHES.—A jewel, brooch, spangle, or necklace; but which is the primary signification is not known.—*See Nares' Glossary.*

²BILBOA BLADES.—A sword of the best temper, the Spanish town of that name having been once famous for their manufacture. They are mentioned by Falstaff, whilst describing his position in the buck-basket.

Islands to St. Magnus Corner, might cry clang again.

O! it was a brave age then, and so it is ever, where there are offensive wars, and not defensive, and men fight for the spoil, and not in fear to be spoiled, and are as lions, seeking out their prey, and not as sheep, that lie still, whilst they are preyed on. The Red-Herring is a legate of peace, and so abhorrent from unnatural bloodshed, that if, in his quarrel or bandying, who should harbinger him, there be any hewing or slashing, or trials of life and death there, where that hangman, emboweling, is, his pursuivants or bailiffs return, *Non est inventus*; out of one bailiwick he is fled, never to be fastened on there more. The Scotch jockies, or Red-shanks (so sir-named of their immoderate munching up the Red-shanks, or Red-Herrings,) uphold and make good the same; their clack or gabbling to this purport: "How, *in diebus illis*, when Robert de "Breaux, their gud King, sent his deare heart to the "Haly Land, for reason he caud not gang thider "himself, (or then, or thereabout, or whilome before, "or whilome after, it matters not) they had the "staple or fruits of the herring in their road or channel, "till a foule ill feud arose amongst his sectaries and "servitours; and there was mickle tule, and a black "warld, and a deale of whinyards drawne about him, "and many sacklesse wights and praty barnes run

“through the tender weambs; and, fra thence, ne
“sarry taile of a herring in thilke sound they caud
“gripe.” This language, or parley, have I usurped
from some of the deftest lads in all Edinburgh
town; which it will be no impeachment for the
wisest to turn loose for a truth, without any diffident
wrestling with it. The sympathy thereunto in our
own frothy streams we have took napping; where-
fore without any further bolstering or backing, this
Scotch history may bear the palm; and, if any
further bolstering or backing be required, it is
evident, by the confession of the six-hundred Scotch
witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew-Tide
was twelvemonth, that, in Yarmouth Road, they
were all together in a plump on Christmas-Eve was
two years, when the great flood was, and there
stirred up such tornado’s and hurricano’s of
tempests in envy, (as I collect) that the staple of the
Herring from them was translated to Yarmouth, as
will be spoken of there, whilst any winds, or storms
and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region.
They, and all the seafaring towns under our tem-
perate zone of peace, may well envy her prosperity,
but they cannot march cheek by jowl with her, or
coequal her; and there is no such manifest sign of
great prosperity, as a general envy encompassing it.
Kings and noblemen it cleaves unto, that walk
upright and are any thing happy; and even amongst

mean artificers it thrusts in its foot, one of them envying another, if he have a knack above another, or his gains be greater; and, if in his art they cannot disgrace him, they will find a starting-hole in his life, that shall confound him; For example: There is [John Thurkle] a mathematical smith, or artificer, in Yarmouth, that hath made a lock and key that weighs but three farthings; and a chest, with a pair of knit gloves in the till thereof, whose poise is no more but a groat. Now I do not think, but all the smiths in London, Norwich, or York, if they heard of him, would envy him, if they could not out-work him. Hydra Herring will have every thing Sybarite * dainty, where he lays knife a-board, or he will fly them, he will not look upon them. Stately-born, stately sprung he is, the best blood of the Ptolemaues no statelier; and, with what state he hath been used from his swaddling-clouts, I have reiterated unto you; and, which is a note above Ela, stately Hyperion, or the lordly sun, the most rutilant planet of the seven, in Lent, when Heralius Herring enters into his chief reign and sceptredom, skippeth and danceth, the goat's jump on the earth, for joy of its entrance. Do but mark him on your walls, any morning at that season, how he sallies and lavantoes, and you will say I am no fabler. Of so eye-bewitching, a deaurate, ruddy dye is the skin-coat of this landgrave, that happy is

*The Sybarites
never would make
any banquet un-
der a twelve-
month's warning.

that nobleman, who, for his colours in armoury, can nearest imitate his chemical temper. Nay, which is more, if a man should tell you, that the god Hymen's saffron-coloured robe were made of nothing but Red-Herring skins, you would hardly believe him. Such is the obduracy and hardness of heart of a number of infidels, in these days, they will tear herrings out of their skins, as fast as one of these Exchequer-tellers can turn over a heap of money ; but his virtues, both exterior and interior, they have no more taste of, than of a dish of stock-fish. Somewhere I have snatched up a jest of a king, that was desirous to try what kind of flesh-meat was most nutritive and prosperous with a man's body ; and, to that purpose, he commanded four hungry fellows, in four separate rooms, by themselves to be shut up for a year and a day ; whereof the first should have his gut bombasted with beef, and nothing else, till he cried Hold, Belly, hold ; and so the second to have his paunch crammed with pork, the third with mutton, and the fourth with veal. At the twelvemonth's end they were brought before him, and he enquired of every one orderly, What he had eat ? Thereupon outstepped the stall-fed foreman, that had been at host with the fat ox, and was grown as fat as an ox with tiring on the sirloins, and baft in his face, Beef, Beef, Beef. Next, the Norfolk hog, or swine worrier, who had got him a

sagging pair of cheeks, like a sow's paps that gives suck, with the plentiful mast set before him, came lazily waddling in, and puffed out, Pork, Pork, Pork. Then the sly sheep-biter issued into the midst, and somersaulted and flip-flapped it twenty times above ground as light as a feather, and cried, Mutton, Mutton, Mutton. Last, the Essex calf, or lag-man, who had lost the calves of his legs by gnawing on the horse-legs, shuddering and quaking, limped after, with a visage as pale as a piece of white leather, and a staff in his hand, and an handkerchief on his head, and very lamentably vociferated, Veal, Veal, Veal. A witty toy of his noble grace it was, and different from the recipes and prescriptions of modern physicians, that to any sick languishers, if they be able to waggle their chops, propound veal for one of the highest nourishers.

But, had his Principality gone through with fish as well as flesh, and put a man to livery with the Red-Herring but as long, he would have come in * Hurrey, Hurrey, Hurrey, as if he were harrying and chasing his enemies; and Bevis of [South] Hampton, after he had been out of his diet, should not have been able to have stood before him. A cholerick parcel of food it is, that whoso ties himself to rack and manger to for five summers, and five winters, he shall beget a child that will be a

* Is much to say
as *Urrey, Urrey,
Urrey, one of the
principle places
where the herring
is caught.*

soldier and a commander before he hath cast his first teeth; and an Alexander, a Julius Cæsar, a Scanderbeg or a Barbarossa, he will prove ere he aspire to thirty.

But to think on a Red-Herring, such a hot stirring meat it is, 'tis enough to make the cravenest dastard proclaim fire and sword against Spain: The most itinerant virgin-wax phisiognomy, that taints his throat with the least rib of it; it will embrawn and iron-crust his flesh, and harden his soft bleeding veins as stiff and robustious as branches of coral. The art of kindling of fires, that is practised in the smoking and parching of him, is old dog against the plague: Too foul-mouthed I am, to becollow, or becollier him, with such chimney-sweeping attributes of smoking and parching. Will you have the secret of it? This well-meaning *Pater patriæ*, and proveditor and supporter of Yarmouth, (which is the lock and key of Norfolk,) looking pale and sea-sick at his first landing, those that be his stewards, or necessariest men about him, whirl him, in a thought, out of the raw cold air, to some stew or hot-house, where immuring himself for three or four days, when he un-houseth him, or hath cast off his shell, he is as freckled about the gills, and looks as red as a fox, clammy, and is more surly to be spoken with than ever he was

before ; and, like Lais of Corinth,¹ will smile upon no man, except he may have his own asking. There are that number of herrings vented out of Yarmouth every year, (though the grammarians make no plural number of *Halec*,) as not only they are more by two thousand lasts than our own land can spend, but they fill all other lands, to whom, at their own prices, they sell them, and happy is he that can first lay hold of them. And how can it be otherwise ? For if Cornish pilchards, otherwise called Fumados, taken on the shore of Cornwall, from July to November, be so saleable as they are in France, Spain, and Italy, which are but counterfeits to the Red-Herring, as copper to gold, or lead to silver ; much more their elbows itch for joy, when they meet with the true gold, the true Red-Herring itself. No true flying fish but he ; or if there be, that fish never flies but when his wings are wet, and the Red-Herring flies best when his wings are dry ; throughout Belgium, High Germany, France, Spain, and Italy he flies ; and up into Greece and Africa, south, and south-west, ostrich-like, walks his stations ; and the sepulchre palmers or pilgrims, because he is so portable, fill their scrips

¹LAIS OF CORINTH.—A celebrated Greek courtesan. She first resided at Corinth. The expenses which attended her pleasures gave rise to the proverb, “Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum” (It is not in every man’s power to visit Corinth). Her fame attracted even Demosthenes to visit her.

with them : Yea, no dispraise to the blood of the Ottomans, the Nabuchedonesor of Constantinople, and giantly Antæus, that never yawneth or sneezeth but he affrighteth the whole earth, gormandizing, muncheth him up for imperial dainties, and will not spare his idol Mahomet a bit with him, no not though it would fetch him from heaven forty years before his time ; whence with his dove, that he taught to peck barley out of his ear, and brought his disciples into a fool's paradise, that it was the Holy Ghost in her similitude, he is expected every minute to descend ; but, I am afraid, as he was troubled with the falling sickness in his life-time, in like manner it took him in his mounting up to heaven, and so *ab Inferno nulla redemptio*, he is fallen backward into hell, and they are never more like to hear of him. Whilst I am shuffling and cutting with these long-coated Turks, would any antiquary would explicate unto me this remblere, or quiddity : Whether those* turbanto grout-heads, that hang all men by the throats on iron hooks, (even as our towers hang all their herrings by the throats on wooden spits,) first learned it of our herring men, or our herring men of them ? Why the Alkoranship of that Beelzebub of the Saracens, Rhinoceros Zelim aforesaid, should so much delight in this shiney animal, I cannot guess, except he had a desire to imitate Midas in eating of

*Turbans, the great lawn roll, which the Turks wear about their head.

gold, or Dionysius in stripping of Jupiter of his golden coat ; and, to shoot my fool's bolt amongst you, that fable of Midas's eating gold had no other shadow, or inclusive pith in it, but he was of a squeamish stomach, and nothing he could fancy, but this new-found gilded fish, which Bacchus, at his request, gave him, though it were not known here two thousand years after, for it was the delicates of the gods, and no mortal food, till of late years. Midas, inexperienced of the nature of it, (for he was a fool, and had ass's ears,) snapped it up at one blow, and, because in the boiling or seething it in his maw, he felt it commotion a little and upbraid him, he thought he had eaten gold indeed, and thereupon directed his orisons to Bacchus afresh, to help it out of his crop again, and have mercy upon him and recover him ; he, propensive and inclining to Midas's devotion in every thing, in lieu of the friendly hospitalities, drunken Silenus, his companion, found at his hands when he strayed away from him, bad him but go and wash himself in the river Pactolus, (that is, go wash it down soundly with flowing cups of wine,) and he should be as well as ever he was. By the turning of the river Pactolus into gold, after he had rinsed and clarified himself in it, (which is the close of the fiction,) is signified, that, in regard of that blessed operation of the juice of the grape in him, from that day forth, in nothing but golden cups, he

would drink or quaff it; whereas, in wooden mazers,¹ and Agathocles² earthen stuff, they trilled it off before, and that was the first time that any golden cups were used.

Follow this tract in expounding the tale of Dionysius and Jupiter, and you cannot go amiss. No such Jupiter, no such golden-coated image was there; but it was a plain, golden-coated Red-Herring without welt or guard, whom, for the strangeness of it, (they having never beheld a beast of that hue before) in their temples enshrined for a god; and, insomuch as Jupiter had shewed them such slippery pranks more than once or twice, in shifting himself into sundry shapes, and raining himself down in gold into a woman's lap,³ they thought this too might be a trick of youth in him, to alter himself into the form of this golden scaglia, or Red-Herring. And therefore, as to Jupiter, they fell down on their marrow bones and lifted up their hay-rakes unto him. Now, King Dionysius being a good wise fellow, for he was afterwards a schoolmaster, and had played the

¹MAZER.—A bowl, or goblet

“A mighty *mazer* bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him been sacrifice.”

Spencer's Fairy Queen, ii, xii, 49.

²AGATHOCLES was brought up as a potter at Syracuse.

³DANAE.—Daughter of Acrisius,

coachman to Plato, and spit in Aristippus the philosopher's face, many a time and oft, no sooner entered their temple, and saw him sit under his canopy so budgely, with a whole goldsmith's stall of jewels and rich offerings at his feet, but to him he stepped, and plucked him from his state with a curse; then drawing out his knife iracundiously, at one whisk lopped off his head, and stripped him out of his golden demy or mandilion,¹ and flead him, and thrust him down his pudding-house at a gob. Yet, long it prospered not with him, so revengeful a just Jupiter is the Red-Herring, for, as he tore him from his throne and, uncased him of his habiliments, so, in a small revolution of years, from his throne he was chased and clean stripped of his royalty, and glad to play the schoolmaster at Corinth, and take a rod in his hand for his sceptre, and horn book pigmies for his subjects, *id est*, (as I imitated some dozen lines before) of a tyrant, to become a frowning pedant, or schoolmaster.

Many of you have read these stories, and could never pick out any such English; no more would you of the Ismael Persians Haly, or *Mortuus Alli* they worship, whose true etymology is, *mortuum halec*, a dead Red-Herring, and no other, though, by

MANDILION.—A soldier's coat,

corruption of speech they false dialect and mis-sound it. Let any Persian oppugn this, and, in spite of his hairy tuft, or love lock he leaves on the top of his crown, to be pulled up, or pulled up to heaven, by, I will set my foot to his, and fight it out with him, that their fopperly God is not so good as a Red-Herring. To recount *ab ovo*, or from the church book of his birth, how the Herring first came to be a fish, and then, how he came to be king of fishes, and gradually, how from white to red he changed would require as massy a tome as Holins-hed; but in half pennyworth of paper I will epitomise them. Let me see, hath any body in Yarmouth heard of Leander and Hero, of whom divine Musæus sung, and a diviner muse than him Kit Marlowe¹?

KIT MARLOWE. — Christopher, or, as he is familiarly called, Kit, Marlowe was probably born about the year 1564, as he took up the degree of B A. at Cambridge in 1583. "He was," says Beard, "by profession a scholar, brought up from his youth in the University of Cambridge, but by practice a playmaker and a poet of scurrility." In the month of June, 1593, Marlowe was killed by a man to whom "he owed a grudge," and who was said to have been his rival under circumstances discreditable to both. The man, whose name was Francis Archer, appears to have acted in self-defence. According to the relations which are given of the story, Archer had asked Marlowe to a feast at Deptford, and while they were playing at backgammon Marlowe suddenly drew out his dagger, and attempted to stab his host; when Archer perceiving his intention, avoided the blow, and quickly seizing his own dagger, struck Marlowe in the eye, bringing away the brains as he withdrew the weapon. Medical aid was immediately procured, but it was unavailing: Marlowe died in a few hours. Of the issue in reference to

Two faithful lovers, they were, as every apprentice in Paul's churchyard will tell you for your love, and sell you for your money. The one dwelt at Abydos in Asia, which was Leander, the other which was Hero, his mistress, or Delia, at Sestos in Europe, and she was a pretty pinkeyed and Venus priest; and but an arm of the sea divided them; It divided them, and it divided them not, for over that arm of the sea could be made a long arm. In their parents the most division rested; and their towns, that, like Yarmouth and Lowestoff, were still at wrig, wrag, and sucked from their mother's teats serpentine hatred one against each other; which drove Leander, when he durst not deal above-board, or be seen a-board any ship, to sail to his lady dear, to play the dipopper and ducking water-spaniel to swim to her, nor that in the day, but by owl-light.

What will not blind night do for blind Cupid?
And what will not blind Cupid do in the night,

Archer, nothing is known. Thus perished, at the untimely age of thirty, in a mean brawl, the greatest dramatic poet in our language anterior to Shakespeare.

Nash and Marlowe were contemporaries at Cambridge. Amongst the papers Marlowe left behind him were the unfinished tragedy of *Dido*, afterwards completed for the stage by Nash, and the commencement of a paraphrase of the Greek poem ascribed to Musæus of *Hero and Leander*, which Chapman brought to a conclusion. It was published for the first time in 1598—the year Nash visited Great Yarmouth.

which is his blindman's holiday? By the sea-side on the other side, stood Hero's tower; such another tower as one of our Irish castles, that is not so wide as a belfry, and a cobbler cannot jerk out his elbows in; a cage or pigeon-house, roomsome enough to comprehend her, and the toothless trot her nurse, who was her only chatmate and chambermaid; consultively by her parents being so endloistered from resort, that she might live a chaste vestal priest to Venus,—the queen of unchastity. She would none of that she thanked them, for she was better provided, and that, which they thought served their turn best, of sequestering her from company, served her turn best to embrace the company she desired. Fate is a spaniel that you cannot beat from you; the more you think to cross it, the more you bless it and further it.

Neither her father nor mother vowed chastity when she was begot; therefore she thought they begat her not to live chaste, and either she must prove herself a bastard, or shew herself like them. Of Leander you may write upon, and it is written upon, she liked well; and, for all he was a naked man, and clean despoiled to the skin, when he sprawled through the brackish suds to scale her tower, all the strength of it could not hold him out. O, ware a naked man! Cytherea's nuns had no power to resist him; and some such quality is

ascribed to the lion. Were he never so naked when he came to her, because he should not scare her, she found a means to cover him in her bed; and, that he might not take cold after his swimming, she lay close by him to keep him warm. This scuffling, or bopeep in the dark, they had a while, without weam or brack, and the old nurse (as there be three things seldom in their kind, till they be old, a bawd, a witch, and a midwife) executed the huckstring office of her years, very charily and circumspectly, till their sliding stars revolted from them, and then, for seven days together, the wind and the Hellespont contended which should howl louder; the waves dashed up to the clouds, and the clouds, on the other side, spit and drivelled upon them as fast.

Hero wept as trickling as the heavens, to think that heaven should so divorce them. Leander stormed worse than the storms, that, by them he should be so restrained from his Cynthia. At Sestos was his soul, and he could not abide to tarry in Abydos. Rain, snow, hail, or blow how it could, into the pitchy Hellespont he leapt, when the moon and all torch-bearers were afraid to peep out their heads; but he was peppered for it; he had as good have took meat, drink, and leisure, for the churlish, fram-pold¹ waves gave him his belly-full of fish-broth,

¹FRAMPOLD.—Peevish; cross; vexatious.

ere, out of their laundry or wash-house they would grant him his coquet, or *Transire*¹; and not only that, but they sealed him his *Quietus est*, for curveting any more to the Maiden Tower, and tossed his dead carcase, well bathed or parboiled, to the sandy threshold of his lemon or orange, for a *dejeuner*, or morning breakfast. All that live-long night could she not sleep, she was so troubled with the rheum, which was a sign she should hear of some drowning: yet, towards cock-crowing, she caught a little slumber, and then she dreamed, that Leander and she were playing at check-stone,² with pearls, in the bottom of the sea.

You may see dreams are not so vain as they are preached of, though, not in vain, preachers inveigh against them, and bend themselves out of people's minds to exhale their foolish superstition. The rheum is the student's disease, and who study most dream most. The labouring men's hands glow and blister after their day's work: The glowing and blistering of our brains, after our day-labouring cogitations, are dreams, and those dreams are raking vapours of no impressions, if your matchless couches

¹TRANSIRE (Lat.).—In *law*, a custom-house warrant, for permitting goods to pass.

²CHECKSTONE.—A game played by children with small round pebbles. It is mentioned in the early play of "Apollo Shroving," 12mo, Lond. 1627, p. 49.

be not half empty. Hero, hoped, and therefore she dreamed (as all hope is but a dream) her hope was where her heart was, and, her heart winding, and turning with the wind that might wind her heart of gold to her, or else turn him from her. Hope and fear both combated in her, and both these are wakeful, which made her at break of day (what an old crone is the day, that is so long a breaking?) to unloop her luket, or casement, to look whence the blasts came, or what gait or pace the sea kept, when forthwith her eyes bred her eyesore, the first white, whereon their transpiercing arrows stuck, being the breathless corpse of Leander; with the sudden contemplation of this piteous spectacle of her love, sodden to haddock's meat, her sorrow could not choose but be indefinite, if her delight in him were but indifferent; and there is no woman but delights in sorrow, or she would not use it so lightly for every thing.

Down she ran in her loose night-gown, and her hair about her ears (even as Semiramis ran out with her lye-pot in her hand, and her black dangling tresses about her shoulders, with her ivory comb ensnarled in them, when she heard that Babylon was taken) and thought to have kissed his dead corpse alive again; but as, on his blue-jellied sturgeon lips she was about to clap one of those warm plaisters, boisterous wool-packs of fidgeted tides came rolling

in, and forced him from her (with a mind belike to carry him back to Abydos.) At that she became a frantick Bacchanal outright, and made no more bones, but sprang after him, and so resigned up her priesthood, and left work for Musæus and Kit Marlowe.

The gods and goddesses, all on a row, bread and crow, from Ops to Pomona, the first apple-wife, were so dumped with this miserable wreck, that they began to abhor all moisture for the sea's sake ; and Jupiter could not endure Ganymede, his cup-bearer, to come in his presence, both for the dislike he bore to Neptune's baneful liquor, as also that he was so like to Leander. The sun was so in his mumps upon it, that it was almost noon before he could go to cart that day, and then with so ill a will he went, that he had thought to have toppled his burning car, or hurry-curry into the sea (as Phaeton did) to scorch it and dry it up ; and at night, when he was begrimed with dust and sweat of his journey, he would not descend as he was won't, to wash him in the ocean, but under a tree laid him down to rest in his clothes, at night ; and so did the scowling moon under another, hard by him, which of that are behighted the trees of the sun and moon, and are the same that Sir John Mandeville tells us, he spoke with, and that spoke to Alexander. Venus, for Hero was her priest, and

Juno Lucina the midwife's goddess, for she was now quickened, and cast away by the cruelty of Æolus, took bread and salt, and eat it, that they would be smartly revenged on that truculent windy jailor; and they forgot it not, for Venus made his son and his daughter to commit incest together. Lucina, that there might be some lasting characters of his shame, helped to bring her to bed of a godly boy, and Æolus, bolting out all this, heaped murder upon murder.

The dint of destiny could not be repealed in the reviving of Hero and Leander; but their heavenly hood's, in their synods, thus decreed, that, as they were either of them sea-boarders, and drowned in the sea, still to the sea they must belong, and be divided in habitation after death, as they were in their life-time. Leander, (for that in a cold, dark, testy night he had his passport to Charon,) they terminated to the unquiet, cold coast of Iceland, where half the year is nothing but dark night, and to that fish translated him, which with us is termed Ling. Hero, (for that she was paled and tympanized, and sustained two losses under one,) they foot-balled their heads together, and protested to make the stem of her, loins of all fishes, the flaunting Fabian or Palmerin of England, which is Cadwallader Herring; and as their meetings were but seldom, and not so often as welcome, so but seldom should they meet in

the heel of the week, at the best men's tables, upon Fridays and Saturdays, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meat and meal for seven weeks together.

The nurse or mother Mampudding, that was a cowering on the backside, whilst these things were a tragedizing, led by the screech or outcry, to the prospect of this sorrowful heigho : as soon as, through the raveled button-holes of her blear eyes, she had sucked in and received such a revelation of doomsday, and that she saw her mistress mounted a cock-horse, and hoisted away to hell or to heaven, on the backs of those rough-headed ruffians, down she sank to the earth, as dead as a door nail, and never mumped crust after. Whereof their supernalities (having a drop or two pity left of the huge hogshead of tears, they spent for Hero and Leander) seemed to be something sorry, though they could not weep for it ; and because they would be sure to have a medicine, that should make them weep at all times, to that kind of grain they turned her, which we call mustard-seed, as well for that she was a shrewish snappish bawd, that would bite off a man's nose, with an answer, and had rheumatic sore eyes, that ran always, as that she might accompany Hero and Leander, after death, as in her life-time ; and hence it is, that mustard bites a man so by the nose, and makes him weep and water his plants, when he

tasteth it : and that Hero and Leander, (the Red-Herring and Ling,) never come to the board without mustard, their waiting-maid : and if you mark it, mustard looks of the tanned wainscot hue, of such a withered wrinkled-faced beldam, as she was, that was altered thereinto. Loving Hero, however altered, had a smack of love still, and therefore to the coast of Lovingland (to Yarmouth near adjoining, and within her Liberties of Kirtley Road) she accustomed to come in pilgrimage, every year ; but contentions arising there, and she remembering the event of the contentions betwixt Sestos and Abydos, that wrought both Leander's death and her's, shunneth it of late, and retired more northwards ; so she shunneth unquiet Humber, because Elstred was drowned there, and the Scots seas, as before ; and every other sea where any blood hath been spilt, for her own sea's sake, that spilt her sweet sweetheart's blood and her's.

Whippit,¹ turn to a new lesson, and strike we up John for the King, or tell how the herring scrambled up to be the King of all fishes.² So it fell upon a

¹WHIPPIT.—To jump about.

²KING OF ALL FISHES.—Ben Jonson makes COB, in his "Every Man in his Humour,"—Act i, Scene 3,—say : "Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, uo wiose man ; and yet no man neither, by your worship's leave I did lie in that, but *Herring, the king of fish* ; from his belly I proceed, one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from."

time and tide, though not upon a holiday ; a falconer bringing over certain hawks out of Ireland, and airing them above hatches on ship-board, and giving them stones to cast and scour, one of them broke loose from his fist, before he was aware, which being in her kingdom, when she was got upon her wings, and finding herself empty gorged, after her casting ; up to heaven she towered to seek prey, but there being no game to please her, down she fluttered to the sea again, and, a speckled fish playing above the water, at it she struck, mistaking it for a partridge. A shark or tuberon, that lay gaping for the flying fish hard by, what did me he, but, seeing the mark-fall so just in his mouth, chopped a-loft and snapped her up bells and all, at a mouthful. The news of this murderous act being carried by the King's fisher to the ears of the land fowls, there was nothing but "Arm, arm, arm, to sea, to sea, swallow and titmouse, to take chastisement of that trespass of blood and death, committed against a peer of their blood royal."

Preparations was made, the muster taken, the leaders allotted, and had their bills to take up pay ; an old goshawk for general was appointed, for marshal of the field a sparhawk, whom for no former desert, they put in office, but because it was one of their lineage had sustained that wrong, and they thought they would be more implacable in condoling

and commiserating. The peacocks with their spotted coats and affrighting voices, for heralds, they pricked and enlisted; and the cockadoodling cocks, for their trumpeters (look upon any cock, and look upon any trumpeter, and see if he look not as red as a cock, after his trumpeting, and a cock as red as he, after his crowing.) The kestrels or windsuckers, that filling themselves with wind, fly against the wind evermore, for their full-sailed standard-bearers; the cranes for pikemen, and the woodcocks for demilances; and so of the rest every one, according to that place, by nature, he was most apt for. Away to the land's end they trig all the sky-bred chirpers of them; when they came there, *Æquora nos terrent, et ponti tristis imago*. They had wings of goodwill to fly with, but no webs on their feet to swim with, for except the water fowls have mercy upon them, and stood their faithful confederates and back-friends, on their backs to transport them, they might return home, like good fools, and gather straws to build their nests, or fall to their old trade of picking worms. *Insum*, to the water fowls unanimately they recourse, and besought duck and drake, swan and goose, halcyons and sea-pies, cormorants and sea-gulls for their hoary assistance, and aidful furtherance in this action.

They were not obdurate to be entreated, though they had little cause to revenge the hawk's quarrel,

from them ; having received so many high displeasures, and slaughters, and rapines of their race ; yet, in a general prosecution, private feuds they trod under foot, and submitted their endeavours to be at their limitation in every thing.

The puffin that is half fish, half flesh, (a John indifferent, and an Ambidexter bewtixt either) bewrayed this conspiracy to Protæus's herds, or the fraternity of fishes which the greater giants of Russia and Iceland, as the whale, the sea-horse, the morse, the wasserman¹, the dolphin, the grampus, fleered and jeered at as a ridiculous danger ; but the lesser pigmies and spawn of them thought it meet to provide for themselves betimes, and elect a king amongst them, that might lead them to battle, and under whose colours they might march against these birds of a feather, that had so colleagued themselves together, to destroy them.

Who this king should be, beshackled their wits, and laid them a dry ground every one. No ravening fish they would put in arms, for fear after he had everted their foes, and fleshed himself in blood, for interchange of diet, he would raven up them.

Some politick delegatory Scipio, or witty-pated Petito, like their heir of *Laertes per aphæresin*, *Ulysses*, well known unto them by his proluxious sea-

¹WASSERMAN.—Query?

wandering, and dancing on their topless totering hills, they would single forth, if it might be, whom they might depose when they list, if he should begin to tyrannise; and such a one as, of himseif, were able to make a sound party, if all failed, and bid base to the enemy, with his own kindred and followers.

None won the day in this, but the Herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le roi!* God save the King, God save the King, save only the plaice and the butt¹, that made wry mouths at him, and for their mocking have wry mouths ever since; and the Herring ever since wears a coronet on his head, in token that he is, as he is. Which had the worst end of the staff in that sea journey or canvazado², or whether some fowler with his nets, as this host of feather-mongers were getting up to ride double, involved or entangled them; or the water fowls played them false, as there is no more love betwixt them than betwixt sailors and land soldiers, and threw them off their backs and let them drown, when they were launched into the deep: I leave to some Alfonsus, Poggius, or Æsop to unwarp, for my pen is tired in it. But this is notorious, the Herring, from that time

¹BUTT.—A flounder.

²CANVASADO.—A stroke in fencing.

to this, hath gone with an army, and never stirs abroad without it; and when he stirs abroad with it, he sends out his scouts or sentinels before him, that oftentimes are intercepted, and by their parti-coloured liveries descried, whom the mariners, after they have took, use in this sort: Eight or nine times they swing them about the main mast, and bid them bring them so many last of herrings, as they have swunged them times; and that shall be their ransom, and so throw them into the sea again. King, by your leave, for, in your kingship, I must leave you, and repeat how from white to red you chameleonized.

It is to be read, or to be heard of, how in the punyship or nonage of Cerdick Sands, when the best houses and walls there were of mud, or canvas or poldavies¹ entiltments, a fisherman of Yarmouth, having drawn so many herrings he wist not what to do withal, hung the residue that he could not sell nor spend, in the sooty roof of his shed a-drying: Or say thus, his shed was a cabinet in *decimo sexto*, built on four crutches, and he had no room in it, but in that garret or *excelsis* to lodge them, where if they were dry, let them be dry; for in the sea they

¹POLDAVIES.—Tarpaulin, or any coarse wares.—“I cannot draw it to uch a curious web, therefore you must be content with homely *poledavie* ware from me.”—*Howell's Letters*.

had drunk too much, and now he would force them do penance for it.

The weather was cold, and good fires he kept (as fishermen, what hardness soever they endure at sea, they will make all smoke, but they will make amends for it when they come to land) and what with his firing and smoking, or smoky firing in that his narrow lobby, his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as red as a lobster. It was four or five days before either he or his wife espied it, and, when they espied it, they fell down on their knees, and blessed themselves, and cried, A Miracle! A Miracle! and with the proclaiming it among their neighbours they could not be content, but to the court the fisherman would, and present it to the King, then lying at Borough Castle two miles off.

Of this Borough Castle, because it is so ancient, and there hath been a city there, I will enter into some more special mention. The Flood Waveny running through many towns of High Suffolk up to Bungay, and from thence encroaching nearer and nearer to the sea, with its twining and winding it cuts out an Island of some amplitude, named Lovingland : the head town in that island is Lowestoff, in which, be it known to all men, I was born; though my father sprung from the Nash's of Herefordshire.

The next town from Lowestoff, towards Yarmouth, is Corton and next Gorlstone. More inwardly, on the left-hand, where Waveny and the river Ierus mix their waters, *Cnoberi Urbs*, the city of Cnober, at this day termed Burgh, or Borough Castle had its being.

This city and castle, say Bede and Master Camden, or rather Mr. Camden out of Bede, by the woods about it, and the driving of the sea up to it, was most pleasant. In it one Furfæus, a Scot, built a monastery, at whose persuasion, Sigebert, king of the East Angles, gave over his kingdom and led a monastical life there; but forth of that monastery he was hailed, against his will, to encourage his subjects in their battle against the Mercians, where he perished with them.

Nothing of that castle save tattered ragged walls now remains, framed foursquare, and overgrown with briars and bushes, in stubbing up of which, some time since they dug up Roman coins, and buoys and anchors. Well, thither our fisherman set the best leg before and unfolded to the King his whole satchel of wonders. The King was as superstitious in worshipping those miraculous herrings as the fisherman, licensed him to carry them up and down the realm for strange monsters, giving to Cerdick Sands (the birth place of such monstrosities) many privileges; and, in that the quantity of them

that were caught so increased, he assigned a broken sluice in the island of Lovingland, called Herring Fleet, where they should disburden and discharge their boats of them and render him custom. Our herring-smoker, having worn his monsters stale throughout England, spirted over seas to Rome with a pedlar's pack of them, in the papal chair of Vigilius, he that first instituted saints eves, or vigils, to be fasted. By that time he came thither, he had but three of his herrings left; for, by the way, he fell into the thievish hands of malcontents, and of lance-knights, by whom he was not only robbed of all his money, but was fain to redeem his life beside, with the better part of his ambry of burnished fishes.

These herrings three, he rubbed and curried over till his arms ached again, to make them glow and glare like a Turkey brooch, or a London vintner's sign, thick jagged, and round fringed, with theaming arsadine, and folding them in a diaper napkin, as lily-white as a lady's marrying smock, to the market place of Rome he was so bold as to prefer them, and there, on a high stool, unbraced and unlaced them, to any chapman's eye that would buy them. The Pope's caterer, casting a liquorish glance that way, asked what it was he had to sell; The king of fishes, he answered. The king of fishes, replied he; what is the price of them? A

hundred ducats, he told him. A hundred ducats, quoth the Pope's caterer, that is a kingly price indeed, it is for no private man to deal with him; Then he is for me, said the fisherman, and so unsheathed his cuttle-bong, and from the nape of the neck to the tail dismembered him, and paunched him up at a mouthful. Home went his Beatitude's caterer with a flea in his ear, and discoursed to his Holiness what had happened. Is it the king of fishes? The Pope frowningly shook him up like a cat in a blanket, and is any man to have him but I that am king of kings, and lord of lords? Go give him his price I command thee, and let me taste of him incontinently. Back returned the caterer like a dog that had burnt his tail, and poured down the herring merchant his hundred ducats for one of those two of the king of fishes unsold, which then he would not take, but stood upon two hundred. Thereupon they broke off, the one urging that he had offered it him so before; and the other, that he might have took him at his proffer; which since he refused, and now haftered¹ with him; as he eat up the first, so would he eat up the second, and let Pope, or Patriarch of Constantinople, fetch it out of his belly if they could: he was as good as his word, and had no sooner spoke the word, but he did as he

HAFTERED.—Cavilled, wrangled.

spoke. With a heavy heart to the palace the yeoman of the mouth departed, and rehearsed this second ill success, wherewith Peter's successor was so in his mulligrums, that he had thought to have buffeted him, and cursed him with Bell, Book, and Candle;¹ but he ruled his reason, and bad him,

¹BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE.—In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies ; hence this expression.

Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back
When gold and silver becks me to come on.

Four times a year, the following curse was read in the church, *in terrorem*, against all who in any way, defrauded the church of her dues The prelate stood in the pulpit in his albe, the cross was lifted up, and the candles lighted ; when he proceeded thus :

Thorow authoritie of Lord God Almighty, and our lady St. Mary, and all the saints of heaven, of angels or archangels, patriarchs and prophets, evangelists, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins ; also by the power of all holy church, that our Lord Jesu Christ gave to S. Peter, we denounce all those accursed that we have thus reckned to you : and all those that maintaine hem in her sins, or given hem hereto either helpe or counsell, so that they be departed from God, and all holy church, and that they have noe part of the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, ne of noe sacraments that been in holy church, ne noe part of the prayers among christen folke, but that they be accursed of God and of holy church, from the sool of their foot unto the crown of their head, sleeping and waking, sitting and standing, in all her words, and in all her workes, and but if [unless] they have grace of God for to amend hem here in this life, for to dwell in the pain of hell, for ever withouten end (*fiat, fiat*). Doe to the *book*, quench the *candle*, ring the *bell*. Amen. Amen.

This form was extracted from the Canterbury book, by sir Thomas Ridley, or his annotator, J. Gregory. See his view of the Civile and Ecclesiasticall Law, p. 249. The days of cursing were Advent Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, the Sunday in the feast of Trinity, and the Sunday within the *utis* [or octave] of the Virgin Mary. The curse was very like that of Ernulphus.—In the

though it cost a million, to let him have that third that rested behind, and hie him expeditely thither, lest some other snatched it up, and as fast, from thence again ; for he swore by his triple crown, no crumb of refection would he gnaw upon, till he had sweetened his lips with it.

So said, so done, thither he flew as swift as Mercury, and threw him his two-hundred ducats, as he before demanded. It would not fadge, for then the market was raised to three-hundred, and, the caterer grumbling thereat, the fisher swain was forward to settle him to his tools, and tire upon it, as on the other two, had not he held his hands, and desired him to keep the peace, for no money should part them : with that speech he was qualified, and pursed the three hundred ducats, and delivered him the king of fishes, teaching him to gearmumble it, sauce it, and dress it, and so sent him away a glad man. All the Pope's cooks, in their white sleeves,

following passage the allusion is only jocular, applying the same form of words to a different purpose :—

I have a priest will mumble up a marriage,
Without *bell, book, or candle*.

Ram Alley, O Pl., v. 447.

Where the candle seems only to be added from the custom of joining the three together.—The use of the bell was supposed to be to fright away evil spirits,—

Ring the *saints-bell* to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite.

Herrick's Work, p. 302.

and linen aprons, met him mid-way, to entertain and receive the king of fishes, and together by the ears they went, who should first handle him or touch him; but the clerk of the kitchen appeased that strife, and would admit none but himself, to have the scorching and carbonading of it, and he kissed his hand thrice, and made as many humblessoes before he would finger it; and, such obeisances performed, he dressed it as he was enjoined, kneeling on his knees, and mumbling twenty *Ave Maries* to himself, in the sacrificing it on the coals, that his diligent service in the broiling and combustion of it, both to his kingship and to his fatherhood, might not seem unmeritorious. The fire had not pierced it, but, being a sweaty loggerhead, greasy *sutor*, endungeoned in his pocket a twelvemonth, it stunk so over the Pope's palace that not a scullion but cried Foh! and those, which at the first flocked the fastest about it, now fled the most from it, and sought more to rid their hands of it, than before they sought to bless their hands with it. With much stopping of their noses, between two dishes they stewed it, and served it up. It was not come within three chambers of the Pope, but he smelt it; and, upon the smelling of it enquiring what it should be that sent forth such a puissant perfume, the standers-by declared that it was the king of fishes: I conceited no less, said the Pope for less than a

king he could not be that had so strong a scent ; and if his breath be so strong, what is he himself ? Like a great king, like a strong king I will use him, let him be carried back, I say, and my cardinals shall fetch him in with dirge and processions under my canopy.

Though they were double and double weary of him, yet his edict being a law, to the kitchen they returned him, whither, by and by, the whole college of scarlet cardinals, with their crosiers, their censors, their hosts, their *Agnus dei's* and crucifixes, flocked together, in heaps, as it had been to the conclave, or a general council, and the senior cardinal, that stood next in election, to be Pope, heaved him up from the dresser, with a dirge of *de profundis natus est fex ; rex* he should have said, and so have made true Latin, but the spirable odour and pestilent steam, ascending from it, put him out of his bias of congruity, and, as true as the truest Latin of Priscian, would have queazened him, like the damp that took both Bell and Baram away, and many a worthy man that day, if he had not been protected under the Pope's canopy, and the other cardinals, with their holy water sprinkles, quenched his foggy fume and evaporating. About and about the inward and base court they circumducted him with *kyrie eleison*, and *halleluiahs*, and the chanters in their golden copes, and white surplices, chanted it

out above *Gloria Patri*; in praising of him, the organs played, the ordnance at the Castle of St. Angelo went off, and all wind instruments blew as loud as the wind in winter, in his passado to the Pope's ordinary or dining-chamber, where, having set him down, upon their faces they fell flat, and licked every one his ell of dust, in douking on all four unto him.

The busy epitasis¹ of the comedy was, when the dishes were uncovered, and the swart-rutter² sowre took air, for then he made such an air as Alcides himself, that cleansed the stables of Augeas, nor any hostler was able to endure.

This is once, the Pope it popped under board, and out of his palace worse it scared him than Neptune's phocases that scared the horses of Hippolytus, or the harpies Jupiter dogs sent to vex Phineus; the cardinals were at their *ora pro nobis*, and held this suffocation a meet sufferance, for so contemning the king of fishes, and his subjects, and fleshly surfeiting in their carnivals. Necromantic sorcery, necromantic sorcery, some evil spirit of an heretick it is, which thus molesteth his apostolickship. The friars and monks caterwauled from the

¹EPITASIS (Gr.).—In the *ancient drama*, that part which embraces the main action of a play, and leads on to the catastrophe.

²SWART-RUTTER,—“A reister or swart-rutter, a German horseman.”—*Cotgrave*.

abbots and priors to the novices, wherefore, *tanquam in circo*, we will tronce him in a circle, and make him tell what lanternman, or groom of Hecate's close-stool he is, that thus nefariously and proditoriously profanes and penetrates our holy father's nostrils: what needs there any more ambages? The ringol, or ringed circle was compassed and chalked out, and the king of fishes, by the name of the king of fishes, conjured to appear in the centre of it; but *surdo cantant absurdi, sive surdum incantant fratres sordidi*, he was a king absolute, and would not be at every man's call; and if friar Pendela and his fellows had any thing to say to him, in his admiral court of the sea, let them seek him, and neither in Hull, Hell, nor Halifax.

They seeing, that by, their charms and spells they could spell nothing of him, fell to a more charitable suppose, that it might be the distressed soul of some king that was drowned, who, being long in purgatory, and not relieved by the prayers of the church, had leave, in that disguised form, to have egress and regress to Rome, to crave their benevolence of dirges, trentals, and so forth, to help him forward on his journey to *Limbus Patrum*, or *Elysium*; and because they would not easily believe what tortures in purgatory he had sustained, unless they were eye-witnesses of them, he thought to represent to all their senses the image and idea of

his combustion, and broiling there, and the horrible stench of his sins accompanying both under his frying and broiling on the coals, in the Pope's kitchen, and the intolerable smell or stink he sent forth under either. *Una voce* in this spleen to Pope Vigilius they ran, and craved that this king of fishes might first have Christian burial; next, that he might have masses sung for him, and last, that for a Saint he would canonize him. All these he granted, to be rid of his filthy redolence, and his chief casket, wherein he put all his jewels, he made the coffin of his enclosure, and, for his ensainting, look the almanack in the beginning of April; and see if you can find out such a saint as Saint Gildard, which, in honour of this gilded fish, the Pope ensainted; nor there he rested and stopped, but in the mitigation of the very embers whereon he was singed, that, after he was taken by them, fumed most fulsomely of his fatty droppings, he ordained Ember-weeks in their memory, to be fasted everlastingly.

I had well nigh forgot a special point of my Romish history, and that is, how Madam Celina Cornificia, one of the curiousest courtezans of Rome, when the fame of the king of fishes was canon-roared in her ears, she sent all her jewels to the Jewish Lombard to pawn, to buy and incaptive him to her trencher; but her purveyor came a day after the fair, and, as he came, so he fared, for not a scrap of him,

but the cobs of the two herrings, the fisherman had eaten, remained of him, and those cobs, rather than he would go home with a sleeveless answer, he bought at the rate of fourscore ducats (they were rich cobs you must rate them) and of them all cobbing country chuffs, which make their bellies and their bags their Gods, are called rich cobs. Every man will not clap hands at this tale : The Norwichers, *imprimis*, who say, the first gilding of herrings was deducted from them : and, after this guise, they tune the accent of their speech, how that when Castor was Norwich (a town two miles beyond this Norwich, that is termed to this day Norwich Castor, and having monuments of a castle in it, environing fifty acres of ground, and ring-bolts in the walls, whereto ships were fastened) our Norwich, now upon her legs, was a poor fisher-town, and the sea spawled and springed up to her common stairs in Confur-street.

All this may pass in the Queen's peace, and no man say bo to it ; but, bawwaw, quoth Bagshaw, to that which drawlatcheth behind, of the first taking of herrings there, and currying and gilding them amongst them ; whereof, if they could whisper to us any simple likelihood, or raw-bone carcass of reason, more than their imaginary dream of Gilding-cross in their parish of St. Saviour's, (now stumped up by the roots) so named, as they would have it, of the smoky

gilding of Herrings there first invented, I could well have allowed of ; but they must bring better cards before they win it from Yarmouth.

As good a toy to mock an ape was it of him, that showed a country fellow the Red Sea, where all the Red-Herrings were made (as some places in the sea, where the sun is most transpiercing, and beats with his rays ferventest, will look as red as blood) and the jest of a scholar in Cambridge, that standing angling on the town-bridge there, as the country people on the market-day passed by, secretly baited his hook with a Red-Herring, with a bell about the neck ; and so conveying it into the water that no man perceived it, all on the sudden, when he had a competent throng gathered about him, up he twitched it again, and laid it openly before them ; whereat the gaping rural fools, driven into no less admiration than the common people about London, some few years since, were at the bubbling of Moor-ditch, swore by their Christendoms, that, as many days and years as they had lived, they never saw such a miracle of a Red-Herring taken in fresh water before. The greedy sea-gull, ignorance, is apt to devour anything : For a new Messiah they are ready to expect of the Bedlam hatmaker's wife by London Bridge ; he that proclaims himself Elias, and saith he is inspired with mutton and porridge : And, with them, it is current, that Don Sebastian,

King of Portugal, slain twenty years since with Stukeley at the battle of Alcazar, is raised from the dead, like Lazarus, and alive to be seen at Venice. Let them look to themselves as they will, for I am theirs to gull them better than ever I have done ; and this I am sure, I have distributed gudgeon dole amongst them, as God's plenty, as any stripling of my slender of wit far or near. They needs will have it so, much good do it them, I cannot do withal : For, if but carelessly, betwixt sleeping and waking, I write I know not what, against plebeian publicans and sinners, no better than the sworn brokers of candlestick-turners and tinkers, and leave some terms in suspence, that my post-haste want of argent will not give me elbow-room enough to explain and examine as I would, out steps me an infant squib of the inns of court, that hath not half greased his dining-cap, or scarce warmed his lawyer's cushion ; and he, to approve himself an extravagant statesman, catcheth hold of a rush, and absolutely concludeth, it is meant the Emperor of Russia, and that it will utterly mar the traffick into that country, if all the pamphlets be not called in and suppressed, wherein that libelling word is mentioned. Another, if but a head or tail of any beast, he boasts of in his crest or his escutcheon, be reckoned up by chance in a volume where a man hath just occasion to reckon up all beasts in armoury, he

straight engageth himself, by the honour of his house and his never reculed sword, to thrash down the hairy roof of that brain that so seditiously mutinied against him, with the mortiferous bastinado ; or cast such an incurable Italian trench in his face, as not the basest creeper upon pattens by the highway-side, but shall abhor him worse than the carrion of a dead corpse, or a man hanged up in gibbets.

I will deal more boldly, and yet it shall be securely, and in the way of honesty, to a number of God's fools, that, for their wealth might by deep wise men, and so forth (as now-a-days, in the opinion of the best lawyers of England, there is no wisdom without wealth, allege what you can to the contrary of all the beggarly sages of Greece) these, I say, out of some discourses of mine, which were a mingle mangle *cum putre*, and I know not what to make of myself, have fished out such a deep politic state meaning, as if I had all the secrets of court and commonwealth at my fingers ends. Talk I of a bear ; O, it is such a man that emblazons him in his arms ; or of a wolf, a fox, or a chameleon, any lording, whom they do not affect, it is meant by. The great potentate, stirred up with those perverse applications, not looking into the text itself, but the ridiculous comment ; or, if he looks into it, follows no other more charitable comment than that, straight thunders out his displeasure, and showers down the

whole tempest of his indignation upon me ; and, to amend the matter, and fully absolve himself of this rash error of misconstruing, he commits it over to be prosecuted by a worse misconstruer than himself, *videlicet*, his learned counsel (God forgive me, if I slander them with that title of learned, for generally they are not) and they, being compounded of nothing but vociferation and clamour, rage and fly out they care not how against a man's life, his person, his parentage, two hours before they come to the point, little remembering their own privy escapes with their laundresses, or their night walks to St. Pancras, together with the hobnailed houses of their carterly ancestry, from whence they are sprung, that have cooled plough jades buttocks time out of mind, with the breath of their whistling, and with retailing their dung to manure lands, and selling straw and chaff, scratched up the pence to make them gentlemen. But, Lord, how miserably do these ethnicks, when they once match to the purpose, set words on the tenters, never reading to a period, which you shall scarce find in thirty sheets of a lawyer's declaration, whereby they might comprehend the entire sense of the writer together, but disjoint and tear every syllable betwixt their teeth severally ? And if, by no means, they can make it odious, they will be sure to bring it into disgrace by ill-favoured mouthing and mis-sounding it.

These be they, that use men's writings like brute beasts, to make them draw which way they list, as a principal agent, in church controversies of this our time, complaineth.

I have read a tale of a poor man and an advocate, which poor man complained to the King of wrong that the advocate had done, in taking away his cow. The King made him no answer but this, That he would send for the advocate, and hear what he could say. Nay, quoth the poor man, if you be at that pass, that you will pause to hear what he will say, I have utterly lost my cow, for he hath words enough to make fools of ten thousand. So he, that shall have his lines bandied by our usual plodders in Fitzherbert, let him not care whether they be right or wrong ; for they will writh and turn them as they list, and make the author believe he meant that which he did not mean ; and, for a knitting up conclusion, his credit is unretrievably lost, that, on bare suspicion in such cases, shall but have his name controverted amongst them ; and, if I should fall into their hands, I would be pressed to death for obstinate silence, and never seek to clear myself, for it is in vain, since both they will confound a man's memory with their tedious babbling, and, in the first three words of his apology, with impudent exclamation, interrupt him ; whereas their mercenary tongues, lie they never so loudly,

without check or control, must have their free passage for five hours together.

I speak of the worse sort, not of the best, whom I hold in high admiration, as well for their singular gifts of art and nature, as their untainted consciences with corruption ; and, from some of them, I avow, I have heard as excellent things flow, as ever I observed in Tully or Demosthenes. Those that were present at the arraignment of Lopus, (to insist upon no other particular, hereof,) I am sure, will bear me record. Latinless dolts, saturnine heavy-headed blunderers, my invective hath relation to ; such as count all arts puppet-plays, and pretty rattles to please children, in comparison of their confused barbarous law, which, if it were set down in any Christian language, but the Getan tongue, it would never grieve a man to study it.

Neither Ovid, nor Ariosto, could, by any persuasion of their parents, be induced to study the civil law, for the harshness of it ; how much more, had they been alive at this day, and born in our nation, would they have consented to study this uncivil Norman hotchpotch ? This sow of lead, that hath never a ring at the end to lift it up by, is, without head, or foot, the deformedest monster that may be ! I stand lawing here, what with these lawyers, and self-conceited misinterpreters, so long, that my Red-Herring, which was hot broiling on

the coals, is waxed stark cold for want of blowing. Have with them for a riddle or two, only to set their wits a nibbling, and their jobbernowls a working, and so good night to the seignories, but, with this indentment and caution, that, though there be neither rhyme nor reason in it, as, by my goodwill there shall not, they, according to their accustomed gentle favours, whether I will or no, shall supply it with either, and run over all the peers of the land in peevish moralising and anatomizing it.

There was a Herring, or there was not, for it was but a cropshin, (one of the refuse sort of Herrings,) and this Herring, or this cropshin, was sensed and thurified in the smoke, and had got him a suit of durance, that would last longer than one of Erra Pater's almanacks, or a constable's brown bill; only his head was in his tail, and that made his breath so strong, that no man could abide him. Well, he was a Triton of his time, and a sweet-singing calander to the state, yet, not beloved of the showery Pleiades, or the Colossus of the sun; however, he thought himself another *Tumidus Antimachus*, as complete an Adelantado, as he that is known by wearing a cloak of tuft-taffeta eighteen years; and to Lady Turbot there is no demur but he would needs go a-wooing, and offered her, for a dowry, whole hetacombs, and a two-handed sword; she stared upon him with Megara's eyes, (like Iris

the messenger of Juno,) and bad him go eat a fool's head and garlick, for she would have none of him; thereupon, particularly, strictly, and usually, he replied, "That, though thunder never lights on Phœbus's tree, and Amphion, that worthy musician, was husband to Niobe, and there was no such acceptable incense to the heavens as the blood of a traitor; revenged he would be, by one chimera of imagination or other, and hamper and embark her in those mortal streights, for her disdain, that, in spite of divine symmetry and miniature, into her busky grove she should let him enter, and bid adieu, sweet Lord, or the cramp of death should wrest her heart-strings."

This speech was no spirable odour to the Achelous of her audience; whereupon, she charged him, by the extreme lineaments of the Erimanthean bear, and by the privy fistula of the Pierides, to commit no such excruciating syllables to the yielding air; for she would sooner make her a French hood of a cowshard,¹ and a gown of spider's webs, with the sleeves drawn out with cabbages, than be so contaminated any more with his abortive loathly motives: With this, in an Olympick rage, he calls for a clean shirt, and puts on five pair of buskins, and seeketh out eloquent Xenophon, (out of whose

mouth the Muses spoke,) to declaim, in open court, against her.

The action is entered, the complaint of her wintered brows presented, of a violent rape of his heart she is indicted and convicted. The circumstance that follows you may imagine or suppose; or, without supposing and imagining, I will tell you, the nut was cracked, the strife discussed, and the centre of her heart laid open; and, to this wild of sorrow and excruciamment she was confined, either to be held a flat thornback, or sharp pricking dog-fish to the public weal, or seal herself close to his seal-skinned riveled lips, and suffer herself, as a spirit, to be conjured into the hellish circle of his embraces.

It would not be good cropshin, Madam Turbot could not away with such a dry withered carcass to lie by her; *currat rex, vivat lex*, come what would, she would have none of him; wherefore, as a poisoner of mankind with her beauty, she was adjudged to be boiled to death in hot scalding water, and to have her posterity thoroughly sauced, and soused, and pickled in barrels of brinish tears, so ruthless and dolorous, that the inhabitants on the Bosphorus should be laxative in deploring it. O! for a legion of mice-eyed decipherers and calculators upon characters, now to augurate what I mean by this; the devil, if it stood upon his salvation, can-

not do it, much less petty devils, and cruel Rhadamanths upon earth (elsewhere in France and Italy *subintelligitur*, and not in our auspicious island climate) men that have no means to purchase credit with their prince, but by putting him still in fear, and beating into his opinion, that they are the only preservers of his life, in sitting up night and day in sifting out treasons, when they are the most traitors themselves, to his life, health, and quiet, in continual commacerating him with dread and terror; when, but to get a pension, or bring him in their debt next to God, for upholding his vital breath, it is neither so, nor so, but some fool, some drunken man, some madman in an intoxicated humour, hath uttered he knew not what, and they being starved for intelligence, or want of employment, take hold of it with tooth and nail, and, in spite of all the waiters, will violently break into the King's chamber, and awake him at midnight to reveal it.

Say, that a more piercing lynceous sight should dive into the entrails of this insinuating parasite's knavery; to the strapado and the stretching torture he will refer it for trial, and there either tear him limb from limb, but he will extract some capital confession from him, that shall concern the Prince's life, and his crown and dignity, and bring himself in such necessary request about his Prince, that he may hold him for his right hand, and the only staff

of his royalty, and think he were undone, if he were without him ; when the poor fellow, so tyrannously handled, would rather, in that extremity of convulsion, confess he crucified Jesus Christ, than abide it any longer. I am not against it (for, God forbid I should) that it behoves all loyal, true subjects to be vigilant and jealous for their Prince's safety ; and, certainly too jealous and vigilant of it they cannot be, if they be good princes that reign over them, nor use too many means of disquisition by tortures, or otherwise, to discover treasons pretended against them ; but, upon the least wagging of a straw, to put them, in fear where no fear is, and make a hurly-burly in the realm upon had I wist, not so much for any zeal or love to their princes, or tender care of their preservation, as to pick thanks and curry a little favour, that thereby they may lay the foundation to build a suit on, or cross some great enemy they have, I will maintain, it is most lewd and detestable ; I accuse none, but such there have been belonging to princes in former ages, if there be not at this hour.

Stay, let me look about : Where am I ? In my text, or out of it ? Not out, for a groat ; Out, for an angel : Nay, I will lay no wagers, for, now I perponder more sadly upon it, I think I am out indeed, Bear with it ; it was but a pretty parenthesis of princes and their parasites, which shall do

you no harm, for I will cloy you with Herring before we part.

Will you have the other riddle of the cropshin, to make up the pair that I promised you? You shall, you shall (not have it, I mean) but bear with me, for I cannot spare it, and, I persuade myself, you will be well contended to spare it, except it were better than the former; and yet, I pray you, What fault can you find with the former? Hath it any more sense in it, than it should have? Is it not right of the merry cobbler's cut, in the witty play of "The Case is Altered?"¹

I will speak a proud word, though it may be accounted arrogancy in me to praise my own stuff: If it be not more absurd than Phillip's Venus, The White Tragedy, or The Green Knight, or I can tell what English to make of it in part, or in whole, I wish, in the foulest weather that is, to go in cut Spanish leather shoes, or silk stockings, or to stand bare-headed to a nobleman, and not get of him the price of a periwig to cover my bare crown; no, not so much as a pipe of tobacco to raise my spirits, and warm my brain.

My readers, peradventure, may see more into it than I can; for, in comparison of them, in whatso-

¹THE CASE IS ALTERED —A comedy attributed to Ben Jonson, and written before the end of the year 1599, although not printed till ten years after.

ever I set forth I am (*Bernardus non vidit omnia*) as blind as blind Bayard, and have the eyes of a beetle; nothing from them is obscure, they being quicker sighted than the sun, to espy in his beams the motes that are not, and able to transform the lightest murmuring gnat to an elephant. Carp, or descant they, as their spleen moves them, my spleen moves me not to defile my hands with them, but to fall a crash more to the Red-Herring.

How many are there in the world, that childishly deprave alchymy, and cannot spell the first letter of it! In the black book of which ignorant band of scorers, it may be, I am scored up with the highest: If I am, I must entreat them to wipe me out, for the Red-Herring hath lately been my ghostly father to convert me to their faith; the *probatum est* of whose transfiguration *ex luna in solem*, from his dusky tin hue into a perfect golden blandishment, only by the foggy smoke of the grossest kind of fire that is, illumines, my speculative soul, what much more, not sophisticate, or superficial effects, but absolute, essential alterations of metals there may be made by an artificial, repurified flame, and divers other helps of nature added besides.

Cornelius Agrippa maketh mention of some philosophers, that held the skin of the sheep, that bore the golden fleece, to be nothing but a book of alchymy written upon it; so, if we should examine

matters to the proof, we should find the Red-Herring's skin to be little less : The accidence of alchymy I will swear it is, be it but for that experiment of his smoking alone ; and, (which is a secret that all tapsters will curse me for blabbing,) in his skin there is plain witchcraft ; for, do but rub a can, or quart pot round about the mouth with it, let the cunningest lick-spiggot swelt his heart out, the beer shall never foam or froth in the cup, whereby to deceive men of their measure, but be as settled as if it stood all night.

Next, to draw on hounds to a scent, to a Red-Herring's skin there is nothing comparable ; the round, or cob of it, dried and beaten to powder, is *ipse ille* against the stone ; and, of the whole body of it itself, the finest ladies beyond seas frame their kickshaws.

The rebel Jack Cade was the first, that devised to put Red-Herrings in cades,¹ and from him they have their name. Now, as we call it, the swinging of Herrings, when he caded them ; so in a halter was

¹CADES.—A *cade* of herrings, a cask or barrel containing six hundred of them, from which *keg* is evidently corrupted. There can be no doubt that it was made from *cadus*, notwithstanding Nash's fanciful, or rather jocular derivation, in his *Lenten Stuff, or Praise of the Red-Herring*. Shakespeare has turned the derivation the contrary way :—

“*Jack Cade* —We, John Cade, so called from our supposed father—
“*Dick*.—Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings (*aside*).”

he swung, and trussed up as hard and round as any cade of Herrings he trussed up in his time, and perhaps of his being so swung and trussed up, having first found out the trick to cade herring, they would so much honour him in his death, as not only to call it swinging, but cading of herring also. If the text will bear this, we will force it to bear more, but it shall be but the weight of a straw, or the weight of Jack Straw more, who with the same *Græca fide*, I marted unto you in the former, was the first that put the Red-Herring in straw, over head and ears like beggars, and the fishermen upon that Jack-strawed him ever after; and some, (for he was so beggarly a knave that challenged to be a gentleman, and had no wit nor wealth but what he got by the warm wrapping up herring) raised this proverb of him, "Gentleman Jack Herring that puts his breeches on his head, for want of wearing." Other disgraceful proverbs of the Herring there are, as, "Never a barrel better herring; Neither flesh nor fish, nor good Red-Herring," which those, that have bitten with ill bargains of either sort, have dribbed forth in revenge, and yet not have them from Yarmouth; many coast towns, besides it, enterprising to cure, salt, and pickle up herrings, but mar them; because they want the right feat, how to salt and season them. So I could pluck a crow with poet Martial for calling it *putre halec*, the scald rotten

herring; but he meant that of the fat restive Scottish herrings, which will endure no salt, and in one month (bestow what cost on them you will) wax rammish, if they be kept; whereas our embarreled white herrings, flourishing with the stately brand of Yarmouth upon them, (*scilicet*, the three half lions, and three half fishes, with the crown over their head,) last in long voyages, better than the Red-Herring, and not only are famous at Rouen, Paris, Dieppe, and Caen (whereof the first, which is Rouen, serveth all the high countries of France with it, and Dieppe, which is the last save one, victuals all Picardy with it) but here at home is made account of like a Marquess, and received at court right solemnly; I care not much if I rehearse to you the manner, and that is thus:

Every year about Lent-Tide, the sheriffs of Norwich bake certain herring pies, (four and twenty as I take it,) and send them as a homage to the Lord of Castor hard by there, for lands that they hold of him; who presently upon the like tenure, in bouncing hampers covered over with his cloth of arms, sees them conveyed to the Court in the best equipage; at Court when they are arrived, his man rudely enters not at first, but knocketh very civilly, and then officers come and fetch him in with torch-light, where, having disfraughted and unloaded his luggage, to supper he sets him down like a lord,

with his wax lights before him, and hath his mess of meat allowed him with the largest, and his horses (*quatenus* horses) are provendered as epicurely : After this, some four mark fee towards his charges is tendered him, and he jogs home again merrily.

A white pickle herring? Why, it is meat for a Prince. Haunce Vandervecke of Rotterdam, (as a Dutch post informed me,) in bare pickled herring, laid out twenty thousand pounds, the last fishing : He had lost his drinking belike, and thought to store himself of medicines enough to recover it.

Noble Cæsarean Charlemagne Herring, Pliny and Gesner were to blame they slubbered thee over so negligently. I do not see why any man should envy thee, since thou art none of these Lurcones or Epulones, gluttons, or flesh-pots of Egypt (as one, that writes of the Christians captivity under the Turk, styleth us Englishmen) nor livest thou by the unliving or eviscerating of others, as most fishes do, or by an extraordinary filth whatsoever ; but, as the chameleon liveth by the air, and the salamander by the fire, so only by the water art thou nourished, and nought else, and must swim as well dead as alive.

Be of good cheer, my weary readers, for I have espied land, as Diogenes said to his weary scholars, when he had read to a waste leaf. Fishermen, I hope, will not find fault with me for fishing before

the net, or making all fish that comes to the net in this history, since, as the Athenians bragged, they were the first that invented wrestling; and one Erichthonius amongst them, he was the first that joined horses in collar-couples for drawing; so I am the first that ever set quill to paper in praise of any fish or fisherman.

Not one of the poets aforetime could give you or the sea a good word. Ovid saith,

———*Nimium ne credite ponto,*

The sea is a slippery companion, take heed how you trust him.

And further,

———*Perjurii pœnas repetit ille locus,*

It is a place like hell, good for nothing but to punish perjurers :

With innumerable invectives more against it, throughout in every book.

Plautus, in his *Rudens*, bringeth in fishermen cowthring and quaking, dung-wet after a storm, and complaining their miserable case in this form : *Captamus cibum è mari; si eventus non venit, neque quicquam captum est piscium, salsi lautique domum redimus clanculum, dorminus incoenati* : “All the meat that we eat we catch out of the sea, and if there we miss, well washed and salted, we sneak home to bed supperless ;” and upon the tail of it he brings in a parasite that flouteth and bourdeth them thus : *Heus*

vos famelica gens hominum, ut vivitis, ut peritis? Hough! you hunger-starved gubbins, or offals of men, how thrive you? how perish you? And they cringing in their necks, like rats, smothered in the hold, poorly replied, *Vivimus fame, speque sitique*, "With hunger and hope, and thirst, we content ourselves." If you would not misconceit, that I studiously intended your defamation, you should have thick hail-shot of these.

Not the lousy riddle wherewith fishermen constrained, some say Homer, some say another philosopher, to drown himself, because he could not expound it, but should be dressed and set before you *supernagulum*, with eight score more galliard cross-points, and kickshiwinses, of giddy ear-wig brains, were it not I thought you too fretful and cholerick with feeding altogether on salt meats, to have the secrets of your trade in publick displayed. Will this appease you, that you are the predecessors of the Apostles, who were poorer fishermen than you? That, for your seeing wonders in the deep, you may be the sons and heirs of the prophet Jonas; that you are all cavaliers and gentlemen, since the king of fishes vouchsafed you for his subjects; that, for your selling smoke, you may be courtiers, for your keeping of fasting days friar observants; and lastly, that, look in what town there is the sign of the three

mariners, the huff-cappest¹ drink in that house you shall be sure of always.

No more can I do for you than I have done, were you my God-children every one: God make you his children, and keep you from the Dunkirkers, and then, I doubt not but, when you are driven into harbour by foul weather, the cans shall walk to the health of "Nashe's Lenten Stuff, or the Praise of the Red-Herring"; and even those that attend upon the pitch kettle, will be drunk to to my good fortunes and recommendums. One boon you must not refuse me in (if you be *boni socia* and sweet Olivers) that you let not your rusty swords sleep in their scabbards, but lash them out in my quarrel as hotly, as if you were to cut cables, or hew the main-mast over board, when you hear me mangled and torn in men's mouths about this playing with a shuttlecock, or tossing empty bladders in the air.

Alas! poor hunger-starved muse, we shall have some spawn of a goose-quill, or overworn pander, quirking and girding, "Was it so hard driven that it had nothing to feed upon but a Red-Herring?" Another drudge of the pudding-house (all whose lawful means to live by throughout the whole year will scarce purchase him a Red-Herring) says I might as well have writ of a dog's turd, (in his teeth

¹HUFF-CAP.—Strong ale. "These men hale at *huff cap* till they be red as cocks, and little wiser than their combs"—*Harrison's England*, p. 202.

sir-reverence.) But, let none of these scum of the suburbs be too vinegar tart with me ; for, if they are, I'll take mine oath upon a Red-Herring and eat it, to prove that their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great grandfathers, or any other of their kin, were, scullions dishwash, and dirty draff and swill set against a Red-Herring. The puissant Red-Herring, the golden Hesperides Red-Herring, the Mæonian Red-Herring, the Red-Herring of Red-Herring's Hall, every pregnant peculiar of whose resplendent laud and honour, to delineate and adumbrate to the ample life, were a work that would drink dry fourscore and eighteen Castilian fountains of eloquence, consume another Athens of facundity and abate the haughtiest poetical fury betwixt this and the burning zone and the tropick of Cancer. My conceit is cast into a sweating sickness, with ascending these few steps of his renown ; into what a hot broiling Saint Laurence's fever would it relapse then, should I spend the whole bag of my wind in climbing up to the lofty mountain crest of his trophies ? But no more wind will I spend on it

but this : Saint Denis for France, Saint

James for Spain, Saint Patrick for

Ireland, Saint George for

England, and the

RED-HERRING FOR

YARMOUTH.

Notes and Observations

ON

NASH'S LENTEN STUFF,

&c.

By _____

Of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____



TOM NASH
HIS GHOST.



TOM NASH HIS GHOST:

TO THE THREE SCURVY FELLOWS OF THE UPSTART
FAMILY OF THE SNUFFLERS, RUFFLERS AND SHUFFLERS;

THE THRICE TREBLE-TROUBLESOME

SCUFFLERS IN THE CHURCH AND STATE,

THE ONLY LAY "ECCLESI-ASS," I CALL

GENERALISSIMOES:

BEING LIKE JOB'S THREE COMFORTERS, OR THE CHURCH'S
THREE ANTI-DISCIPLES, THE CLERGY'S THREE PERSE-
CUTORS, THE STATE'S THREE HORSE-LEECHES,
THE DEVIL'S THREE CHAPLAINS;

NAMELY,

THE ANABAPTIST, THE LIBERTINE,
AND THE BROWNIST.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS NASH HIS GHOST,

With Pap with a Hatchet,

A little Revised since the 30th year of the late Queen Elizabeth's Reign, when
"Martin Mar-Prelate" was as mad as any of his Tub-men are now.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :

REEVES AND TURNER,

196, STRAND,

(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).

1871.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TOM NASH HIS GHOST.

OF this *brochure* we present our readers with a word-for-word and "READABLE REPRINT" transcribed from a copy in the British Museum. It is bound up with a volume of Nash's pieces, including Dr. Gabriel Harvey's "The Trimming of Thomas Nash," &c.

Of "The Ghost" or its author we have not as yet found any particulars, although we have consulted Watt, Collier, Ritson, Hazlitt, and the Indexes to Notes and Queries. But we fear the unearthing of the writer is rather a difficult task, as there was such a cloud of controversialists in those days that nobody appears to have taken the trouble of handing the names of half of them down to posterity. Should any particulars be found on the subject, we propose to give them in our next Part, and so printed that they can be placed in the proper position by the Binder on the completion of a volume of "THE OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY."

The ascribing the authorship of "*Pap with a Hatchet*" to Tom Nash, at so distant a period from the present, was in itself sufficiently tempting to lead us to reproduce "The Ghost," and more particularly as we have marked and annotated that "*Martin Mar-Prelate*" Tract for publication in our Miscellany.

TOM NASH HIS GHOST:

To the three scurvy Fellowes of the upstart
Family of the Snufflers, Rufflers and Shufflers; the
thrice Treble-troublesome Scufflers in the *Church*
and *State*, the onely lay *Ecclesi-Ass*, I call

GENERALLISSIMO'S.

Being like *Jobs* 3. *Comforters*, or the *Churches* 3. *Anti-Disciples*, the
Clergies 3. *Persecuters*, the *States* 3. *Hors-leeches*, the *Divels* 3.
Chaplaines; namely the *Anabaptist*, the *Li-*
bertine, and the *Brownist*.

Written by *Thomas Nash his Ghost*, with *Pap with a Hatchet*, a little
revised since the 30. Yeare of the late *Qu. Elizabeths* Reigne
when *Martin Mar-Prelate* was as mad as any
of his *Tub-men* are now.



Printed first at York, and since reprinted
at London, 1642.

TOM NASH HIS GHOST.

*I am a Ghost, and Ghosts do fear no laws ;
Nor do they care for popular applause :
I liv'd a Poet poor, long time ago ;
And (living a poor Poet) I died so.
The thirtieth year of blest Eliza's reign
I had a yerking, firking, jerking vein ;
In those days, we had desperate madmen here
Who did the Queen, State, Church and Kingdom jeer,
And now a crew are up as wise as those
Who do all Rule and Government oppose.
In those days I did bring those men in frame ;
And now my Ghost is come to do the same.
Their leaders were call'd Martins ; but I call
These fellows Swallows, they would swallow all.
I then did gall their Galls, and spright their spright,
I made the nests of Martins take their flight ;
But first they had dispers'd their fond opinions,
In sundry places of the Queen's dominions,
Which (like Impostumes) not well cur'd at first,
Corrupted ever since, doth now out-burst.
Wherefore my airy Ghost shall undertake
Once more to try a perfect cure to make ;
For (being now invisible, a Spirit)
I cut through th' air, and in the earth can ferrit,
And in an auger hole myself can hide
And hear their knaveries and spy unspied.
My lines are sharp, bat charity's my ground,
My aim is to conform not to confound
But if my labour prove to be in vain
My Ghost shall (whence it came) return again.*



3

T O M N A S H
H I S
G H O S T .

A P P E A R I N G

To the Anabaptist, the Libertine, and the
BROWNIST.

IT were a troublesome and tedious business for general counsel (with the help of all the universities) to give these whom I write to, correspondent epithets, names, titles, and tittle-tattles that may be suitable to their education and continual practice, for as when monopolies and projects did oppress and molest this kingdom like swarms of caterpillars ; in which unjust designs too many crafty

companions did abuse the king's name, in playing the knaves, to the mighty and intolerable general injury of his Majesty, and all his subjects : So these locusts are crawled out of the bottomless pit, and under the blessed name of God they do play the devil incarnate.

It is to be wondered at, what wondrous pains they take to do wickedly ; how their unholy and crooked imaginations have pumped into their impious fancies the false conceptions of some virtuous matter ; then are they in extreme pain and travail till they are delivered from the abortive issue of their addle brains : for which (although they have no acceptance from God, nor thanks from good men but rather hatred from all) yet out their stinking stuff must, or the musty verse must break or crack all the hoops, or the devil perhaps may want his due if authority be not reviled against, and along schismatical oration hypocritically stretched out to the rabble of their disobedient and unlicked auditors, who out of their deep ignorance do extol the vapourous matter, with a wire-drawn speech and louting courtesy, bless them for that day's exercise, in inveighing so vehemently and bitterly against all rule and government in Church and State ; when indeed his admired mouth better deserved the help of Doctor Executioner, that he might wipe it with a hempen wisp.

Their tongues have been the wedges,¹ their heads the beetles, and their pens the axes that have split, rent and cloven all our blessed peace, content and happiness which we lately enjoyed : their books have been shot (like Bolts) whereby this kingdom's disgrace is not only overspread over itself ; but also our dishonour is scattered over the face of all Christendom ; and though they be so ignorant that they cannot dispute with a sexton ; yet they will take upon them to displace a bishop and learned divines, and place in their room weavers and wire-drawers.

But the wisdom of these Martinists I will answer, that bishops have been erroneous, negligent, proud, contentious, covetous, uncharitable, ambitious, &c., all which is granted, but it is not granted that all bishops have been so (nor at least so bad as these fellows would make them) as men are men, so men are subject to error and failing : if some great men in high and eminent places have done amiss, doth it stand with your witless reasons to quite to overthrow and cast down their high callings, functions and necessary offices : some judges perhaps have done corruptly ; *ergo* we will

¹THEIR TONGUES HAVE BEEN WEDGES, &c.—“To make your tongue the wedge, and your head the beetle. . . . Nay, if you shoot books like fool's bolts.”—See Dedication to “PAP WITH A HATCHET ; being a reply to Martin Mar-Prelate,” (about) 1589.

have no more judges : you may better argue, that many Separatists are malicious or ignorant knaves, and therefore we would have no more Separatists. This were to be as wise, as he that pulled down his house, because there was one old rotten post in it, or that all your tribe should have no easier cure for the tooth-ache, but by knocking out your brains : No, no, my friends (afar off) there is no doubt but if the State were settled (which by your Sectaries have too much disturbed) there are (under God) Parliamentary Chirurgeons and Physicians that with his Royal Majesty's most humble, hearty, loyal and all desired assistance and protection, would soon recover this almost gangrened Church and Commonwealth to its former health, and most renowned reputation and dignity.

I would wish these shuttle-heads that desire to rake in the embers of rebellion, to give over blowing the coals too much, lest the sparks fly in their faces, or the ashes choke them : some of them have made such hot work already with tutoring their tutors, that their own lips are burnt : It is well-known that their magnified teachers have three several times in the presence of God taken their oaths, wherein they have vowed all Canonical obedience, and they ought to observe the said oaths, till such time as the wisdom of that power and authority which ordained these oaths do alter or abrogate the same as occa-

sions may require. But though they seemed constantly to swear obedience to those venerable edicts of the church; yet it is found that their humble submission was but dissembling intrusion; and now they are possessed of their pulpits, they take great care that no learned conformable preacher shall come there at any time, for fear that if truth come once to light, then their cake will be dough, and they being once discovered to their auditors (especially their good dames) may happen to want their pudding, bacon, with other good cheer, besides some other courtesies at conventicles.

Thus, when these extraordinary qualified *Theologues* are mounted in their thrones, a Popish priest can hardly out-do him in strange postures, as in lifting up the pureness of the whitest whiteness of his eyes; then mark how he displays his arms as if he were swimming; also the terrible assault and battery that the poor cushion endures,¹ the hawkings, hemmings, hummings, coughings, spittings (with other parenthesis while there is more matter a pumping) besides the terrible thundering voice against our church-liturgy, although they do know that they lie, and that that book was approved of by the learned *Calvin* and all the reverend fathers of the blessed reformation in King *Edward's* reign. That five martyred bishops, (namely, Archbishop

See Butler's "Hudibras," Part I, canto i, lines 9—12.

Cranmer, Bishop *Ridley*, Bishop *Latimer*, Bishop *Hooper*, Bishop *Farrar*, with many more godly men and glorious Martyrs, (whom the Papists most cruelty burnt and persecuted; yet they all at their very deaths did acknowledge our church liturgy, or common-prayer book, and sealed their faiths with their bloods, by the Papists' tyranny; and is it possible that any should be so shameless as to say that book is Popish now.

The said book was suppressed in Queen *Mary's* reign because it was not Popish: The said book was not Popish in all the happy reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, nor was it esteemed either Popish or Romish in all the reign of King *James*: in both the times of these three mighty princes (of ever-blessed memory) and till within these three or four years, there hath scarcely been heard of any learned or religious minded Protestant that did ever hold that book to be stuffed with *Romish rags* of *Popery*, although some things in it may be amended, and some things quite omitted.

But you have such nice stomachs that nothing will down with you except it be sauced with disobedience and contention, you being such odd fellows whom learning, wit, sense or reason can by no means satisfy. Whips are for slaves and not swords, and it is fit that such as wisdom cannot satisfy, should have their mouths bunged up with jeers, will nothing agree with your appetites, or

relish well in your palates, but the bare-rib of a bishop, or the jowl of a judge: truly I hold it better that so that some of you were taken away with *Gregories* Voyder;¹ the season is, there are caps with four corners, and those you distaste; there are creatures to be met in one corner, hold there; and there is a tree near *Paddington* with three corners;² but no more of that (I pray) though it is necessary that some of you should escape no worse.

I am so clear-sighted that I can see through the very veins and sinews of your consciences; for your religions you may, (many of you) cast cross

¹GREGORIE'S VOYDER.—Gregory Brandon, the common hangman, succeeded Derrick, whose pupil and assistants he seems to have been in his declining years. In a paper called the *Parliamentary Kite*, 1648, is the following:—

“What would you say to see them fall,
With both their houses vile;
Because they have deceived us all,
Now Gregory they'll beguile.”

This functionary was very popular in his calling. The gallows was sometimes called by his Christian name:—

—————“and he
Doth fear his fate from the *Gregorian* tree.”

Gregory Brandon was succeeded by his son Richard, the infamous butcher of Charles I.

²A TREE WITH THREE CORNERS.—The gallows at Tyburn formerly consisted of three posts, over which were laid three transverse beams. This clumsy machine gave place to an *elegant* (!) contrivance, called “The New Drop,” by which the use of that vulgar vehicle a cart, or mechanical instrument a ladder, was avoided; the criminals being left suspended by the dropping down of that part of the floor on which they stand. You will ride a wooden horse, or the three-legged mare, were common expressions,

and pile, and for your just dealing you may play at My Sow's Pigg'd.¹ Therefore it is wholesome for the times that such cocks as you should be let blood in the comb.

It is a marvel that most of your perverse sects havenot wry mouths, for very few of you do speak right at any time but out of the concupiscence of your consciences, and the learning you are indued withal in Crooked-Lane Latin hath got you with child with *rebellion*; and being with child you long to swallow *churches* and devour *authority*, but you will be told one time or other that there is some odds betwixt *learning* and *libeling*.

I know some that will do their ill-good will to outlaw my soul for writing this, and they will serve an execution of damnation upon me, but if I be of their coining I will meet them with such a powder that shall make their bones to rattle in their skins like three blue beans in a blue bladder rattle bladder rattle.²

¹MY SOW'S PIGGED.—A very old game, being mentioned in Taylor's Motto, 1622. It is thus alluded to in Poor Robin's Almanack, 1734: "The lawyers play at beggar my neighbour; the schoolmasters play at questions and commands; the farmers play at *my sow's pigg'd*."

²THREE BLUE BEANS, &c.—What is the origin of this whimsical combination of words, it may not now be easy to discover, unless we suppose it

And for a conclusion, It is as lawful, for honest men by either speaking or writing to make the malicious facts and acts of knaves known, as it is for knaves to slander and abuse honest men ; and most certain it is that the leaders of these factions do know they are out of the way, and would be glad to return again (were it not for some worldly respects) for which causes they must impudently go on, according to the old proverb over shoes, over boots.

invented to create a difficulty in repeating the alliteration distinctly. It is at least of long standing.

H.—Hark, doesn't rattle ?

S.—Yes, like three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle
Old Fortunatus, Auc. Dr. iii, p 128.

Prior has in his Alma :—

————— ‘ They say—
That putting all his words together,
’Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.”

Canto 1, v. 25.



Notes and Observations

ON

TOM NASH HIS GHOST.

By _____

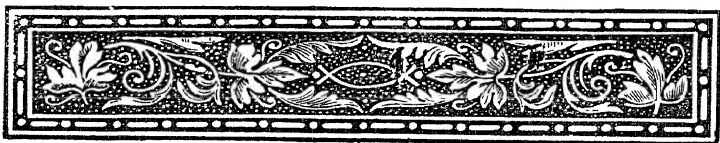
of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____



GEORGE PEELE'S
MERRY CONCEITED JESTS.



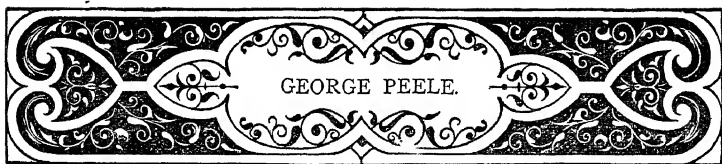
MERRY CONCEITED JESTS
OF
GEORGE PEELE, GENTLEMAN,
SOMETIME STUDENT IN OXFORD,
WHEREIN IS SHOWN
THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE, HOW HE
LIVED :
A MAN VERY WELL KNOWN IN THE CITY OF LONDON,
AND ELSEWHERE.

Buy, read, and judge,
The price do not grudge ;
It will do thee more pleasure
Than twice so much treasure.



Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church),
1871.



Of Peele's Jests (?) the late Rev. Alexander Dyce, in his careful and elaborate edition of Peele's Works, published by Pickering in two volumes in 1828, and a second in 1829, to which in 1839 was added a third volume, containing a reprint of *Sir Clyomon and Clamades*, 1599, says :—"The tract entitled *Merrie Conceited Iests¹ of George Peele²* professes to give an account of 'the course of his life, how he lived, a man very well known in the city of London and elsewhere.' It represents him as a low and vulgar sharper, who scrupled not to raise money by the most fraudulent methods and ridiculous rogueries ; it tells us that he resided at the Bankside, over against Blackfriars, that he had a wife, and that his daughter of ten years old sometimes assisted him in his knavish tricks ; and though it says nothing of his personal appearance, it affords the important information that his voice 'was more woman than man.' This tract I regard as a work of fiction, containing a slight admixture of truth : I apprehend that but few of the adventures³ it relates have any foundation on incidents in the life of Peele, and that his notorious name was given to its hero solely with the view of ensuring its popularity.

¹By *Jests* we are to understand *amusing doings* as well as *sayings*.

²This pamphlet (a thin 4to) probably appeared soon after Peele's death, though the earliest known edition of it bears the date 1607. It was printed again in 1626, 1627, 1657, and 1671 ; and there is an edition without a date, published by "Henry Bell," of which a reprint was given in 1809. Anthony Wood notices "his (Peele's) book of jests or clunshes, which at length was sold on the stalls of ballad-mongers." *Ath. Oxon*, vol. i, col 688, ed. Bliss. I find it thus mentioned, among the most famous productions of the kind, in the lines prefixed to the fourth edition of *A Banquet of Jests*, 1634 :

"Pasquel's conceits are poore, and Scoggins' dri,
Skelton's meere rime, once read, but now laid by,
Peele's Jests are old, and Tarleton's are growne stale."

³The story headed "The Jest of George and the Barber" was probably founded on fact, as we meet with it dramatised in a comedy called *The Puritaine, or the Widow of Watling Streete*, written by W. S., 1607.

Nor ought we to be surprised that such a liberty was taken with the name of a dissipated dramatist, when we remember that one of Scotland's most illustrious sons—a man of rare erudition and of true poetic genius—has been metamorphosed into 'The King's Fool,' in a chap-book entitled 'The Jestes of George Buchanan,' which still finds many readers among the peasantry of the north, who receive it, with all its absurdities, as an authentic record."

Robert Bell, in his "English Poets," gives the following brief biographical sketch of Peele :—"George Peele was a native of Devonshire. His name appears in the Matriculation Book of Oxford as a member of Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College) in 1564, and Mr. Dyce, assuming him to have been at least twelve or thirteen when he was entered, places his birth about 1552 or 1553. While he was at the University, Wood tells us that he was esteemed a most noted poet. In 1577 he took his Bachelor's degree, and was made Master of Arts in 1579, after which he went up to London, and became a writer for the theatre. There is reason to believe that he appeared occasionally on the stage ; but he certainly did not follow it as a profession. His intimate associates were Nash, Marlowe, and Greene, the most profligate men of genius of the time : and in the latter part of his life he was acquainted with Shakespeare, Jonson, and their contemporaries, who were coming in at the close of his career. Peele appears to have abandoned himself to the worst excesses of the town, and to have shortened his life by dissipation, if a course allusion to him by Francis Meres may be credited. The date of his death is unknown ; but as Meres' reference to it was printed in 1598, it must have taken place in or before that year. He was one of the earliest of our poets who imparted form and power to the drama, was one of the contributors to the *Phoenix Nest*, and in addition to numerous small pieces and Pageants, wrote several plays, only five of which have come down to us. Of the remainder, few, probably, were printed, and these are supposed to have been destroyed in the fire of London in 1666."

M E R R I E

CONCEITED

I E S T S,

OF *GEORGE PEELE* GEN-
TLEMAN, SOMETIMES STV-
DENT IN OXFORD.

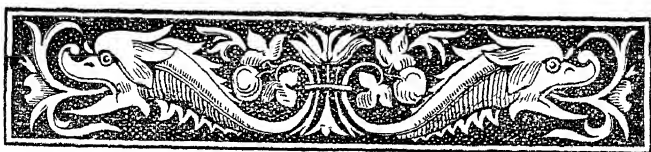
Wherein is shewed the course of his life,
how he lived: a man very well knowne in
the City of LONDON, and elsewhere.

*Buy, reade, and iudge,
The price doe not grudge :
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Than twice so much treasure.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Bell*, dwelling in the Little
Old Baily in *Eliots Court*.



The Jests of GEORGE PEELE, with
four of his Companions at *Brentford*.¹

GEORGE, with others of his associates, being merry together at the tavern, having more store of coin than usually they did possess, although they were as regardless of their silver, as a garden whore is of her honesty, yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnished withal: Five pounds they had amongst them, and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary cheer three or four days, and keep their five pounds whole in stock: *George Peele* was the man must do it, or none, and generally they conjured him by their loves, his own credit, and the reputation that went on him, that he would but in this show his wit: and withal he should have all

¹BRAINFORDE is used throughout this and the following Jest (?) for Brentford in the old copy.

the furtherance that in them lay. *George* as easy as they earnest to be won to such an exploit, consented, and gathered their money together, and gave it all to *George*, who should be their purse-bearer, and the other four should seem as servants to *George Peele*; and the better to colour it, they should go change their cloaks, the one like the other, so near as they could possible: the which at *Belzebub's* brother the brokers, they might quickly do: This was soon accomplished, and *George* was furnished with his black satin suit and a pair of boots, which were as familiar to his legs, as the pillory¹ to a baker's or collier's neck, and he sufficiently possessed his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as, gentle Reader, the sequel will show. Instantly they took a pairs of oars, whose arms were to make a false gallop no further than *Brentford*, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them the next tide to *London* purchased two new waistcoats, yet should these good benefactors come to their usual places of trade, and if they spy a better fare than their own, that haply the gentleman hath more mind to go withal, they will not only fall out with him that is

¹THE PILLORY, which was a mode of punishment for crimes by public exposure of the offender, and used for many centuries in most of the countries of Europe, under various names, was abolished in Great Britain in 1837, by the statute 1 Vic. c. 23.

of their own sweet transporters, as they are: but abuse the fair with foul speeches, as, a pox, or the devil go with you, as their Godfather *Charon* the ferryman of hell hath taught them. I speak not this of all, but of some that are brought up in the east, some in the west, some in the north; but most part in the south: but for the rest they are honest complete men, leaving them to come to my honest *George*, who is now merry at the Three Pigeons in *Brentford*,¹ with sack and sugar, not any wine wanting, the musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostess dancing with the worshipful Justice, for so then he was termed, and his mansion house in *Kent*, who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conveniently near home, by reason of a shrewish wife he had: my gentle hostess gave him all the entertainment her house could afford; for Master *Peele* had paid royally, for

¹THE THREE PIGEONS IN BRENTFORD, "is a house of interest, as being in all likelihood one of the few haunts of Shakespeare now remaining; as being, indeed, the sole Elizabethan tavern existing in England, which, in the absence of direct evidence, may fairly be presumed to have been occasionally visited by him"—Hallwell's *Local Illustrations to the Merry Wives of Windsor*, Folio Shakespeare.

It was kept at one time by Lowin, one of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, and is often named by old dramatists:—"Thou are admirably suited for *The Three Pigeons* at Brentford. I swear I know thee not."—*The Roaring Girl*; or, *Moll Outpurse*, a comedy by Middleton, 1611.

"We will turn our course to Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word . . . my bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at *the Pigeons*."—*Ben Jonson's The Alchemist*, Act v, Sc. 2.

all his five pounds was come to ten groats. Now *George Peel's* wit labours to bring in that five pounds there was spent, which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner, My host, quoth *George*, how falls the tide out for *London*? Not till the evening, quoth mine host, have you any business sir? Yes marry, quoth *George*, I intend not to go home this two days: Therefore my host saddle my man a horse for *London*, if you be so well furnished, for I must send him for one bag more, quoth *George*, ten pounds hath seen no sun this six months. I am ill furnished if I cannot furnish you with that, quoth my host, and presently saddled him a good nag, and away rides one of *George's* men to *London*, attending the good hour of his Master *Peele* in *London*. In the meantime *George* bespeaks great cheer to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from *London*. Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberally as *Cæsar*, as far as *Cæsar's* wealth went. For indeed most of the money was one *Cæsar's* an honest man yet living in *London*. But to the catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of *George Peele* been a great solicitor to my hostess, she would beg leave of his master he might go see a maid, a sweetheart of his so far as *Kingston*, and before his master went to bed he would return again: saying, he was sure she might command it at his master's

hands. My kind hostess willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master *Peele*, and moved him in it, which he angrily refused : but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to see an uncle of his some five miles off: Marry I thank you, quoth *George*, my good hostess, would you so discredit me, or hath the knave no more wit, than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would the base cullion¹ go a foot? Nay, good sir, quoth mine hostess, be not angry, it is not his intent to go a foot : for he shall have my mare, and I will assure you sir, upon my word he shall be here again to have you to bed ; well, quoth *George*, Hostess, I'll take you at your word, let him go, his negligence shall light upon you. So be it, quoth mine hostess : so down goeth she, and sends away civil *Thomas*, for so she called him, to his sweetheart backed upon her mare : which *Thomas* instead of riding to *Kingston*, took *London* in his way, where meeting with my other horseman, attended the arrival of *George Peele*, which was not long after: they are at *London*, *George* in his chamber at *Brentford*, accompanied with none but one *Anthony Nit* a barber, who dined and supped with him con-

¹CULLION.—[*Cullian* in the old copy.] A mean wretch ; scoundrel, rogue.

tinently,¹ of whom he had borrowed a lute² to pass away the melancholy afternoon, of which he could play as well as *Banks's* horse.³ The barber very modestly takes his leave, *George* obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not fail. *George* being left alone with his two supposed men, gave them the mean how to escape, and walking in the court, *George* found fault with the weather, saying it was rawish and cold: which word mine hostess hearing, my kind hostess fetched her husbands holiday gown, which *George* thankfully put about him, and withal called for a cup of sack, after which he would walk into the meadows and practise upon his lute. 'Tis good for your worship to do so, quoth mine hostess: which walk *George* took directly to *Sion*, where having the advantage of a pair of oars at hand, made this journey for *London*, his two associates behind had the plot in their heads by *George's* instruction for their escape: for they knew he was

¹CONTINUALLY in the old copy, which we take to be a misprint for *continently*.

²A LUTE.—An instrument of music with strings, resembling the guitar, and formerly to be found in many barbers' shops, for the amusement of those customers who were obliged to wait their turn.

³BANKES HIS HORSE in the old copy. *Banks's horse*, a horse named Morocco, famous for playing tricks, and the property of one Banks. It is mentioned in Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," page 178; also by Sir Kenelm Digby and Ben Jonson.

gone, my hostess she was in the market buying of provision for supper: mine host he was at tables,¹ and my two masterless men desired the maids to excuse them if their master came, for, quoth they, we will go drink two pots with my Smug Smith's wife at old *Brentford*. I warrant you, quoth the maids. So away went my men to the Smiths at old *Brentford*, from thence to *London*; where they all met, and sold the horse and the mare, the gown and the lute, which money was as badly spent, as it was lewdly got. How my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this; go but to the Three Pigeons at *Brentford*, you shall know.

The Jests of *George* and the *Barber*.



GEORGE was not so merry at *London* with his capons and claret, as poor *Anthony* the barber was sorrowful at *Brentford* for the loss of his lute, and therefore determined to come to *London* to seek out *George Peele*, which by the means of a kinsman that *Anthony Nit* had in *London*, his name was *Cuts* or *Feats*, a fellow that had good skill in tricks on the cards, and he was well acquainted with the place where *George's*

¹MINE HOST HE WAS AT TABLES.—i.e., Backgammon,

common abode was: and for kindred sake he directed the barber where he should have him, which was at a blind alehouse in Sea-coal lane. There he found *George* in a green jerkin, a Spanish platter fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of oysters. The barber's heart danced within him for joy he had so happily found him, he gave him the time of the day: *George* not a little abashed at the sight of the barber, yet went not to discover it openly, he that at all times had a quick invention, was not now behind hand to entertain my barber, who knew for what his coming was: *George* thus saluted him, My honest barber, quoth *George*, welcome to *London*, I partly know your business, you come for your lute, do you not? Indeed, sir, quoth the barber, for that is my coming. And believe me, quoth *George*, you shall not lose your labour; I pray you stand to and eat an oyster, and I'll go with you presently: for a gentleman in the city of great worship, borrowed it of me for the use of his daughter, that plays exceeding well, and had a great desire to have the lute: but, sir, if you will go along with me to the gentleman's house, you shall have your lute with great satisfaction, for had not you come, I assure you I had sent to you, for you must understand, that all that was done at *Brentford* among us mad gentleman, was but a jest, and no otherwise. Sir, I think not any otherwise, quoth

the barber : but I would desire your worship, that as you had it of me in love, so in kindness you would help me to it again. Oh God, what else, quoth *George*, I'll go with thee presently, even as I am, for I came from hunting this morning ; and should I go up to the certain gentlemen above, I should hardly get away. I thank you sir, quoth the barber, so on goes *George* with him in his green jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the alderman's house, where making a sudden stay, Afore God, quoth *George*, I must crave thy pardon at this instant, for I have bethought myself, should I go as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my Lord's hounds out this morning, therefore I'll take my leave of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clock. Nay good sir, quoth the barber, go with me now : for I purpose, God willing, to be at *Brentford* to-night. Sayest thou so, quoth *George*, why then I'll tell thee what thou shalt do : thou art here a stranger, and altogether unknown, lend me thy cloak and thy hat, and do thou put on my green jerkin, and I'll go with thee directly along. The barber loth to leave him until he had his lute, yielded to the change. So when they came to the gentleman's porch, he put on *George's* green jerkin, and his Spanish hat, and he the barber's cloak and his hat. Either of them being thus fitted, *George* knocks at the door, to

whom the porter bids heartily welcome, for *George* was well known, who at that time had all the oversight of the pageants: he desires the porter to bid his friend welcome, for he is a good fellow and a keeper, Mr. Porter, one that at his pleasure can bestow a haunch of venison on you; Marry that can I, quoth the barber. I thank you sir, answered the porter, Mr. *Peele*, my master is in the hall, pleaseth it you to walk in? With all my heart, quoth *George*, in the meantime let my friend bear you company. That he shall Mr. *Peele*, quoth the porter, and if it please him he shall take a simple dinner with me. The barber gives him hearty thanks, not misdoubting Mr. *Peele* any way, seeing him known; and himself so welcome; fell in chat with the porter. *George Peele* goes directly to the alderman, who now is come into the court; in the eye of the barber, where *George* after many complaints, draws a blank¹ paper out of his bosom, and making action to the barber reads to the alderman, as followeth; I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a slight matter, yonder hard favoured knave that sits by your worship's porter, that dogged me to arrest me, and I had no other means but to take your worship's house for shelter the occasion is but trivial, only for stealing of a piece of flesh, myself consorted with three or four gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly have our names come in question. There-

¹BLACK in the old copy.

fore this is my boon, that your worship would let one of your servants let me out at the garden door, and I shall think myself much indebted to your worship. The kind gentleman little dreaming of *George Peele's* deceit, took him into the parlour, gave him a brace of angels, and caused one of his servants to let *George* out at the garden door; which was no sooner opened, but *George* made way for the barber seeing him any more, and all the way he went could not choose but laugh at his knavish conceit, how he had gulled the simple barber, who sat all this while with the porter blowing of his nails: to whom came this fellow that let out *George*. You whorson keeperly rascal, quoth the fellow, do you come to arrest any honest gentleman in my master's house? Not I, so God help me, quoth the barber, I pray sir where is the gentleman Mr. *Peele* that came along with me? Far enough, quoth the fellow, for your coming near him, he is gone out at the garden door. Garden door, quoth the *barber*, why, have you any more doors than one? We have sir, and get you hence or I'll set you going Goodman-keeper. Alas, quoth the *barber*, sir, I am no keeper, I am quite undone: I am a *barber* dwelling at *Brentford*, and with weeping tears up and told him how *George* had used him. The servant goes in and tells his master: which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first: yet in pity of the poor *barber*, he

gave him twenty shillings towards his loss. The barber sighing took it, and towards *Brentford* home he goes, and whereas he came from thence in a new cloak and a fair hat, he went home weeping in an old hat, and a green jerkin.

How *George Peele* became a Physician.



GEORGE on a time being happily furnished both of horse and money, though the horse he hired, and the money he borrowed: but no matter how he was possessed of them: and towards *Oxford* he rides to make merry with his friends and fellow students: and in his way he took up *Wickham*, where he sojourned that night: being at supper, accompanied with his hostess, among other table-talk, they fell into discourse of chirurgery, of which my hostess was a simple professor. *George Peele* observing the humour of my she-chirurgeon; upheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her womanly endeavour; telling her, he loved her so much the better, because it was a thing that he professed, both physic and chirurgery: and *George* had a dictionary of physical words, that it might set a better gloss upon that which he seemingly professed: and told his good hostess at his return he would teach her something

that should her no hurt: for (quoth he) at this instant I am going about a great cure as far as *Warwickshire*, to a gentleman of great living, and one that hath been in a consumption this half year, and I hope to do him good. O God (quoth the hostess) there is a gentleman not a quarter of mile off, that hath been a long time sick of the same disease: Believe me, sir, quoth the hostess, would it please your worship ere your departure in the morning, but to visit the gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him, and I make no question but the gentlewoman will be very thankful to you. I faith (quoth *George*) haply at my return I may; but at this time my haste is such that I cannot: and so good night mine hostess. So away went *George* to bed; and my giddy hostess, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was delivered of that burthen of news which she had received from my new doctor: (for so he termed himself.) Morning being come, at break of the day mine hostess trudges to this gentleman's house acquainted his wife what an excellent man she had at her house: protesting he was the best seen in physic, and had done the most strangest cures that ever she heard of: saying that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman glad to hear of anything that might procure the health of

her husband presently sent one of her men to desire the doctor to come and visit her husband : which message when *George* heard, he wondered ; for he had no more skill in physic, than in music, and they were as distant both from him, as heaven from hell. But, to conclude, *George* set a bold face on it, and away went he to the sick gentleman ; where when he came, after some compliment to the gentlewoman, he was brought to the chamber, where the ancient gentleman lay wonderful sick, for all physic had given him over : *George* begins to feel his pulse, and his temples, saying, he was very far spent : yet, quoth he, under God, I will do him some good, if nature be not quite extinct. Whereupon he demanded whether they had ever a garden ? That I have quoth the gentlewoman. I pray you direct me thither, quoth *George* : Where when he came, he cut a handful of every flower, herb and blossom, or whatsoever else in the garden, and brought them in the lapel of his cloak, boiled them in ale, strained them, boiled them again ; and when he had all the juice out of them, of which he made some pottle of drink, he caused the sick gentleman to drink off a maudlin cupful, and willed his wife to give him of that same at morning, noon, and night, protesting, if anything in this world did him good, it must be that : giving great charge to the gentlewoman to keep him wonderful warm : and at my

return, quoth *George*, some ten days hence I will return and see how he fares : for, quoth he, by that time something will be done, and so I will take my leave. Not so, quoth the gentlewoman, your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to-day. Indeed, quoth *George*, I cannot now stay ; my haste is such, I must presently to horse. You must suppose *George* was in haste until he was out of the gentlewoman's house : for he knew not whether he had poisoned the gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the gentleman's house. The gentlewoman seeing she could by no means stay him gave him two brace of angels, which never shined long in his purse, and desired him at his return to know her house : which *George* promised, and with seeming niceness took the gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heavier than he was, where he bravely domineered while his physical money lasted. But to see the strangeness of this : Whether it was the virtue of some herb which he gathered, or the conceit the gentleman had of *George Peele*, but it so pleased God the gentleman recovered ; and in eight days walked abroad ; and that fortunate potion which *George* made at random, did him more good than many pounds that he had spent in half a year before in physic. *George* his money being spent, he made his return towards London ; and when he

came within a mile of the gentleman's house, he inquired of a country fellow how such a gentleman did. The fellow told him God be praised, his good landlord was well recovered by a virtuous gentleman that came this way by chance. Art thou sure of it, quoth *George*? Yes, believe me, quoth the fellow; I saw him in the fields but this morning. This was no simple news to *George*. He presently set spurs to his horse, and whereas he thought to shun the town, he went directly to his inn: at whose arrival, the hostess clapped her hands, the hostler laughed the tapster leaped, the chamberlain ran to the gentleman's house, and told him the doctor was come. How joyful the gentleman was, let them imagine that have any after-healths. *George Peele* was sent for, and after a million of thanks from the gentleman, and his friends, *George Peele* had twenty pounds delivered him: which money, how long it was a spending, let the taverns in London witness.

How *George* helped his friend to a Supper.



GEORGE was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper, at the White Horse in Friday Street; and in the evening as he was going, he met with an old friend

of his, who was so ill at the stomach, hearing *George* tell him of the good cheer he went to, himself being unprovided both of meat and money, that he swore he had rather have gone a mile about than have met him at that instant. And believe me, quoth *George*, I am heartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, myself being but an invited guest; besides, thou art out of clothes, unfitting for such a company: Marry this I'll do, if thou wilt follow my advice, I'll help thee to thy supper. Any way, quoth he to *George*, do thou but devise the means, and I'll execute it. *George* presently told him what he should do; so they parted. *George* well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the upper end of the table, supper being brought up, *H. M.* watched his time below; and when he saw that the meat was carried up, up he follows, (as *George* had directed him,) who when *George* saw, You whoreson rascal (quoth *George*) what make you here? Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. You rogue, (quoth *George*) have I not forewarned you of this? I pray you, sir, quoth he, hear my errand. Do you prate, you slave, quoth *George*, and with that took a rabbit out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, You use me very hardly. You dunghill, quoth *George*, do you out-face me? and with that took the other rabbit, and threw it at his head; after

that a loaf; then drawing his dagger making an offer to throw it, the gentlemen stayed him; meanwhile *H. M.* got the loaf and the two rabbits, and away he went: which when *George* saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sat quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to a supper, and was never suspected for it of the company.

How *George Peele* was shaven, and of the
revenge he took.



HERE was a gentleman that dwelt in the West Country, and had stayed here in *London* a term longer than he intended, by reason of a book that *George* had to translate out of Greek into English: and when he wanted money, *George* had it of the gentleman: but the more he supplied him of coin, the further off he was from his book, and could get no end of it neither by fair means, entreaty, or double payment; for *George* was of the practical¹ disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted, some quarter of the book being done, and lying in his hands at random: The gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with *George* next time he came, that he would have his book finished. It was not

¹Quercy, politic.

long before he had his company ; his arrival was for more money : the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner, where falling into discourse about his book, found that it was as near ended as he left it two months ago. The gentleman, meaning to be gulled no longer, caused two of his men to bind *George*, hand and foot in a chair : a folly it was for him to ask what they meant by it : the gentleman sent for a barber, and *George* had a beard of an indifferent size, and well grown he made the barber shave him beard and head, left him as bare of hair, as he was of money : the barber he was well contented for his pains, who left *George* like an old woman in man's apparel ; and his voice became it well, for it was more woman than man. *George*, quoth the gentleman, I have always used you like a friend, my purse hath been open to you ; that you have of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteem, therefore I have used you in this fashion, that I might have an end of my book, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure. So forthwith he commanded his men to unbind him, and putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two brace of angels : quoth he, Mr. *Peele*, drink this, and by that time you have finished my book, your beard will be grown, until which time I know you will be ashamed to walk abroad. *George* patiently took the gold, said little,

and when it was dark night, took his leave of the gentleman, and went directly home: who when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went *George* and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry *quid pro quo* with his politic gentleman.

The Jest of *George Peele* at *Bristol*.¹



GEORGE was at Bristol, and there staying somewhat longer than his coin would last him, his palfrey that should be his carrier to *London*, his head was grown so big, that he could not get him out of the stable. It so fortuned at that instant, certain players came to the town, and lay at that inn where *George Peele* was: to whom *George* was well known, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in *England*: from the trivial sort he was but so so: of which these were, only knew *George* by name no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the carriage, the rest were behind, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact, which

¹BRISTOW in original edition, which was the old term for Bristol.

George hearing, had presently a stratagem in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to bear his charges up to *London*. And thus it was : he goes directly to the mayor, tells him he was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he had a certain history¹ of the knight of the roads ; and withal, how *Bristol* was first founded and by whom, and a brief of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipful city : desiring the mayor, that he with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The mayor agreed to it, gave him leave, and withal appointed him a place, but for himself he could not be there, being in the evening : but bade him make the best benefit he could of the city, and very liberally gave him an angel, which *George* thankfully receives, and about his business he goes, got his stage made, his history cried, and hired the players apparel, to flourish out his show, promising to pay them liberally ; and withal desired them they would favour him so much, as to gather him his money at the door, (for he thought it his best course to employ them, lest they should spy out his knavery, for they have perilous heads). They willingly yield to do him any kindness that lies in them ; in brief, carry their apparel, to the hall, place themselves at

¹A CERTAIN HISTORY.—i.e., Historical play.

the door, where *George* in the meantime with the ten shillings he had of the mayor, delivered his horse out of purgatory, and carries him to the towns end, and there placeth him, to be ready at his coming. By this time the audience were come, and so forty shillings gathered, which money *George* put in his purse and putting on one of the player's silk robes, after the trumpet had sounded thrice,¹ out he comes, makes low obeisance, goes forward with his prologue, which was thus :

A trifling toy, a jest of no account, pardie.²

The Knight, perhaps you think for to be I :

*Think on so still ; for why³ you know that thought
is free,*

Sit still a while, I'll send the actors to ye.

Which being said, after some fireworks that he had made of purpose, threw out among them, and down stairs goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to *London* ; leaves the players to answer it ; who when the jest was known, their

¹AFTER THE TRUMPET HAD SOUNDED THRICE.—In our early theatres the performance was preceded by three *soundings* or flourishes of trumpets. At the *third sounding* the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience was drawn (opening in the middle and running upon iron rods), and the play began.

²PARDIE.—*i.e.*, par Dieu, verily.

³FOR WHY.—*i.e.*, because.

innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the mayor and the audience.

How *George* gulled a Punk, otherwise called
a Croshabell.



COMING to *London*, he fell in company with a cockatrice; which pleased his eye so well, that *George* fell aboarding of her, and proffered her the wine: which my croshabell willingly accepted: to the tavern they go, where after a little idle talk, *George* fell to the question about the thing you wot of. My she-hobby was very dainty, which made *George* far more eager; and my lecherous animal proffered largely to obtain his purpose. To conclude, nothing she would grant unto except ready coin, which was forty shillings, not a farthing less: if so he would, next night she would appoint him where he should meet her. *George* saw how the game went, that she was more for lucre than for love, thus cunningly answered her: gentlewoman, howsoever you speak, I do not think your heart agrees with your tongue; the money you demand is but to try me, and indeed but a trifle to me: but because it shall not be said I bought that gem of you I prize so highly, I'll give you a token to-morrow, that shall be more worth than your

demand, if so you please to accept it. Sir, quoth she, it contenteth me well : and so, if please you, at this time we'll part, and to-morrow in the evening meet you where you shall appoint. The place was determined, and they kissed and parted, she home, *George* into Saint Thomas Apostles, to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take up a petticoat of¹ trust: (the first letter of his name begins with G.) A petticoat he had of him, at the price of five shillings ; which money is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a tavern ; there they were to sup : that ended, *George* was to go home with her, to end his yeoman's plea in her common case. But Master *Peele* had another drift in his mazzard ; for he did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a thread, that she reeled homewards, and *George* he was fain to be supporter : when to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside, as her face had on the outside ; with much ado her maid had her to bed, who was no sooner laid, but she fell fast asleep ; which when *George* perceived, he sent the maid for milk, and a quart of sack to make posset ; where before her return, *George* made so bold as to take up his own new petticoat, a fair gown of hers, two gold rings that lay in the window, and away he went : the

¹ On trust

gown and the gold rings he made a chaffer of; the petticoat he gave to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he ever did to her. How the crosabella looked when she awaked and saw this, I was never there to know.

How the Gentleman was gulled for shaving
of *George*.



GEORGE had a daughter of the age of ten years, a girl of a pretty form, but of an excellent wit: all part of her was father, save her middle: and she *George* had so tutored all night, that although himself was the author of it, yet had he been transformed into his daughter's shape, he could not have done it with more conceit. *George* at that time dwelt at the Bank-side, from whence comes the she-sinner, early in the morning with her hair dishevelled, wringing her hands, and making such pitiful moan with shrieks and tears and beating of her breast, that made the people in a maze: some stood wondering at the child, others plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by any means, but on she kept her journey, crying, O, her father, her good father, her dear father, over the Bridge, through Cheapside, and so to the Old Bailey, where the gentleman sojourned, here sitting herself down, an hundred people

gaping upon her, there she begins to cry out, woe to that place, that her father ever saw it, she was a cast-away, her mother was undone, till with the noise, one of the gentleman's men coming down, looked on her, and knew her to be *George Peele's* daughter : he presently runs up, and tells his master : who commanded his man to bring her up. The gentleman was in a cold sweat, fearing that *George* had for the wrong he did him the day before some way undone himself. When the girl came up, he demanded the cause why she so lamented, and called upon her father ? *George's* flesh and blood, after a million of sighs, cried out upon him, he had made her father, her good father, drown himself. Which words once uttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoon, whom the gentleman soon recovered. This news went to his heart, and he being a man of a very mild condition, cheered up the girl, made his men to go buy her new clothes from top to toe, said he would be a father to her, gave her five pounds, bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the evening he would visit her : at this, by little and little she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her mother. He tells her he will not fail, bids her go home quietly. So down stairs goes she peartly, and the wondering people that stayed at door to hear the manner of her grief, had of her nought but knavish answers, and home went she directly. The gentleman was

so crossed in mind, and disturbed in thought at this unhappy accident, that his soul could not be in quiet till he had been with this woeful widow, as he thought, and presently went to *Black Friars*, took a pair of oars, and went directly to *George Peele's* house, where he found his wife plucking of larks, my crying crocodile turning of the spit, and *George* pinned up a blanket at his translation. The gentleman, more glad at the unlooked-for life of *George*, than the loss of his money, took part of the good cheer *George* had to supper, wondered at the cunning of the wench, and within some few days after had a end of his book.

How *George* read a Play-book to a Gentleman.



HERE was a gentleman, whom God had indued with good living to maintain his small wit: he was not a fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune: and he was in a manner an ingel to *George*, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that *George* had done, himself being a writer, and had a poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was privy purposes. This self-conceited brock¹ had

¹BROCK, a badger.

George invented to half a score sheets of paper ; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of the Turkish *Mahomet* and *Hyryn* the fair Greek,¹ in Italian called *curtezan*, in Spain, a *margarite*, French, *une curtain* ; in England, among the barbarous, a whore ; but among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk : but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful county of Kent they call them *Croshabell*, which is a word but lately used, and fitting with their trade, being of a lovely and courteous condition. Leaving them : this fantastic, whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur *Peele*, in his black satin suit, his gown furred with coney, in his slippers : being in the evening, he thought to hear *George's* book, and so to return to his inn ; (this not of the wisest, being of *St. Bernard's*.) *George* bids him welcome, told him he would gladly have his opinion in his book. He willingly condescended, and *George* begins to read, and between every scene he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, wondrous well, the conveyance. O, but (quoth *George*) the end is far better : for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed.)

¹THE TURKISH MAHOMET AND HYRYN (IRENE) THE FAIR GREEK.—
A play written by Peele, but never printed.

George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old : I protest, quoth the gentleman, I have stayed over-long, I fear me I shall hardly get into mine inn. If you fear that, quoth *George*, we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you take a simple lodging here. This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go, where *George* in the midst of the night spying his time, put on this Dormouse's clothes, desired God to keep him in good rest, honesty takes leave of him and the house, to whom he was indebted four nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at his misfortune, and said, I thought he would not have used me so. And although it so pleased the Fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence, till he had paid the money *George* ought to the house, which for his credit he did : and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a poem of it :

*Peele is no poet, but a gull and clown,
To take away my clothes and gown :
I vow by Jove, if I can see him wear it,
I'll give him a glig, and patiently bear it.*

How *George Peele* served half a score Citizens.¹



GEORGE once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on, and being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. *George* swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it, but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more: protesting something they will pay. Well, quoth *George*, taking up all the money; seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what shall follow: he commands the music to play, and while they were skipping and dancing, *George* gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of hippocras,² and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They wondering at the stay of *George*, meant to be gone, but they were stayed by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This showed a mind in him, he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present.

¹See supplementary Notes at the end.

²HIPPOCRAS.—A beverage composed of wine, with spices and sugar, strained through a cloth. It is said to have taken its name from *Hippocrates' sleeve*, the term apothecaries gave to a strainer.

A Jest of *George* going to *Oxford*.¹

THERE was some half dozen of citizens, that had oftentimes been solicitors with *George*, he being a master of art at the University of *Oxford*, that he would ride with them to the commencement, it being midsummer. *George*, willing to pleasure the gentlemen his friends, rode along with them. When they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a village called *Stoken*, five miles from *Wickham*: good cheer was bespoken for dinner, and frolic was the company, all but *George*, who could not be in that pleasant vein that did ordinarily possess him, by reason he was without money: but he had not fetched forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to money himself with credit, and yet glean it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent ass, a fellow that did nothing but strike up and down the chamber, that his money might be heard chide in his pocket: this fellow had *George* observed, and secretly conveyed his gilt rapier and dagger into another chamber, and there closely hid it: that done, he called up the tapster, and upon his cloak borrows five shillings for an hour or so, till his

¹See Notes at the end.

man came, (as he could fashion 'it well enough :) so much money he had, and then who more merry than *George*? Meat was brought up, they set themselves to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little fool, who drank not of the conclusion of their feast: dinner ended, much prattle passed, every man begins to buckle to his furniture: among whom this *Hichcock*¹ missed his rapier: at which all the company were in a maze; he besides his wits, for he had borrowed it of a special friend of his, and swore he had rather spend 20 nobles. This is strange, quoth *George*, it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but ourselves, and the fellows of the house, who were examined, but no rapier could be heard of: all the company much grieved; but *George* in a pitiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings, but he would know what was become of it, if art could do it: and with that he caused the ostler to saddle his nag, for *George* would ride to a scholar, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters. O, good Mr. *Peele*, quoth the fellow, want no money, here is forty shillings, see what you can do, and if you please, I'll ride along with you. Not so, quoth *George*, taking his forty shillings, I'll ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my

¹HICHCOCK — A simpleton; also a term of contempt.

return. So *George* left them, and rode directly to *Oxford*, there he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance, who presently took horse and rode along with him to laugh at the jest. When they came back, *George* tells them he had brought one of the rarest men in *England*: whom they with much compliment bid welcome. He, after a distracted countenance, and strange words, takes this Bullfinch¹ by the wrist and carried him into the privy, and there willed him to put in his head, but while he had written his name, and told forty: which he willingly bid: that done a scholar asked him what he saw? by my faith sir, I smelt a villanous scent, but I saw nothing. Then I have, quoth he, and with that directed him where his rapier was, saying, it is just north-east, enclosed in wood near the earth: for which they all made diligent search, till *George*, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow, the joy of the company, and the eternal credit, of his friend, who was entertained with wine and sugar; and *George* redeemed his cloak, rode merrily to *Oxford*, having coin in his pocket, where this Loach² spares not for any expense, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his rapier.

¹BULLFINCH. ²LOACH.—A stupid fellow.

How *George* served his Hostess.

GEORGE lying at an old widow's house, and had gone so far on the score, that his credit would stretch no farther : for she had made a vow not to depart with drink or victuals without ready money : Which *George* seeing the fury of his froward hostess, in grief kept his chamber, called to his hostess, and told her, she should understand that he was not without money, how poorly soever he appeared to her, and that my diet shall testify : in the meantime, good hostess, quoth he, send for such a friend of mine. She did, so his friend came, to whom *George* imparted his mind, the effect whereof was this, to pawn his cloak, hose and doublet, unknown to his hostess : for, quoth *George*, this seven nights do I intend to keep my bed. (Truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keep him any longer.) Away goes he to pawn his apparel ; *George* bespeaks good cheer to supper, which was no shamle-butcher's stuff, but according to the place : for, his chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the garden, his apparel being gone, it appeared to him as the counter,¹ therefore

¹COUNTER, &c.—A punning allusion to the Compter prison, which was situate in the Poultry, in Cheapside.

to comfort himself, he dealt in poultry. His friend brought the money, supped with him, his hostess he very liberally paid, but caviled with her at her unkindness; vowing that while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The hostess replied, a God's name, she was well contented with it: so was *George* too: for none knew better than himself what he intended, but in brief, thus he used his kind hostess. After his apparel and money was gone, he made bold with the feather bed he lay on, which ^{*}his friend slyly conveyed away, having as villanous a wolf in his belly as *George*, though not altogether so wise, for that feather bed they devoured in two days, feathers and all: which was no sooner digested, but ~~it~~ away went the coverlet, sheets, and the blanket, and at the last dinner, when *George's* good friend perceiving nothing left but the bed-cords, as the devil would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter, the foolish kind knave would needs fetch a quart of sack for his friend *George*; which sack to this day never saw vintner's cellar: and so he left *George* in a cold chamber, a thin shirt, a ravished bed, no comfort left him, but the bare bones of deceased capons. In this distress *George* bethought him what he might do, nothing was left him; and his eye wandered up and down the empty chamber, by chance he spied out an old armour, at which sight *George* was the

joyfulest man in Christendom, for the armour of *Achilles*, that *Ulysses* and *Ajax* strove for, was not more precious to them, than this to him: for he presently claps it upon his back, the halbert in his hand, the morion on his head, and so gets out the back way, marches from Shoreditch to Clerkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arrived to the wished haven he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old suit, and an old cloak for his old armour. How the hostess looked when she saw that metamorphosis in her chamber, judge those bomborts¹ that live by tapping, between the age of fifty and threescore.

How he served a Tapster.



GEORGE was making merry with three or four of his friends in Pye-corner, where the tapster of the house was much given to poetry: for he had engrossed the Knight of the Sun, *Venus* and *Adonis*, and other pamphlets which the stripling had collected together, and knowing *George* to be a poet, he took great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of cans on him. *George* observing the humour of the tapster, meant presently to work

¹BOMBORT.—A person who serves liquor.

upon him. What will you say, quoth *George* to his friends, if out of this spirit of the cellar I fetch a good angel that shall bid us all to supper. We would gladly see that, quoth his friends. Content yourself, quoth *George*. The tapster ascends with his two cans, delivers one to Mr. *Peele*, and the other to his friends, gives them kind welcome : but *George* instead of giving him thanks, bids him not to trouble him, and begins in these terms. I protest gentlemen, I wonder you will urge me so much, I swear I have it not about me. What is the matter, quoth the tapster, hath any one angered you ? No faith, quoth *George*, I'll tell thee, it is this : There is a friend of ours in Newgate, for nothing but only the command of the justices, and he being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an angel : Now the man I love dearly well, and if he want ten angels, he shall have them, for I know him sure : but here's the misery, either I must go home, or I must be forced to pawn this, and plucks an old Harry groat out of his pocket. The tapster looks upon it : Why, and it please you sir, quoth he, this is but a groat. No sir, quoth *George*, I know it is but a groat : but this groat will I not lose for forty pounds : for this groat had I of my mother, as a testimony of a lease of a house I am to possess after her decease : and if I should lose this groat, I were in a fair case : and either I must pawn this

groat, or there the fellow must lie still. Quoth the tapster, if it please you, I will lend you an angel on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe. Wilt thou, quoth *George*? as thou art an honest man, lock it up in thy chest, and let me have it whensoever I call for it. As I am an honest man, you shall, quoth the tapster. *George* delivered him his groat: the tapster gave him ten shillings: to the tavern go they with the money, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a small time after, the tapster, having many of these lurches, fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of service, having no more coin in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met *George* as poor as himself. O sir, quoth the tapster, you are happily met; I have your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I have bid great extremity; and I protest, save that groat, I have not one penny in the world; Therefore I pray you sir, help me to my money, and take your pawn. Not for the world, quoth *George*; thou sayest thou hast but that groat in the world, my bargain was, that thou shouldst keep that groat until I did demand it of thee: I ask thee none. I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow, keep thou that groat still, till I call for it: and so doing, the proudest Jack in *England* cannot justify thou art not worth a groat, otherwise they might: and so, honest *Michael*, farewell. So *George* leaves the poor tapster picking of

his fingers, his head full of proclamations what he might do: at last sighing he ends with this proverb:

*For the price of a barrel of beer,
I have bought a groat's-worth of wit,
Is not that dear?*

How *George* served a Gentlewoman.



GEORGE used often to any ordinary in this town, where a kinswoman of the good wife's in the house, held a great pride and vain opinion of her own mother-wit: for her tongue was as a Jack continually wagging: and for she had heard that *George* was a scholar, she thought she would find a time to give him notice, that she had as much in her head, as ever was in her grandfathers: yet in some things she differed from the women of those days: for their natural complexion was their beauty: now this titmouse what she is scanted by nature, she doth replenish by art, as her boxes of red and white daily can testify. But to come to *George*, who arrived at the ordinary among other gallants, throws his cloak upon the table, salutes the gentlemen and presently calls for a cup of canary. *George* had a pair of hose on, that for some offence durst not be seen in that hue they

were first dyed in, but from his first colour being a youthful green, his long age turned him into a mournful black, and for his antiquity was in print : which this busy body perceiving, thought now to give it him to the quick : and drawing near Mr. *Peele*, looking upon his breeches, by my troth sir, quoth she, these are exceedingly well printed. At which word, *George* being a little moved in his mind, that his old hose were called in question, answered, and by my faith, mistress, quoth *George*, your face is most damnably ill painted. How mean you sir, quoth she ? Marry thus, mistress, quoth *George*, that if it were not for printing and painting, my arse and your face would grow out of reparations. At which she biting her lip, in a parrot fury went down the stairs. The gentlemen laughed at the sudden answer of *George*, and being seated at dinner, the gentlemen would needs have the company of this witty gentlewoman to dine with them ; who with little denying came, in hope to cry quittance with *George*. When she was ascended, the gentlemen would needs place her by Mr. *Peele* ; because they did use to dart one at another, they thought it meet, for their more safety, they should be placed nearest together. *George* kindly entertains her : and being seated, he desires her to reach him the capon that stood by her, and he would be so bold as to carve for his money : and as she put out her arm to take the capon, *George* sitting

by her, jerks me out a huge fart, which made all the company in a maze, one looking upon the other, yet they knew it came that way. Peace, quoth *George*, and jogs her on the elbow, I will say it is I. At which all the company fell into a huge laughter, she into a fretting fury, vowing never she should sleep quietly till she was revenged of *George* his wrong done unto her: and so in a great chafe left their company.

FINIS.



* * The origin—or, to say the least, the parallel—of the *Merrie Jest*s of George Peele and the Barber, and of his going to Oxford, are to be traced to “The Puritan; or, the Widow of Watling Street, 1607,” a play falsely attributed to Shakespeare (*see* Acts iii and iv.), in which there is a character named George Pyeboard, supposed by some writers to be meant for George Peele—a *peel* signifying a board with a long handle, which bakers use to put things in and out of the oven with. To the Jest of “How George Peele served half a score Citizens,” at page 36, a parallel is to be found in a work entitled “The Groundworke of Conny-Catching, 1592,” where, giving a description of A SHIFTER, we find: “A Shifter, not long since, going

ordinarily booted, got leave of a carrier to ride his own hackney a little way from London, who, coming to the inn where the carrier that night should lodge, honestly set up the horse, and entered the hall, where were at one table some three and thirty clothiers, all returning to their several countries. Using, as he could, his courtesy, and being gentleman-like attired, he was at all their instance placed at the upper end by the hostess. After he had a while eaten, he fell to discourse with such pleassance, that all the table were greatly delighted therewith. In the midst of supper enters a noise of musicians, who with their instruments added a double delight. For them he requested his hostess to lay a shoulder of mutton and a couple of capons to the fire, for which he would pay, and then moved in their behalf to gather. Among them a noble was made, which he fingering, was well blessed; for before he had not a cross, yet he promised to make it up an angel. To be short, in comes the reckoning, which (by reason of the fine fare and excess of wine) amounted to each man's half crown. Then he requested his hostess to provide so many possets of sack, as would furnish the table, which he would bestow on the gentlemen to requite their extraordinary costs: and jestingly asked if she would make him her deputy to gather the reckoning; she granted, and he did so: and on a sudden, (feigning to hasten his hostess with the possets) he took his cloak, and finding fit time, he slipped out of doors, leaving the guests and their hostess to a new reckoning, and the musicians to a good supper, but they paid for the sauce. *This jest some untruly attribute to a man of excellent parts about London, but he is slandered: the party that performed it hath scarce any good quality to live. Of these sort I could set down a great number.*"

The marrow (!) of the last of these Jests, viz., "How George served a Gentlewoman," will be found in Maston's "Antonio and Milinda," First Part, 1602, Act II, Sc. I:

Flavia—Pray you, in ancient times were not those satin hose? In good faith now they are new-dyed, pinked, and scoured, they show as well as if they were new. What mute, Balurdo?

Feliche—Ay, in faith, and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.

Was Marston, or the author of the Jests, the plagiarist? The latter, surely.—*Dyce.*

Notes and Observations

ON

GEORGE PEELE'S

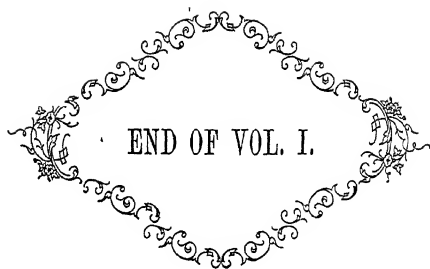
MERRY CONCEITED JESTS.

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